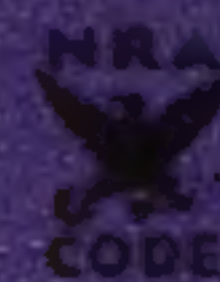


# PHOTOPLAY

JULY  
25 CENTS



JOAN  
BENNETT  
BY  
TCHETCHET

LYING the "HONEYMOON EXPRESS"  
viator Mantz's Inside Story of Flopping Star





The handiest daily  
Beauty Exercise is **DOUBLE MINT**  
gum. Enjoy it whenever and  
wherever you want to. The result is  
immediate—more life and  
loveliness to your  
eyes and lips.







# Now look what you've done, JOAN BENNETT!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME A JEALOUS HUSBAND



JIM AND I HAVE BEEN MARRIED SIX YEARS AND I THOUGHT HIS INDIFFERENCE WAS JUST BECAUSE WE WERE GETTING 'SETTLED DOWN'. I DIDN'T SUSPECT THE REAL REASON UNTIL JOAN BENNETT, WHO'D BEEN A FRIEND OF MINE AT SCHOOL, CAME TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH US.

AND --

YOU'RE AS SLIM AND LOVELY AS YOUR PICTURES, JOAN.

SPEAKING OF PERFECT FIGURES, JOAN, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE MOST UNPOPULAR GIRL IN TOWN-- WITH THE WIVES.

I DIDN'T DREAM JIM EVER NOTICED FIGURES, JOAN. WHAT HE MUST THINK OF MINE!

MY DEAR, ALL MEN NOTICE FIGURES. BUT CHEER UP, I'LL TEACH YOU THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT THAT SO MANY FAMOUS STARS USE TO STAY SLIM. YOU'LL HAVE YOUR LOVELY FIGURE BACK IN NO TIME!

LATER

JANE, YOU'VE BEEN GETTING YOUNGER AND PRETTIER EVER SINCE JOAN BENNETT WAS HERE. WHAT DID SHE DO TO YOU?

SHE TAUGHT ME THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT, THAT INTRODUCED ME TO THIS DELICIOUS RY-KRISP!

BEAUTIFUL WIFE YOU HAVE, JIM, SHE'S SURELY POPULAR!

JANE BLAKE HAS TWO CHILDREN BUT YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT TO LOOK AT HER FIGURE!

HEY, JIM- DON'T BE A SELFISH HUSBAND. I HAVEN'T DANCED WITH JANE.

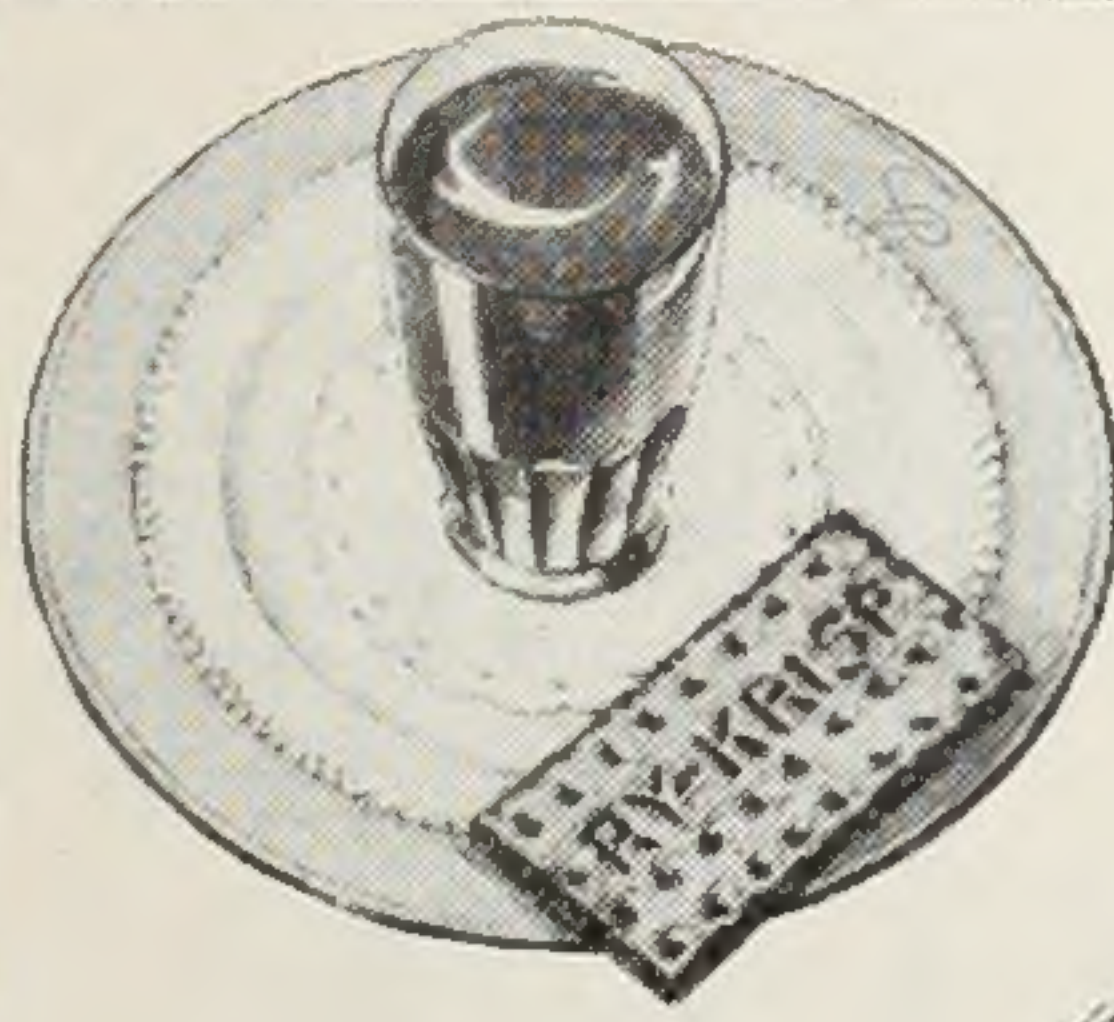
GOSH, HONEY, YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR BEING JEALOUS OF MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE, CAN YOU?

WHY, JIM- HOW ROMANTIC YOU SOUND (TO HERSELF- WHAT A LOT I OWE TO JOAN BENNETT FOR TELLING ME ABOUT RY-KRISP)

"GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT AND HAVE A FIGURE YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY AND YOUR HUSBAND WILL ADMIRE!"

says lovely JOAN BENNETT  
now appearing in "PRIVATE WORLDS"  
A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION FOR PARAMOUNT

TAKE a tip from Hollywood's loveliest stars —if you want a slender, youthful figure. Get the Hollywood Habit — exercise regularly, eat sensibly, and use Ry-Krisp in place of heavy, starchy foods. You *don't* starve and you *do* reduce, because Ry-Krisp is filling but not fattening. Brittle-crisp and delicious, Ry-Krisp is a safe, natural aid to reducing and a wholesome, healthful food all the family will enjoy. Genuine Ry-Krisp comes only in red and white checkerboard packages. Look for the name RY-KRISP on each wafer. Ralston Purina Company, Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Missouri.

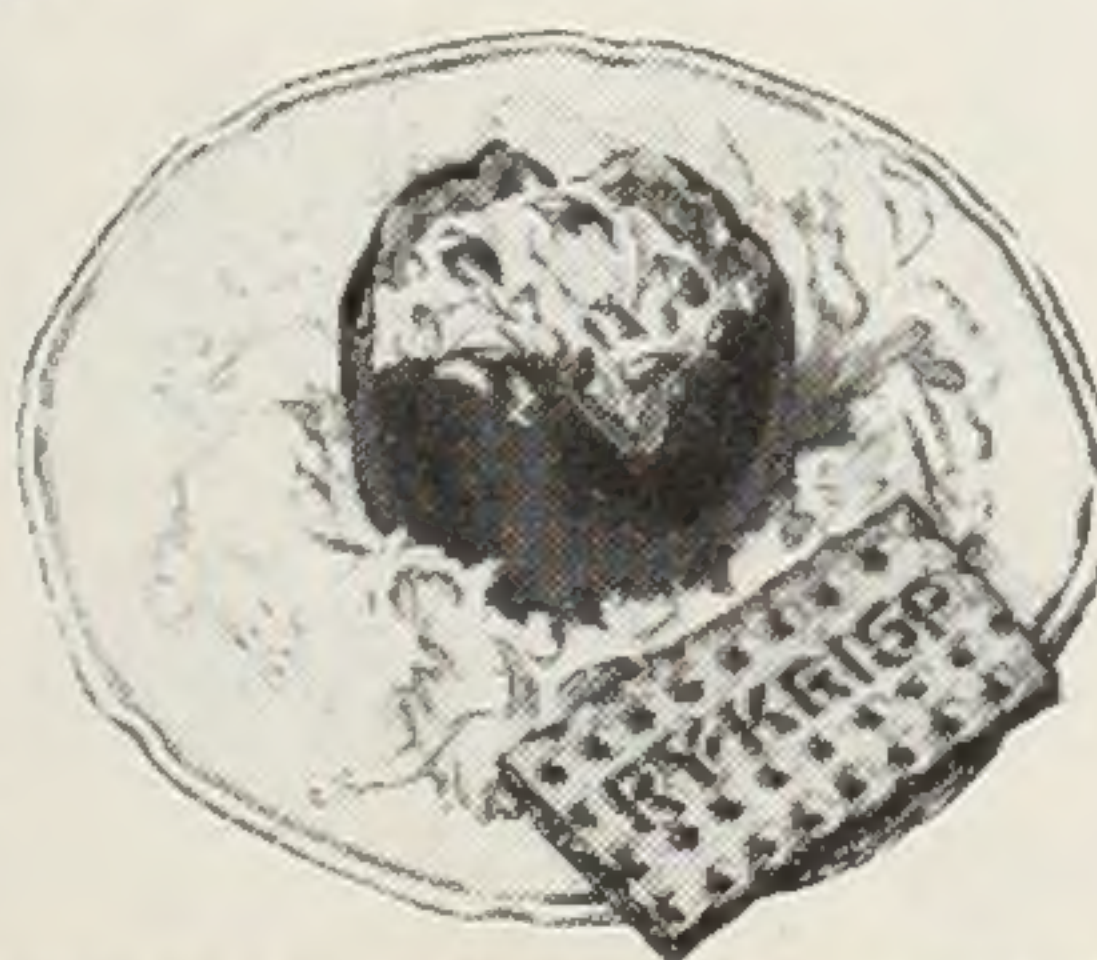


SERVE RY-KRISP WITH TOMATO JUICE

...as a tempting way to start the day—a delightful beginner for lunch or dinner. Appetizing, healthful and delicious.

SERVE RY-KRISP WITH GREEN SALADS

...for instance, a shining green pepper—piled high with cole slaw flecked with scarlet pimento. Or tossed lettuce—or a mixture of crisp vegetables.



RY-KRISP  
tastes so good

\*GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT—EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT SENSIBLY, USE RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY, STARCHY FOODS—WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY





"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN ROBERT  
CRAWFORD · MONTGOMERY  
NO MORE LADIES

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANCHOT TONE · EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith





WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY  
MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL  
FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF  
THE YEAR

1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7th HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"  
1932  
'SMILIN' THROUGH"  
1933  
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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# PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, EDITOR

W. T. WALSH, MANAGING EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVIII NO. 1

JULY, 1935

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Eugene Robert Richee

THIS picture will probably inspire all girls who see it to go out and buy Roman-striped scarves to tie around their heads. And if you have red-gold fly-away curls like Elissa Landi's, and that same come-hither twinkle, plus a peach-and-white skin, it's sure to be a success



**the new Grace Moore picture!**



Grand melodrama set to glorious music! A new triumph for the star of "One Night of Love"!

*Alluring* **Grace Moore**  
in  
**LOVE ME FOREVER**

with  
LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

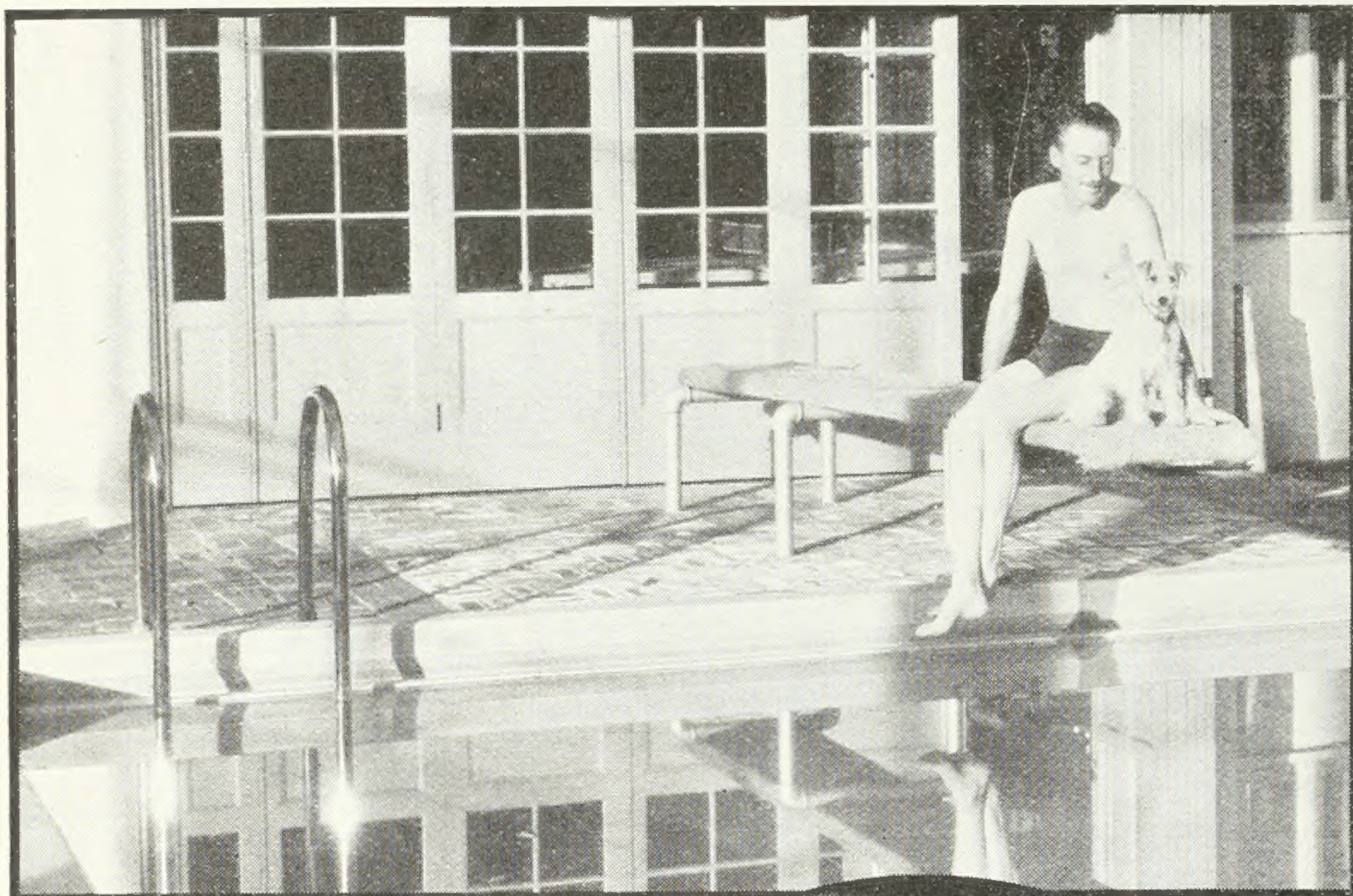
A Columbia Picture

hear her sing the  
"MUSSETTE  
WALTZ"



# Letters

**It's the movie-going public who determines the trend of the screen. Letters you write today will affect the pictures of tomorrow**



The swimming pool on the estate of Warren William reflects the images of the star and his dog

Bette Davis enjoys a smoke on the set between scenes of her latest Warner picture, "The Girl from 10th Avenue"



## ON SONG HITS

WONDER why song hits from current motion pictures are allowed to be broadcast over the radio long before the pictures are released to the general public? I believe most of us would enjoy our movies more if we were greeted by fresh, new songs instead of worn-out tunes that have already become daily nuisances.

BERTHA LAMBERT, San Jacinto, Calif.

## COMEDIAN RAINS

IT was a pleasant surprise to find that Claude Rains has a natural flair for subtle comedy. I have never seen a finer performance on the screen than the one he gave in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." For real acting, he un-

doubtedly is number one. While admitting he was perfect in "Crime Without Passion," and "Edwin Drood," I would prefer to see a man with such an evident sense of humor in less morbid parts.

C. W., Albany, New York

## THE BRAVEST ACTRESS

SALUTE the bravest actress of all cinemaland, the screen's best "bad girl"—Bette Davis. From sweet, young innocents to spirited, dynamite devils; from dear little sisters to acid-in-your face portrayals are dangerous steps to take. But this young actress has bridged the wide gap successfully.

Yet, one wonders if such vicious rôles, no matter how brilliantly acted, will poison her chances for permanent screen stardom. Will

the public cherish an interesting villainess as a screen favorite?

Anyhow, hats off to Bette Davis, courageous trouser and great actress!

JACK LONG, Oak Grove, Missouri

## TO THE STUDIOS

A WORD in appreciation of the recent fine efforts of the studios to make pictures which escape the wrath of the censors and at the same time remain interesting and entertaining.

Notable among these are "David Copperfield," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "The Little Colonel." They are three of the best pictures that ever came out of Hollywood, relying neither upon sex nor unwholesome situations, containing not one thing to which the most discriminating movie-goer could object.

MABEL K. REID, Lafayette, Rhode Island

## NELSON EDDY

IT seems that college students enjoy semi-classical pictures such as "Naughty Marietta." But Nelson Eddy, the "belling bari-tone" and wise-cracking captain, was subject to boos.

Had not Frank Morgan been there to display his wonderful acting, most people would have fallen asleep. Jeanette MacDonald's acting was also wonderful.

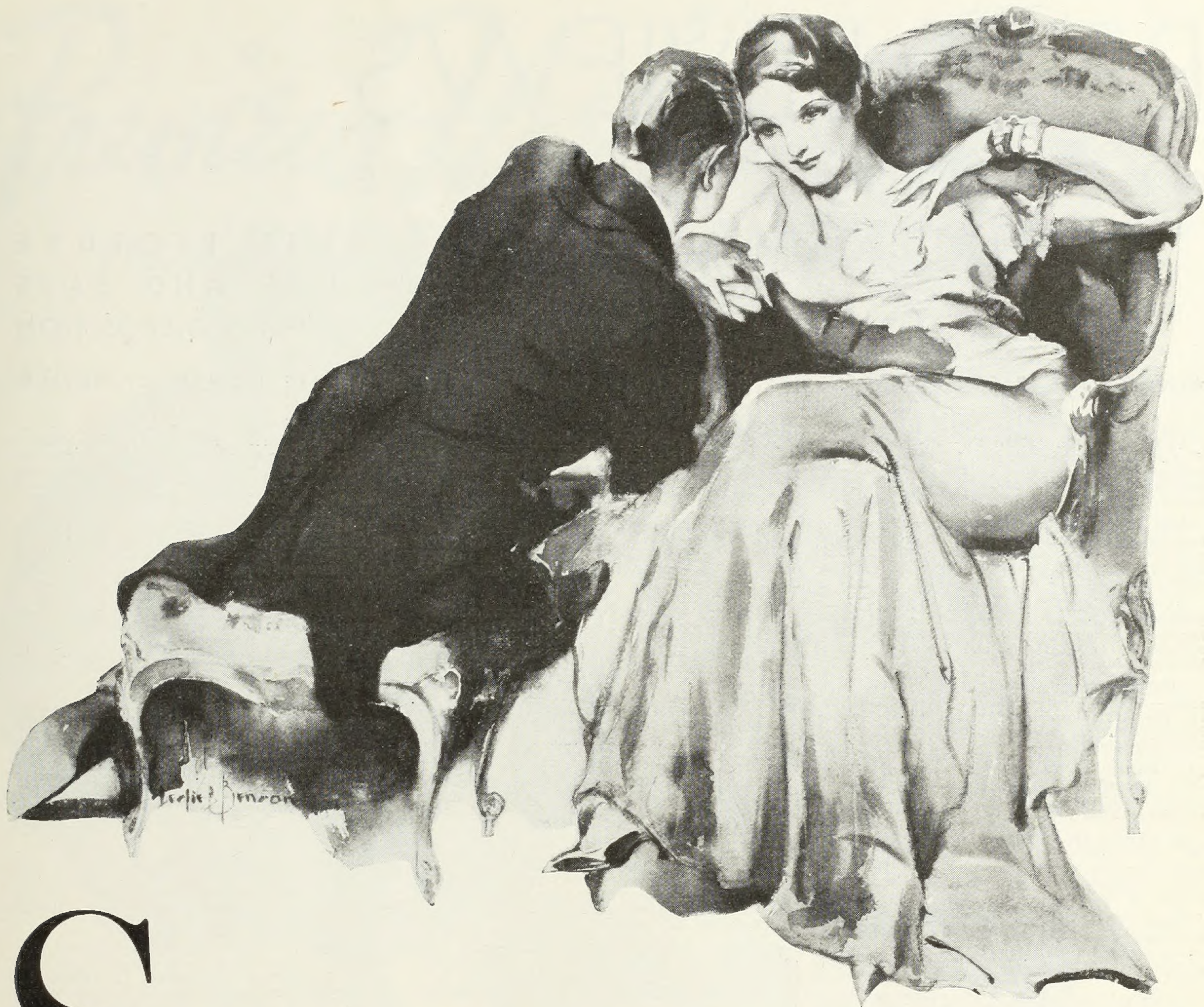
JOE GIACOLETTI, Indiana University, Ind.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]



George Murphy and an Albertina Rasch dancer practice a step for "After the Dance." His mask keeps the girl's mind on her dancing





# STILL *her* ADORER

LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)

*Deodorizes Longer*

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

\* \* \* \*

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



# BRIEF REVIEWS

## OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE  
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE  
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

**AFTER OFFICE HOURS**—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

**ALL THE KING'S HORSES**—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

**ANNE OF GREEN GABLES**—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

**AUTUMN CROCUS**—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

**BABY FACE HARRINGTON**—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

**BAND PLAYS ON, THE**—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

**BATTLE, THE**—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

**BEHOLD MY WIFE**—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

**BEST MAN WINS, THE**—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, underseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

**BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL**—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

**BORDERTOWN**—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

**CAPTAIN HURRICANE**—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

**CAR 99**—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

**CARNIVAL**—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

**CASINO MURDER CASE, THE**—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON**—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS**—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

**CHASING YESTERDAY**—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

**CHEATING CHEATERS**—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

**CLIVE OF INDIA**—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is *Dantes*; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

**COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE**—Fox.—Will Rogers as a loveable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

**CURTAIN FALLS, THE**—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

**DAVID COPPERFIELD**—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, *David*, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

**DEALERS IN DEATH**—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

**DEATH FLIES EAST**—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

**DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

**DOG OF FLANDERS, A**—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

**ELINOR NORTON**—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland bogged down by it. (Jan.)

**ENCHANTED APRIL**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

**ENTER MADAME**—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

**EVENSONG**—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

**EVERGREEN**—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

**FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE**—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

**FEDERAL AGENT**—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

**FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE**—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

**FIREBIRD, THE**—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

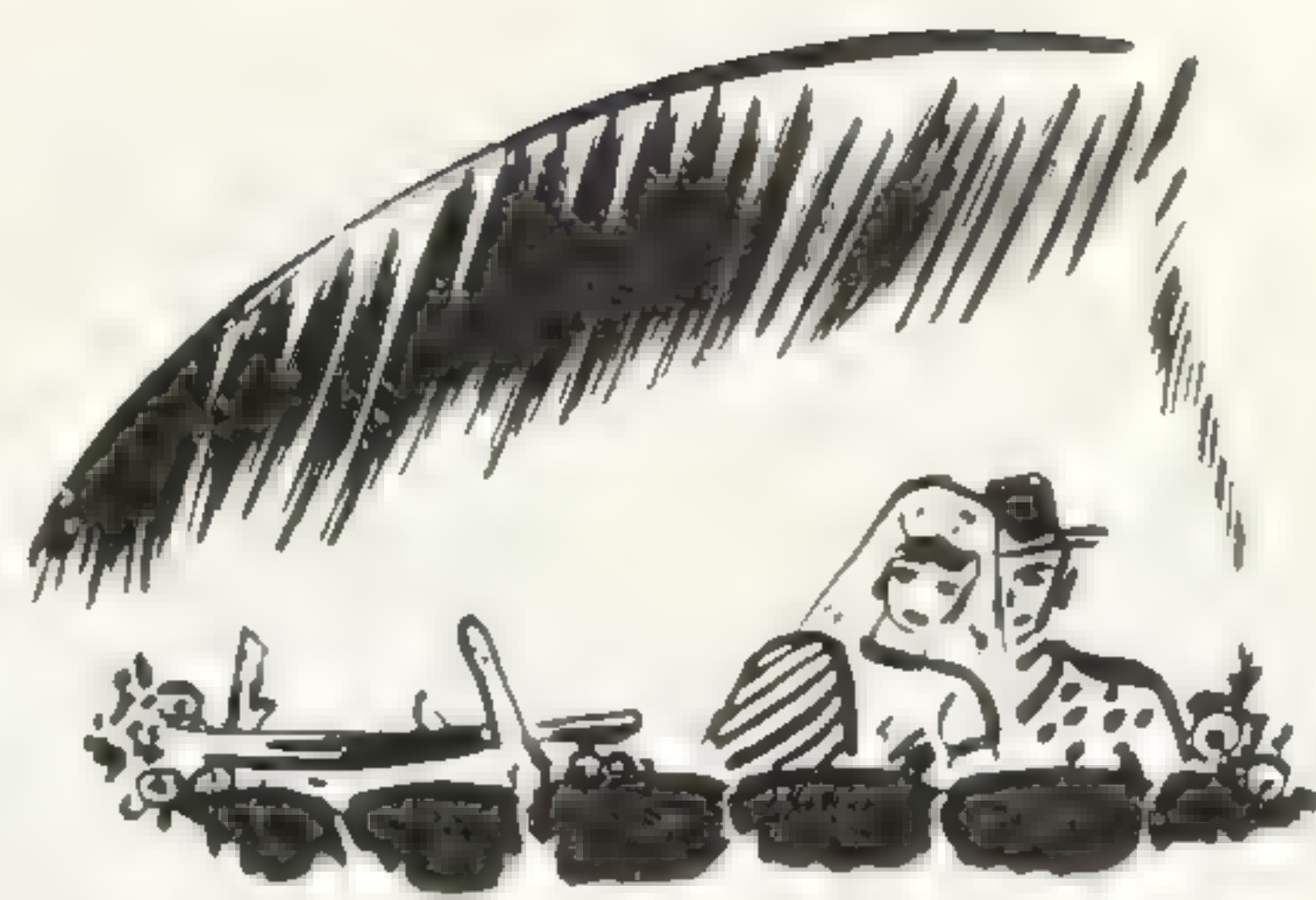
★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a tough sergeant. Take the family. (Jan.)

**FLIRTING WITH DANGER**—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]



# Preview Flashes



## FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

### He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!



*Warner* BAXTER  
and  
*Ketti* GALLIAN

in a fiery romance

## 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breathtaking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



### HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**FOLIES BERGERE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothorn and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

**FORSAKING ALL OTHERS**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skilful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

**FUGITIVE LADY**—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

**FUGITIVE ROAD**—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

**GAY BRIDE, THE**—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

**GENTLEMEN ARE BORN**—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

**GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS**—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

**GHOST WALKS, THE**—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

**GILDED LILY, THE**—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

**GIRL O' MY DREAMS**—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

**GOIN' TO TOWN**—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

**GOOD FAIRY, THE**—Universal.—Margaret Sullivan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

**GRAND OLD GIRL**—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

**GREAT GOD GOLD**—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

**GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE**—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

**GREEN EYES**—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

**GRIDIRON FLASH**—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

**HEART SONG**—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

**HELLDORADO**—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

**HELL IN THE HEAVENS**—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

**HERE IS MY HEART**—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

**HOLD 'EM YALE**—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley George E. Stone. (June)

**HOME ON THE RANGE**—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

**HONGKONG NIGHTS**—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

**HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE**—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

**I AM A THIEF**—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

**IN OLD SANTA FE**—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

**I SELL ANYTHING**—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society gold digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

**IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK**—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

**IT'S A SMALL WORLD**—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

**I'VE BEEN AROUND**—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

**JACK AHOY**—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

**JEALOUSY**—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

**KENTUCKY KERNELS**—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

**LADDIE**—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

**LAST WILDERNESS, THE**—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

**LEMON DROP KID, THE**—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recountal of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

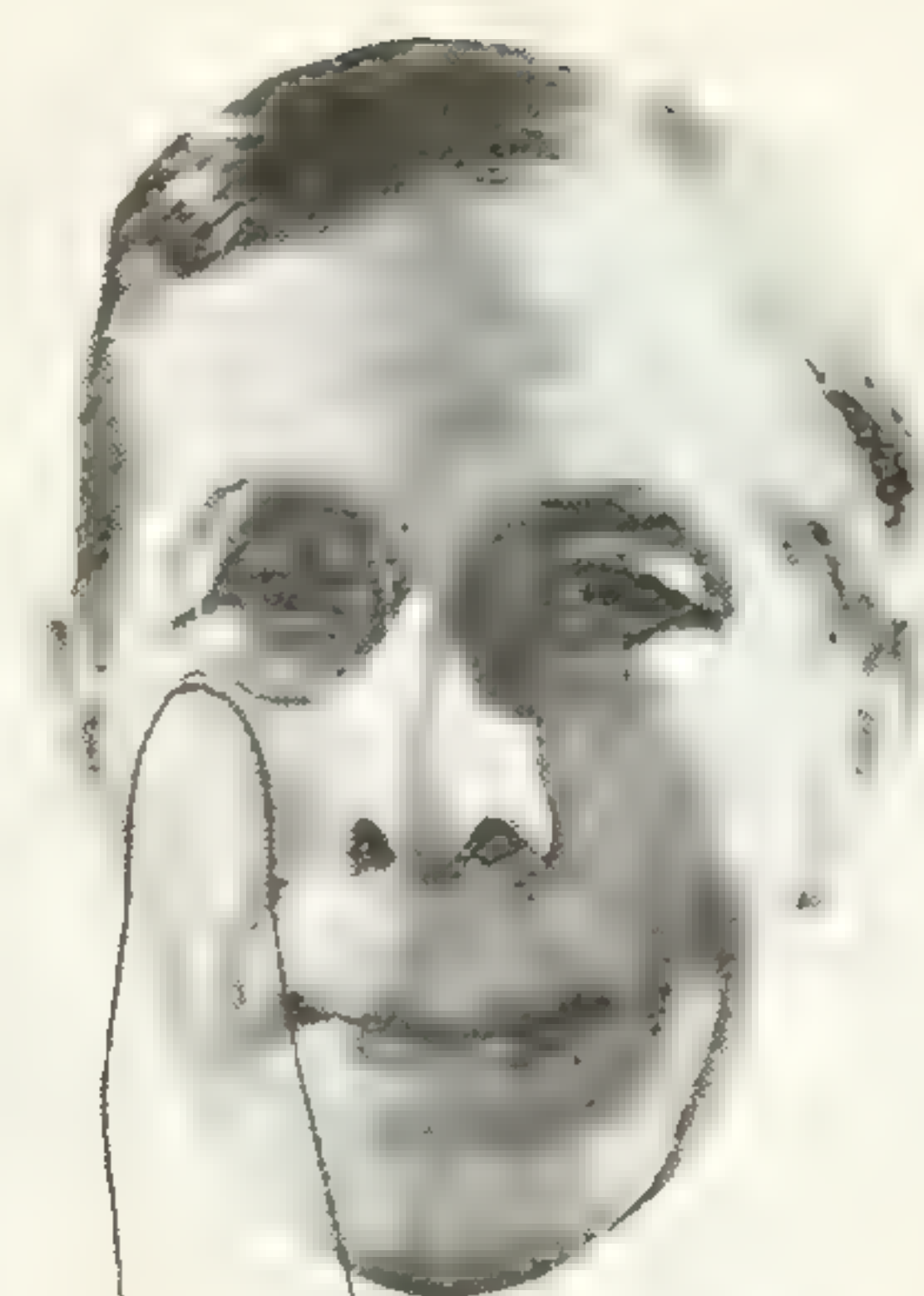
Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment Make this your reference list.

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# They HAVE ALL GONE

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.  
These stars are now with GB . . . because  
GB Productions have individuality,  
glamour, and a tone all their own.



GEORGE ARLISS



ROBERT DONAT



JESSIE MATTHEWS



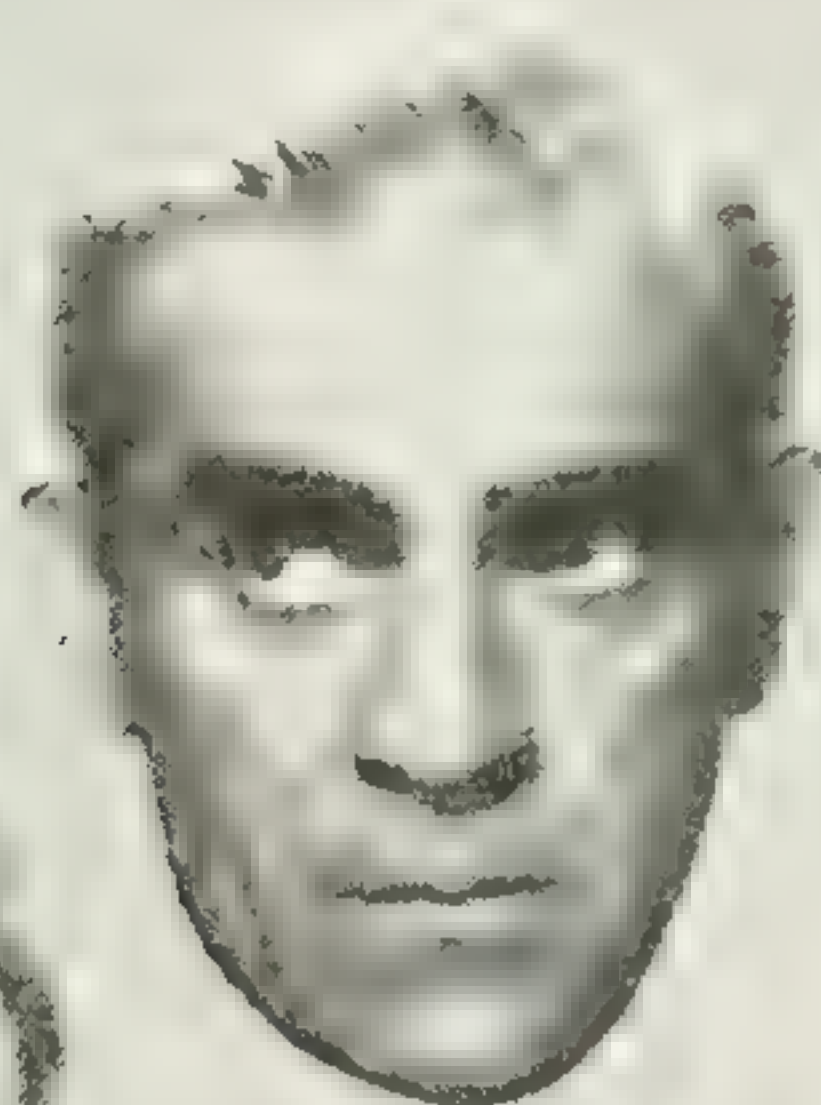
MADELEINE CARROLL



JACK HULBERT



NOVA PILBEAM



BORIS KARLOFF



FAY WRAY



CLAUDE RAINS



MADGE EVANS \*



PETER LORRE



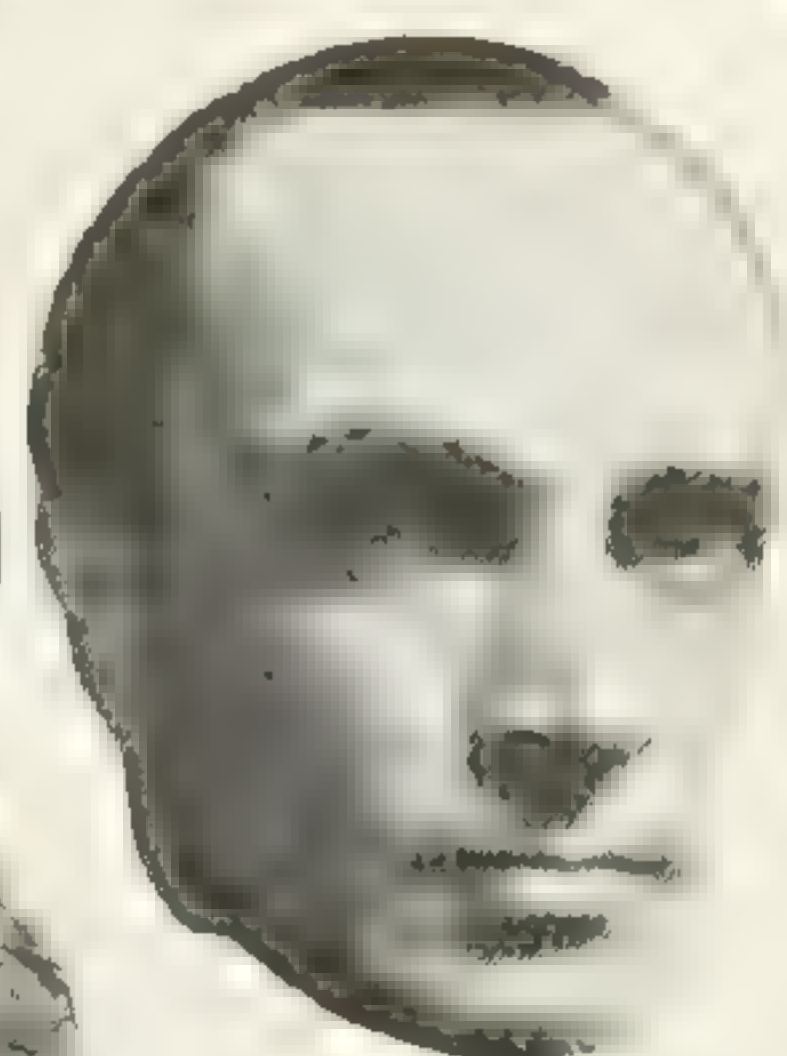
WALTER HUSTON



LUPE VELEZ



\* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



CONRAD VEIDT



RICHARD DIX



C. AUBREY SMITH



HELEN VINSON



CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

## Watch For These Pictures!

**THIRTY-NINE STEPS**

**THE CLAIRVOYANT**

**THE TUNNEL**

**THE KING OF THE DAMNED**

**THE MORALS OF MARCUS**

**RHODES**

**KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE**

**PASSING <sup>OF THE</sup> 3RD FLOOR BACK**

**MODERN MASQUERADE**

**SECRET AGENT**

**DR. NIKOLA**

**KING SOLOMON'S MINES**

**TOPS 'EM ALL**



\*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



# Letters

**On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

I HAVE just seen "Naughty Marietta" for the third time in two days! Of all the many pictures I have seen there is none to compare with "Marietta." And don't let Nelson Eddy escape from the screen, and let lovely Jeanette MacDonald play more rôles like *Marietta*.

MRS. KENNETH HARDIN, Knoxville Tenn

I'VE seen "Naughty Marietta" five times and I've been in a trance for days.

Nelson Eddy!

What a voice!

What a man!

ARLINE THAYER, Dayton, Ohio

WHERE has this lad Nelson Eddy been all my movie life? And where is he going from "Naughty Marietta"?

His voice is not only grand, but his quiet and effective acting is just as good. I hope we see a lot more of him.

WINIFRED WISHARD, Larchmont, N. Y.

HAIL the new singing star, Nelson Eddy! I was still under his spell four days after seeing and hearing him sing in person when I went to see "Naughty Marietta," and after viewing the picture, the spell threatens to become permanent.

Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald certainly make a stunning pair.

LOIS WILLIAMS, Dallas, Texas



Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian enjoy a Spanish ditty between scenes of "Under the Pampas Moon," out at Fox



Fred MacMurray set all the girls agog in "The Gilded Lily." "Men Without Names" is his next for Paramount



You asked for Ann in another singing-dancing rôle. You got it! Miss Dvorak as the night club dancer in Warner's film "G Men"

## TO JEAN HARLOW

MY vote will always be for charming Jean Harlow. But she should have a sympathetic rôle, although I shall never tire of her comedy. Her picture, "Reckless," should break all box-office records.

JACK GUARD, Laurium, Michigan

## CHAMPIONS CROMWELL

THAT fine young actor, Richard Cromwell, always seems to be cast the same in every picture—as the youth who is weak in character and easily led into crime.

Mr. Cromwell shows anything but weakness of character. The seriousness and determination he puts forth in every part he plays proves that he is an ambitious young

man swayed not by dishonest methods to gain his aim but willing to work hard against all odds.

RALPH J. SATTERLEE, Muncie, Indiana

## FILMS AID CHILDREN

TEACH in the primary grades. Recently we were studying *ay* words in phonics, once a very dull subject. Each pupil was to give a word containing the phonogram *ay*. One little girl jumped up and shouted she knew two words, Fay and Wray.

This indicates that, contrary to many critics, children—even very small children—glean something besides bad habits from the movies. Vocabulary, for instance.

MARY C. MCCARTHY, North Andover, Mass.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]



# "Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts

**CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW**

*Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."*

*Mary Pauline Callender*  
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

*Can't chafe*

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn.

*Can't fail*

A special center layer in the heart of the pad is channeled to guide moisture the whole length of the pad—thus avoids embarrassment. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use. No twisting.

*Can't show*

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex' ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always.

I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

## New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow... easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort... and the low price.



# WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder... QUEST, for personal daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold.



# Letters

**Don't say it. Write it! You can tell only a few what you think of a film, but thousands read these pages**



**Ruby looks worried about something. But it can't be golf. For she's one of Hollywood's feminine experts, and the game is her favorite hobby. Maybe Ruby's and Al Jolson's new son wants to go into the movies already**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

## MAURICE CHEVALIER

**I** WOULD like to get up on the housetops and shout about "Folies Bergere." I have seen it twice to date and I know I could enjoy it more and more. This is really the first time we, on the other side of the silver screen, have really seen the versatile star at his very best.

EDITH BLEZ, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**M**Y compliments to Maurice Chevalier on the wonderful work he did in "Folies Bergere." It was his best since his earlier films, and why? Because it was the kind of part Maurice loves to play and because it gave him a chance to show the public he can do more than one type of acting. He gave us the real Maurice we all like to see.

MRS. GLENNA RILEY, President, Chevalier-MacDonald Club, Newcastle, Ind.

## ASKS AWARD FOR GARBO

**H**AVING read the article in the May PHOTOPLAY about the hullabaloo stirred up by the Motion Picture Academy Award, I would like to know why a foreign-born actress never got it.

I am thinking and writing about Garbo. She is a genius. Bette Davis' characterization of *Mildred* was grand. But Garbo is always that and more. She's the most marvelous actress on the screen today.

HOWARD C. ANDERSON, Mollenauer, Penna.

## JOAN OF ARC

**E**LISSA LANDI has been unduly neglected. She is sadly in need of a good picture. Miss



**Two smash hits in the last year have put John Beal 'way up on top. First "The Little Minister," then "Laddie." And next it's "Break of Hearts," Katharine Hepburn's latest starring picture**

Landi possesses a decidedly interesting flair for sophisticated comedy, but her ethereal radiance burns to a bright glow in an historical picture, say "Joan of Arc." If the producers are thinking of letting Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo bring to life *Joan of Arc*, I'll yell for that lovely enchantress—Elissa Landi.

LILLIAN DORIS, West New York, N. J.

**G**RETA GARBO'S work on the screen is truly admirable. As a dramatic actress she is indisputably superior, achieving what no other Hollywood star does—triumph over poor stories by giving them beauty and distinction.

She would be the ideal choice for *Joan of Arc*. No other star possesses the same appeal. MRS. M. G. SORENSON, So. Weymouth, Mass.



**Marian Marsh wants a corner on the Hollywood golf market, too. She took her first lesson a few weeks ago. Did very well according to her teacher, the handsome Mr. George Murphy**

## COMPLIMENTS OF JAPAN

**I** AM a fan of Miss Takiko Mizunoe of Shochiku Girls Reviews of Japan. In Japan where men are not used in Reviews, Miss Mizunoe, known as *Taki*, takes their parts and among those who do portray the male characters, she is by far the most popular. There is no one who can pretend to be as good as she and for the past several years has stood out as unexcelled and still stands alone and above all the others. Her personality so vital and so magnetic draws the audience and holds it.

But it is not only personality for she makes most handsome men. She is exceptional in all ways.

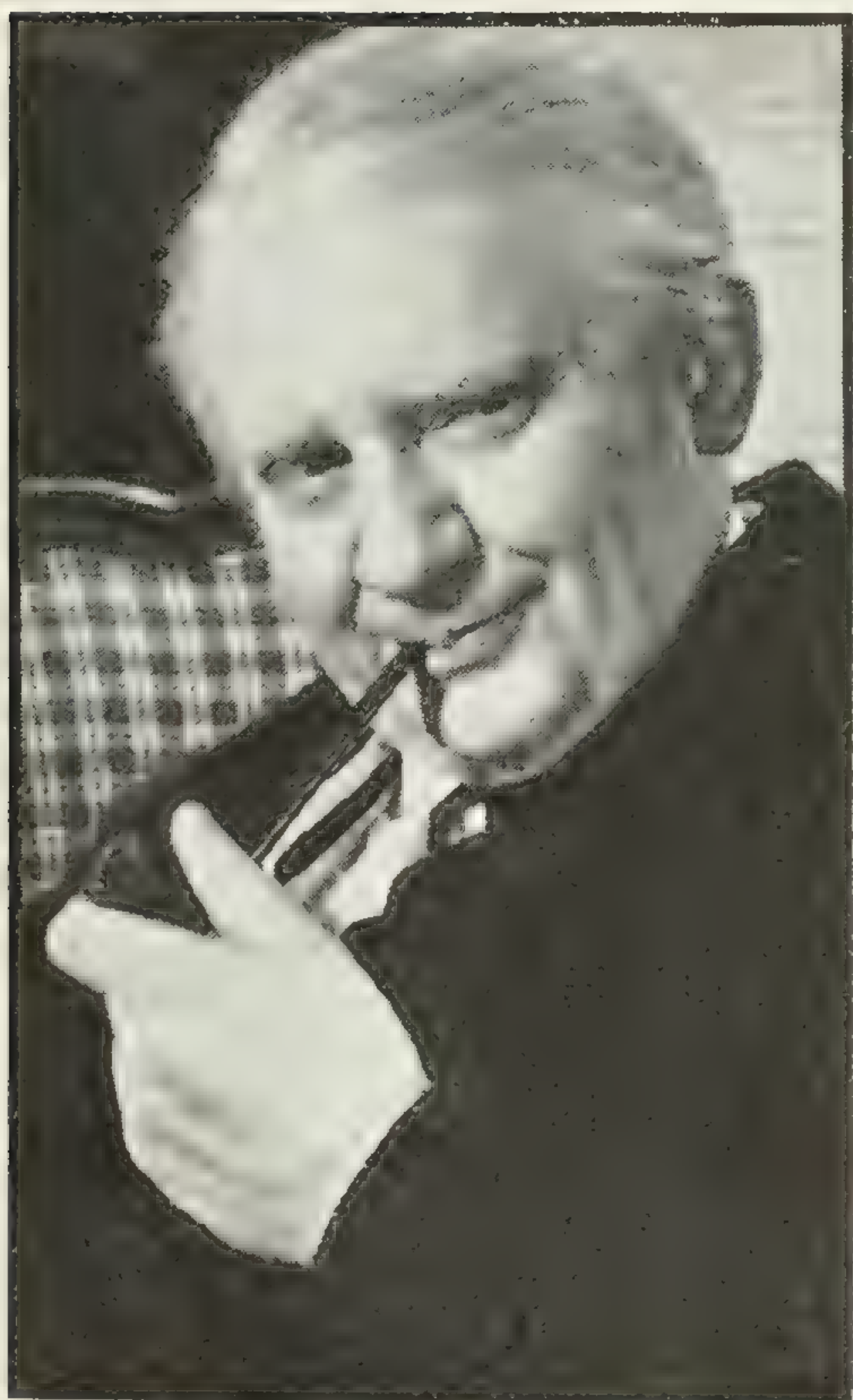


# Letters

Here PHOTOPLAY readers enjoy a frank exchange of opinion regarding movies and the stars who are in them



Looks like a good fight! Certainly Pat O'Brien is excited. The fighting figures are silhouetted against the back wall. The fights are Pat's favorite sport. He seldom misses one



Jean Hersholt has long been loved for his genial, human rôles on the screen. But he was never cast more ideally than in the part of the music master in RKO-Radio's "Break of Hearts"



Lucky puppy! For his owner is Tala Birell. If you've always thought of Tala as one of the most vampish of screen ladies, this picture is proof that she is a real out-door girl as well

There is a magazine produced by her backers and admirers called "Taki" and in the New Year number there is a photograph of *Taki* looking through a PHOTOPLAY, of which she is an enthusiastic and constant reader.

CHIYO KASHIO, Kamakura, Japan

## Alice Faye, SINGER

THE statement "Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Film's new glamour girl. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights," is every bit true.

All actresses can memorize their parts and act them. If they couldn't they would not be in Hollywood. But, can they all sing? No, of course not. If they do sing, can they sing

like Miss Faye? I have never heard them. When better singing is done Alice Faye will do it.

AMEDEE DUGAS, JR., South Bend, Ind.

## CLAUDETTE MOST HUMAN

IT is really a relief to see an actress retain naturalness and ease in her rôles, despite the characterization she has to portray. I refer to Claudette Colbert, who I find the most human of all actresses. Miss Colbert just "lives" her rôles.

I can't help feeling that her honesty and frankness on the screen are also characteristic of her private life.

A. C. SOLOMON, Detroit Michigan

## MOVIES WHOLESOME

SHOULD an industry that spreads so much cheer and delight be so severely criticised because of a few undesirable pictures? No because the wholesome, inspiring and educational pictures out-number the undesirable ones so many, many times. Thank Heaven for the art of motion pictures!

MARY W. STELZEL, Houston, Texas

## BRAVO COLUMBIA!

THE decorum and prestige that the public affiliates with any player who exhibits positive proof of his histrionic skill is slowly surrounding Edward G. Robinson whose brilliant dual performance of gangster and clerk in Columbia's "The Whole Town's Talking" is a scintillating town topic.

Columbia has, in the straight course of its own spectacular voyage to stardom, thrown life savers to many an established star who was drowning from lack of a vitalized and original script, but never have they rescued a more worthy victim than Mr. Robinson.

HELEN E. ROWLEY, Earlville, N. Y.

## WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE—

FROM the time I started to read your wonderful magazine, it made my soul different. I'm perky nowadays. No weary days for me now. I'll write to you always. There is much more I could say, but I'll stop. Sincerely with best regards, with love, yours,

JUDITH YURIKO KANEKIYO, Makaweli, Kauai

P. S.—I give my best regards of the year to my dear friend, PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**LET'S LIVE TONIGHT**—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

**LIFE BEGINS AT 40**—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

**LIFE RETURNS**—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

**LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE**—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

**LIMEHOUSE BLUES**—Paramount.—Gruesome for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

**LITTLE COLONEL, THE**—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather, Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

**LITTLE FRIEND**—Gaumont-British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

**LITTLE MEN**—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

**LITTLE MINISTER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

**LIVING ON VELVET**—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

**LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE**—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

**LOTTERY LOVER**—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

**LOVE IN BLOOM**—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

**LOVES OF A DICTATOR**—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

**LOYALTIES**—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

**MAN OF ARAN**—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

**MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE**—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

**MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE**—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

**MARIE GALANTE**—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

**MARINES ARE COMING, THE**—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

**MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

**MAYBE IT'S LOVE**—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

**McFADDEN'S FLATS**—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

**MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

**MISSISSIPPI**—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

**MISTER DYNAMITE**—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

**MURDER ON A HONEYMOON**—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

**MUTINY AHEAD**—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

**MY HEART IS CALLING**—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

**MYSTERY MAN, THE**—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

**MYSTERY WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

**NAUGHTY MARIETTA**—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

**NIGHT ALARM**—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

**NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE**—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

**NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS**—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

**NORAH O'NEALE**—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

**NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A**—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

**NUT FARM, THE**—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outlick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

**ONE HOUR LATE**—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

**ONE MORE SPRING**—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

**ONE NEW YORK NIGHT**—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

**PEOPLE WILL TALK**—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

**PERFECT CLUE, THE**—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

**PRINCESS CHARMING**—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

**PRINCESS O'HARA**—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

**PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

**RECKLESS**—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

**RED HOT TIRES**—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

**RED MORNING**—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

**RETURN OF CHANDU, THE**—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is *Chandu*. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

**RIGHT TO LIVE, THE**—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

**ROBERTA**—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]





Bert Longworth

*Latin Glamour*

Dolores Del Rio is one star whose glamour does not dim when she's out of her screen setting. A cameraman caught her unawares this time, when she was resting between scenes of "In Caliente." But had she been specially posed for a portrait, Dolores couldn't have looked more alluring









# *The Verdict*

Cameras and powerful lights are trundled nearer to the bed for close-ups of a tense scene in M-G-M's "Public Hero No. 1." Doctor Lionel Barrymore examines the patient, Joseph Calleia, while the crew looks on and the romantic leads, Jean Arthur and Chester Morris, exchange significant glances. Director J. Walter Ruben is at the foot of the bed, the light on his face





Otto Dyar

"For remembrance"

"Rosemary for remembrance," sings the poet. But Rosemary Ames stands not only for many pleasant screen remembrances of the past but happy promises in the future. Her latest film is with Shirley Temple in "Our Little Girl." You knew, of course, Rosemary is Mrs. Abner Stillwell



# PHOTOPLAY

## CLOSE-UPS

## AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

NOEL COWARD, playwright, actor, and man of the world, proves to be, under the merciless scrutiny that the screen always offers, not merely a celebrity but a personality. Probably none other could more adequately play the title rôle in Ben Hecht's and Charlie MacArthur's latest picture, "The Scoundrel." And certainly no one outside those two notables—unless it be Coward himself—could have written this film. Indeed, one may reasonably draw the inference all three had a hand in creating the script, for the player seems exceedingly to enjoy uttering the lines his rôle calls for. However that may be, the work is a typical Hecht-MacArthur conceit, shot through and through with their originality and daring.

I AM not alone in my suspicion that the pair have been a bit waggish—pulling a fast one on the public—with Coward aiding and abetting them. Many will accept this piece on its face value as pointing a moral, showing that the wages of sin are repentance and death. Others may detect a satirical note—as, for example, in the dialogue between the arch-villain *Mallare* (Coward) and one of his girl victims—a note that pokes a little fun at the conventional movie heroine in similar situations. And both these classes of film addicts will merge into a third, who don't know quite what the film is all about.

But whatever the underlying motives or purposes of the authors, one thing is pretty certain—this picture is going to be widely discussed and at this time—just a few days after its release—promises to be excellent box-office.

Hecht's and MacArthur's offering is so fresh and unusual as to suggest that the cinema has by no means exhausted its possibilities, and the dialogue is, at times, scintillating.

THIS is their second release as joint-producers, authors, and directors, and again they prove they know how to adapt their superb skill as story technicians and playwrights to the exacting requirements of the screen. Made at the Astoria studios, Long Island, "The Scoundrel" is practically free of the Hollywood influence.

Over and above excellent craftsmanship, it is in its genuine sophistication that this picture may claim distinction. It is the answer to all criticism that the screen lacks appeal for the intellectual.

AFTER seeing Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman," I can understand why Paramount renewed her contract. Most of the critics on the Coast lambasted the picture vigorously, and Eastern reviewers alluded to Dietrich's "coy" acting. Personally, I found the picture much better than represented. The rôle she plays



is a difficult one, that of a temptress who gives her lovers nothing. She sustains this rôle admirably in the earlier scenes. Whatever both she and the picture may lack is due, in my estimation, more to improper direction than to any other factor. And whatever you may think of her recent films, I prophesy Dietrich will again become her old dazzling self.

DEATH riding in an unknown car, driven by an unknown woman, brought sorrow to the thousands who are entertained and cheered by motion pictures, and grief more poignant to four families. The disaster in the Southern California mountains that killed John Coogan—father of Jackie—Junior Durkin, and two others, and injured Jackie Coogan, was the more appalling, because it was so sudden, so unexpected.

Junior Durkin's passing was particularly sad because the young actor, though still not twenty, had been on stage and screen for over seventeen years, and seemed to be defying the unwritten law that juveniles must quit their careers with approaching maturity.

In the past five years he had excellent rôles in more than a score of films, including "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "So Big," and "Little Men." At the age of two he first appeared on the stage and in the Winter season of 1933 starred in the Broadway stage play "Growing Pains." Junior had the winning, boyish type of personality that had great appeal for all audiences.

WALT DISNEY has the word of the League of Nations for it that his fantasies are universally regarded as "works of genius." The League, it seems, goes into other matters besides trying to keep its members out of war. Its Nations Child Welfare Committee has presented a study of "Cinema for the Young" in which are summed up the picture preferences of youth of eleven different countries. And "Nordics," Latins and Americans are unanimous in the conclusion that "Mickey Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonies" are tops.

According to the League's report, masculine and feminine youth show remarkable similarity of tastes in such various countries as the United States, Italy and England. The girls lead off with romance; the boys with Westerns. The average girl's choice indicates that, after romance, she prefers, in their order, comedy, Westerns and tragedy. Sports, adventure, educational and war pictures are at the end of the procession. Boys follow up their first choice with other types of adventure, comedy and mystery. War, romance, tragedy and educational films, with them, come last.

From the report, apparently some of the scenes of a morally questionable nature that trouble censors are unobserved or ignored by children. It is not at all surprising that American children lead the world in their attendance at motion pictures, while only one per cent of Japanese high school pupils visit a picture theater oftener than once a week.

Discussion of the report brought out the point that there are still few pictures made with a youthful audience distinctly in mind. The findings of the Nations Child Welfare Committee may suggest an idea to some enterprising Hollywood producer. A tremendous box-office awaits the one with the right idea.

THAT chap Darryl Zanuck seems to ring the bell every time he fires his target pistol. He takes his time about loading and aiming but when he lets go you know he is sure of himself. He has given Twentieth Century half a dozen big successes, each one more distinctive than its predecessor. Profits aren't eaten up by a lot of mediocre films that must be paid for by one box-office hit.

"Les Misérables," his latest, is running true to form. Unsupported by stage entertainment or other inducements it thrilled Broadway for weeks at an admission price unheard of since the depression. Zanuck not only knows how to make pictures. He knows the public, too. He is that rare combination—a fine artist and a splendid business man.



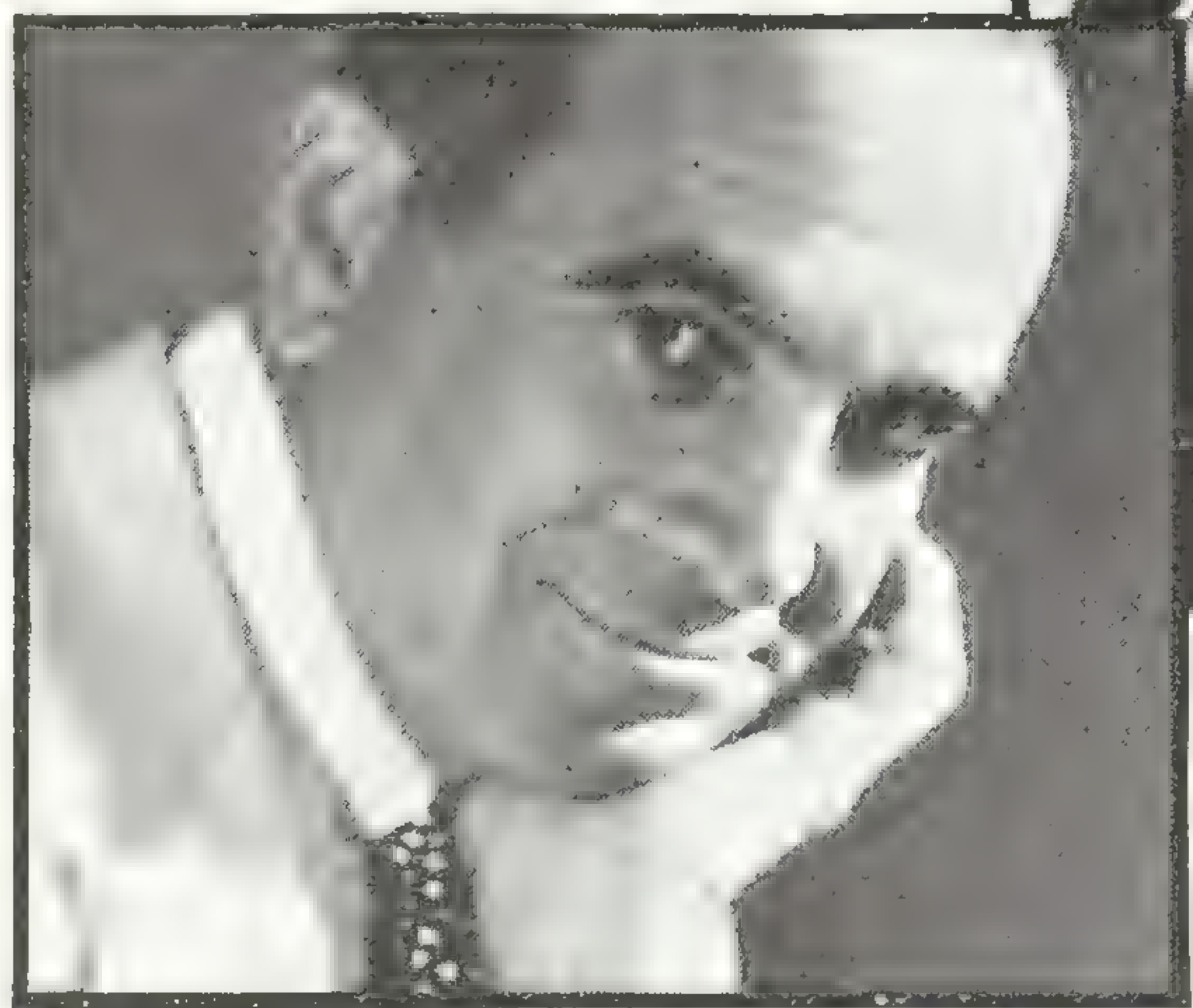


Charles M. Davis

WE'VE always heard that Hollywood gardens are wonderful, and now we believe it. Our cameraman, snooping over a garden wall, got this picture of Virginia Bruce casting an appreciative eye over her flower beds. At the studio she's completing "Masquerade"



# AND NOW THERE IS Al Jolson, Jr.



**R**UBY KEELER stood in front of a nursery window at "The Cradle," home for adopted babies at Evanston, Illinois. Through the pane glass, a uniformed attendant held up a sleeping infant—just two weeks old. He had about as much hair as Guy Kibbee, and his eyes had that vague unfocused gaze of a new-born baby. But there was something about the tiny contour of his face that reminded her of her favorite actor—(Al Jolson, to you!)—and, instinctively, she knew that here was the "blessed event" she and Al had been anticipating for almost six years.

And so, little Al Jolson, Jr., left "The Cradle" to become the adopted son of the world's greatest entertainer and his beautiful, flawless Ruby.

If, as Shakespeare says, "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," it is certainly true in the case of Ruby Keeler.

Three months ago, her nineteen-year-old sister, Anna Mae, died. And it was out of the infinite pain of her tragic passing that Ruby turned to the solace and comfort of a baby.

**Al Jolson brought tears to the eyes of the world singing "Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy," to a little shaver in the movies. Al has his own youngster to croon his lullabies to now**

"Not that little Al, or anyone, can ever erase the memory of my adored sister," she told me, when I called on her at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel to express my sympathy. "But I realize that not only I, but my whole family need an outlet for the affection we can no longer lavish on Anna Mae."

Her large blue eyes filled with tears, and her voice was too choked to continue. Looking at her lovely pale face, made whiter by the contrast of her mourning frock, I knew that this first shadow on her shining world would leave an irreparable scar. She seemed to find an emotional release in talking, so she went on, "Al has always longed for a son. You can't have sung 'Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy,' as often as he has, without





**The family circle of one of Hollywood's most famous couples is now complete! Al Jolson and his wife, lovely Ruby Keeler, have been anticipating this "blessed event" for more than six years**

By RADIE HARRIS



**Ruby looked over all the tiny babies in the nursery and chose the one she thought looked most like Al! Luckybaby, with Ruby his adoring mother and Al the proudest daddy in Hollywood**

celebrate our sixth wedding anniversary on September 21st), we ought to think of settling down in a permanent home, instead of commuting between hotel suites and rented houses every few months. So Al bought a five-acre ranch at Elcino, about twenty miles from Hollywood, and only twelve minutes from the studio at Burbank.

"It is a glorious site, covered with orange, lemon and walnut groves. In the midst of

these, we are building a rambling New England farm house, an unpretentious place, just big enough for Al, the baby and me. Adjoining it, we will build a small guest house. Right next door there is a five-acre grapefruit grove that I'd like to buy. It will protect us from neighbors, and it is a good investment, besides!"

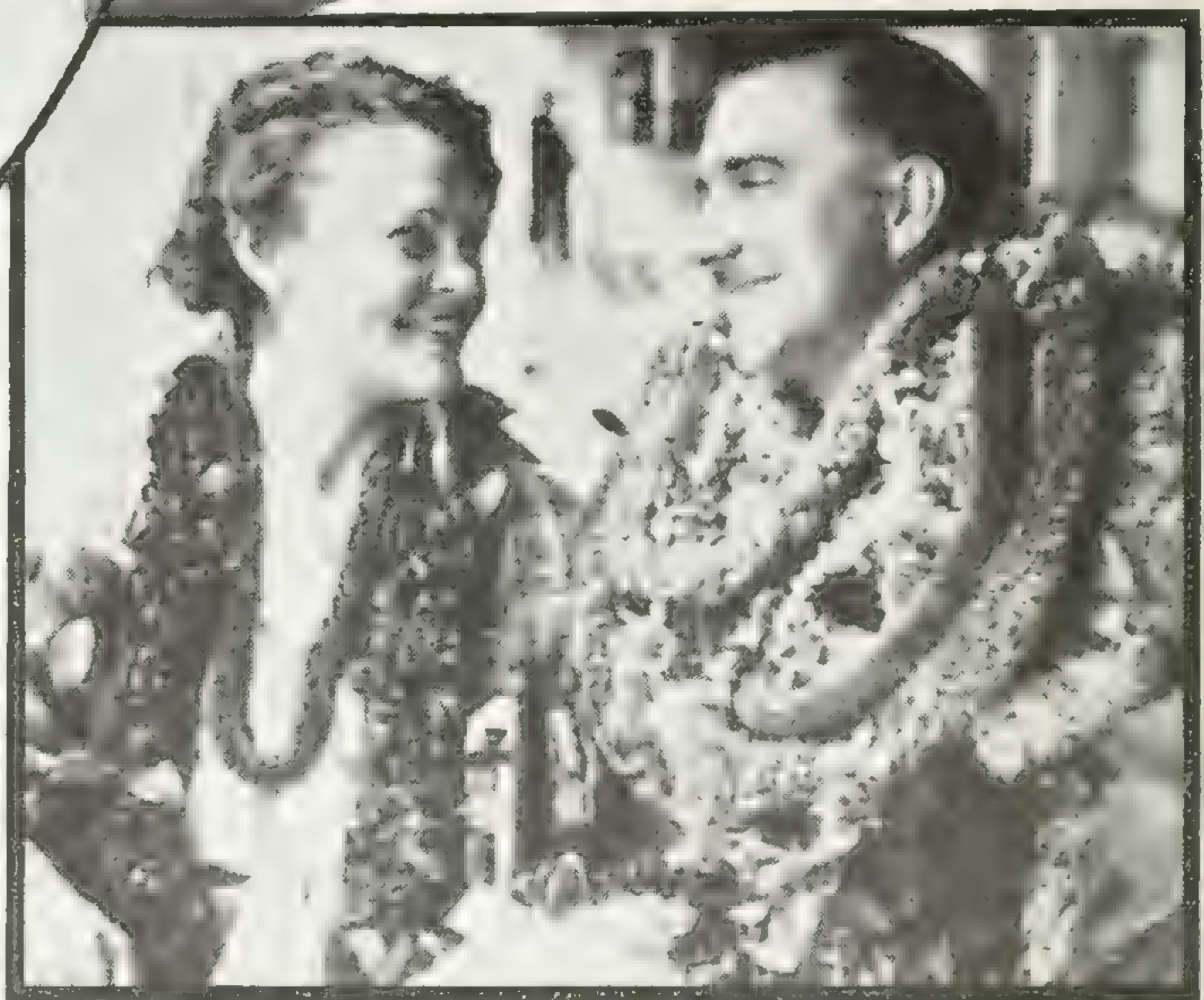
Ruby managed a smile at the thought of herself as a "property owner."

As soon as "Go Into Your Dance" was completed, Al had to leave for New York to start a series of radio broadcasts. Ruby remained in Hollywood to stay with Anna Mae, who had been rushed to the Good Samaritan [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

feeling the reaction! As for me, I have known such happiness in my own family life that I could never be content with a childless marriage. We had decided long ago that, if we weren't fortunate enough to be blessed with a baby of our own, we would adopt one. Last year, when Al re-decorated our home in Scarsdale as a surprise for me, he furnished a complete nursery. It was adorable—even though the baby's crib was so large, it looked as if we were expecting a junior Carnera!

"But we didn't adopt little Al then, because we were called back to Hollywood to start production on "Go Into Your Dance." We decided to wait until after the picture was over. In the meantime, we agreed that, as an old married couple (we





**Happy landings! Paul Mantz, the "Honeymoon Pilot," brought bride Lola Lane and her husband, Director Alexander Hall, back from their knot-tying**

**Mantz, besides being Hollywood's number one Flying Cupid, is nationally known in aviation circles. He's with Mrs. Mantz at Hawaii, advisor to Amelia Earhart**

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

# FLYING THE

**C**UPID wore wings and so, quite appropriately, does Paul Mantz.

Paul Mantz is Hollywood's Flying Cupid. He hasn't chubby cheeks, nor a rosebud mouth nor curls, and he doesn't work his medicine with a bow and arrows—he uses a stick. To be specific, he packs matrimonially minded movie stars into his swift Lockheed plane and zooms them the two hundred and seventy-five miles or so to Yuma, Arizona, or Las Vegas, Nevada, beyond reach of California's three day "gin-marriage" law.

Any hour of the day or night—and ninety-five out of one hundred times the scene is well after decent bed time—comes an insistent jingle from the telephone at the Mantz ménage

"Yeah," says Paul Mantz sleepily.

"This is so-and-so," says a voice, "and we wanta get married."

"Okay," yawns the Honeymoon Pilot, shaking the sleep out of his eyes. "that's your business. Which'll it be—Yuma or Las Vegas, and when do we start?"

"Yuma," they usually say, because for some reason the tiny town that sprawls out on the Arizona desert is the favorite hitching post of Hollywood. "How about twenty minutes?"

"Make it a half hour," compromises "Mendelssohn Mantz" obligingly. "And don't forget the ring."

They meet him at his hangar at the United Airport in Burbank, ten miles out from Hollywood. The blushing movie bride and the nervous movie groom standing on one foot while Mantz warms up the famous "Honeymoon Express" which has carried more stars via the stars to the altar than any other one bridal carriage in town.

Paul Mantz is discreet. He tends to his business and watches the motor rather than the snuggling embraces of the movie lovebirds about to brook their better judgments. But there's one thing he has noticed—invariably movie honeymoon couples are in an awful hurry, and that puzzles him.

"How fast can we make it?" they always ask. And he tells them. "An hour and twenty minutes to Yuma, if we're lucky, in the fast plane—a little longer in the other cabin job."

They always pick the fast one—the "Honeymoon Express"—even though it costs one hundred and forty dollars to the one hundred and five dollars fare in the slow ship.

Sometimes he warns. "It's not too safe—plenty of fog." But that doesn't mean a thing when screen stars sniff the enchanting aroma of rice. "Fog!" they cry. "Can a little fog





The Honeymoon Express itself, poised for a quick getaway. Right, Evelyn Venable is about to take it with husband-to-be (now is) Hal Mohr, as pilot Mantz smiles



**Paul Mantz has piloted many stars to the altar, yet he rarely knows their names because he never sees a motion picture**

# HONEYMOON EXPRESS

cool our love, darling? Contact!" Love not only laughs at locksmiths but old Jupe Pluvius the weatherman as well, on occasions.

Besides, there is a well-founded belief around Hollywood that with Paul Mantz at the controls you're going to get there—all in one piece—nor wind, nor rain nor sleet nor snow—the male (and the female) go through—to Yuma's marrying judge.

There's a hundred per cent record of safety to back this belief—in over four thousand hours of flying—in exactly thirty-three honeymoon sky-rides. But Mantz and his Cupid-cargoes have had their moments.

One night he hurtled the "Love-in-bloom Limited" through pea-soup vapors four thousand two hundred feet high, carrying a Columbia studio executive, Jerome Safron, and his actress bride-to-be, Nancy Cornelius, to Yuma.

But let him tell it—

"We shot over Yuma and you couldn't see your hand in front of you—it was that dark. The field at Yuma is small and unlighted, so if you come in at night, you have to be an owl to find a place to sit down. I threw over one flare, but it didn't do any good. I was too low to waste another when I

saw if I kept on I'd smack right into a concrete culvert.

"We had been riding a tail-wind, but often down there in the desert the wind on the ground blows in just the opposite direction. I didn't have time to explain—I just did a ground loop, pulled her back from that culvert and sat down.

" 'My goodness, what was that?' they gasped when it was all over.

" 'Just a fast turn,' I said, but I don't think they believed me. Anyway, the next morning I read in the paper where I had 'landed on my back' and cracked up! That's just what I had kept from doing!"

As a matter of fact, Paul Mantz, like Will Rogers, (who, by the way, called on Paul to take him up the other day to see Wiley Post drop his landing gear when he made the stratosphere attempt with his *Winnie Mae*) has to depend on the papers to find out about the movies and usually the celebrities he flies to be Yu-mated. Although he got his Hollywood start stunt flying for air-thrillers, and still flies for aerial photography, he never goes to movies.

Half the time he doesn't know who his romantic passengers are.

One night a couple called and said they had honorable





**Wally Beery, an expert at the controls himself, talks shop with Frank Clarke, movie stunt flyer, and Paul Mantz. He helped Wally to perfect his technique. Paul himself has stunted daringly for the movies in his time. He still holds the record for breath-stopping outside loops with a stock plane—forty-six**

intentions. Mantz flew them to Yuma, witnessed the knot-tying, dropped the newlyweds off at Caliente and flew home to a welcome bed.

The next morning with his orange juice he read that he had Cupided Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak. The man had said his name was Fenton, and he had a pretty bride, but that was all the significance Mantz had attached to his fares.

Another night a striking blonde and a short man with a toothbrush moustache drove up to the hangar. They said they were in the market for a sky-jault across the state line, and, as usual, they were in a hurry.

"The slow ship is the only one in the hangar," they were told. "The Lockheed won't be in until later."

"How fast can you make it?"

"Couple of hours each way."

They said they'd rather wait in the air than in Hollywood, and glancing nervously behind as if they expected a posse to come over the horizon any minute, they climbed into the cabin.

Screaming bold-faced headlines announced to Paul Mantz the next morning that Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson had eloped by air.

Most stars and their to-be's, for some strange reason, try desperately to keep their wedding flights a secret from the press. What a difference a few hours makes isn't quite clear (could it be a better publicity break?), but all assume the attitude of fugitives from justice. The very word "reporter" or "photographer" is enough to make them dart glances over shoulders and speak in hoarse whispers.

Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton were in the same nervous

hurry, and Director Al Hall and Lola Lane played tag with the press.

They can't beat the game, of course, because the Los Angeles papers have correspondents in both Yuma and Las Vegas who stick as close to the marriage bureaus as fly-paper to a rubber heel. Maybe it's fun—like hare and hounds—anyway, they resort to all sorts of tricky ruses to keep secret news which if kept out of the headlines the next day would probably send them into a relapse.

When Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr decided to do something about it recently, they planned the romantic exit coolly and carefully. In fact, it's the only marital excursion Paul Mantz can name as being arranged for ahead of time. But instead of making arrangements themselves, they sent out a friend who said *he* was getting married. And just to throw everyone, including Paul Mantz himself, off the track they arranged for a daylight flight!

Paul Mantz tries to make his customers as comfortable as possible in his splicing special, which, by the way, is exactly the same kind of plane as the one used by Amelia Earhart to span the Pacific from the Hawaiian Islands. In fact, Mantz accompanied her to Honolulu as technical advisor. She makes her headquarters in his hangar when she's in town.

But inside his air wedding wagon, which is devoted to less epic but just as sensational uses, he has all the comforts of home so the fugitive lovers can't blame him for any headaches that might possibly follow. The seats are big and soft, and [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]



**Here's Paul in a top flight. Next to him are Roscoe Karns and George Palmer Putnam, publisher husband of Amelia Earhart (top). Nice smile, Myrna Loy. Amelia Earhart makes her headquarters at Mantz's hangar when she's in Hollywood. In fact, his fast plane is the one Amelia spanned the Pacific Ocean in**





Marlene Dietrich en famille—husband Rudi Sieber, Maria, holding her fascinating mother's hand. If Marlene does not gain new inspiration, revive her enchanting freshness now, it will be her own fault

# What Is Dietrich's Destiny?

**Will this still potential great star at last return to the heights without Von Sternberg?**

By WARREN REEVE

**H**OLLYWOOD'S greatest *Svengali-Trilby* alliance is ended—and Marlene Dietrich remains the screen's premier problem actress and its major mystery star.

The problem is what to do with her in pictures. The mystery is her destiny on the screen.

Josef Von Sternberg spent five years trying to solve the first and attain the second. In that time he dedicated his entire art and energy to the task. But now the Von Sternberg-Dietrich saga has been sung. It was the saga of an intelligent, artistic man's unbounded faith in the promise of a woman. It was the story of a woman's reverence for her *maestro*.

When Von Sternberg recently said bluntly to a dazed Dietrich: "We have gone as far as we can together, I shall direct you in no more pictures," it was as if he had confessed, "I have failed to steer you to the fulfillment of the promise I saw in you when I found you in a Berlin musical show and dropped everything to guide you to greatness. I have failed to discover the jewel which I know hides somewhere within you. I don't know which way to go with you from here. Five years have proved that I am not your man of destiny. Let us forget these years and start over again—with someone else."

There are two sides to the pathos of the situation: There is the pathetic spectacle of an artist cheated of his masterpiece. There is the sad sight of a pupil repudiated by her teacher.

And then there is the tragic picture of a potentially great

career wavering helpless on a precarious ledge in the shadow of the summit.

Stars are rare in Hollywood. You can count the great screen stars on your fingers. Marlene Dietrich from the start has been a potential great motion picture star. Von Sternberg recognized this when he first saw her in Berlin. After he had worked with her in "The Blue Angel" he was sure of her promise.

He brought to Hollywood a lovely, Dresden doll Dietrich as fresh and as exhilarating as the first breath of Spring. He knew what he had—the chance for a supreme creation—the opportunity to mold his screen masterpiece.

He has been sincere and untiring. She has been loyal with an unquestioning devotion. Circumstances made this teacher and his pupil closer than any such ordinary professional alliance. He was practically a countryman of hers, the only one whom she could depend on in a foreign and critical land. She leaned on him for help in her tiniest problems. He found houses for her, helped her adjust herself to the new life. He coached, tutored, advised and jealously guarded her. She was tucked under his wing completely. Dietrich has made but one picture without him—Rouben Mamoulian directed her in "Song of Songs."

If Von Sternberg, after being professionally wedded to Dietrich for five years, still does [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95 ]



# DIAMOND JIM

Binnie Barnes and Arnold in a daguerrotype pose as Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady for Universal's picture. Brady once offered Lillian a million dollars if she'd marry him, but, of course, she didn't



**The famous Jim Brady, who dazzled Broadway and squired Lillian Russell, lives again, and brilliantly, in the person of Edward Arnold**

Now at last that day has come, with Edward Arnold in no less a part than that of the huge Diamond Jim himself. Seeing Mr. Arnold in make-up, I was amazed, for from head to foot he was to the life the same renowned New Yorker I had met, curiously enough, at the same Empire Theater.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Arnold, "in this picture 'Diamond Jim Brady,' I have the biggest part I've ever played. And it's the strangest thing that ever happened to me, for when Miss Barrymore, and then Miss Elliott, introduced me to the man himself I never dreamed that one day I'd be playing him. My only feeling on both occasions was that of paralyzed awe. When Diamond Jim suddenly loomed up before me I just stood there cockeyed."

Since that distant time Edward Arnold has gained assurance as one of the finest character actors in Hollywood, though he still confesses to confirmed shyness. A man of good sense and good cheer, he is an actor of wide range. From an alcoholic millionaire to Secretary of War, he has given one the power of a dynamo, the other all the persuasiveness of a skilled diplomatist. Reigning as a gangster overlord or an imperious *Louis XIII*, he has held full sway.

But a deprecating smile playing across the table of a Hollywood cafe was his only answer to my opinion of his uncommon gifts. They might well, it seemed, have run in his family.

○ DD how things come about.

One night in New York when "Mid-Channel" was running there Diamond Jim Brady, in all his dazzling splendor, went back-stage at the Empire Theater to see Ethel Barrymore and was introduced by her to a shy young man serving as assistant stage manager. Into that great paw of Broadway's most picturesque figure slipped a trembling hand to be squeezed against precious stones encrusting all four fingers, not to mention a carbuncled thumb. Meanwhile staring eyes were fixed on blinding studs that turned an expansive shirtfront into a glittering jewelry display.

A year or so later the same diffident youth was again presented to the coruscant Brady, this time by Maxine Elliott, at whose theater he was playing the juvenile in "The Chaperon."

"Well, young man," boomed the patron of out-shone stars, "I hope that some day you'll have a big part."



# COMES BACK



Edward Arnold admits he's not as good as Brady, who could eat three dozen oysters, then order and consume a full meal. However, he's doing his best to live up to Diamond Jim's reputation—for the film

Mr. Arnold, between scenes of the film, is here carrying on a custom the real Diamond Jim made famous on Broadway: surrounding himself with attractive show girls (extras here) who drink a toast to him. He never drank liquor

By CHARLES DARNTON

"No," he remarked with a glint of humor, "the only one in the theater was an uncle who played bass fiddle at Tony Pastor's."

Somehow, that amusing bit of intelligence strengthened my feeling he was German.

"Of German descent," he said, "and born down on New York's East Side. My full name was Edward Arnold Schneider. But like the dog of that name I had the tail cut off."

"Not so good for an actor?"

"A good name and my own, but somewhat wanting in dramatic fire," he chuckled. "Not that it mattered at first, for I started out to be a stationary engineer. That is, I tried to work my way through Columbia at that job for sixty dollars a month. But one day I let the engine run hot, and they threw me out. I'm afraid I wasn't keeping my mind on my work. You see, I'd already had a taste of amateur acting at Settlement House in East 76th street, where, with all the fervor of my fourteen years, I played *Lorenzo* in 'The Merchant of Venice.' So, at a friend's desperate suggestion—he probably was afraid I'd starve to death—I went back there and acted for coffee and cakes. After a year or more Ben Greet took me into his Shakespearean company at twenty-five dollars a week and I went on the road. I spoke my first line on the professional stage at Trenton, New Jersey, as *Philostrate* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—a momentous event for me, but not for anyone else."



Lightly as Mr. Arnold dismissed his early efforts, he now had heavy work to do, and I wondered how his weight compared to that of Diamond Jim.

"Brady was two hundred and twenty, I'm two hundred and twelve pounds," he said. "But unlike him, I never ate three dozen oysters for an appetizer, then went to Churchill's for a full dinner. However, I'm doing my best in the picture to live up to him in the matter of clothes, for I have twenty-one changes. Getting measured for those suits was a big job in itself. Diamond Jim as you know, was a most extravagant dresser. It was an important part of his scheme of life to look overpoweringly affluent. He once said to a friend of mine, 'I wish I was rich enough to be taken for a sucker.' He probably meant that he would then 'take' the other fellow. Certainly he was far from one himself. He proved that by the wholesale way he sold steel cars and other [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]



# You Can't Get On These Sets!

To PHOTOPLAY'S knowledge, this is the first candid picture of Greta Garbo taken on her set. In "Anna Karenina," Greta plays croquet with Fredric March, and enjoys it so much, she plays it between scenes. It's a mean game!



GRIMES





**All visitors, while the vital scenes of "Anna Karenina" and "The Flame Within" are being shot, are forbidden, or, at least, kept distant**

**Take one! Greta Garbo's first scene, with Basil Rathbone, for "Anna Karenina." Director Clarence Brown is in a pensive mood. He has done six of Garbo's pictures, which is a world's record. But Cameraman Daniels has handled nineteen of Garbo's twenty films!**

**The emotional scenes in "The Flame Within" are being photographed to the tempo of the musical score, instead of scoring the picture after it is completed, as customary. Edmund Goulding (in white trousers) directs a scene with the aid of Jerome Kern, dean of American composers (with script in hand). In the scene are Margaret Seddon, Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Hayward, a stage "find," and the blonde Miss Harding**





# THE LADIES SAY,

# "He's Got What It Takes!"

**Nelson Eddy, opera's gift to the screen, has captured feminine hearts with his "wooing" voice and the charm of his sturdy masculinity**

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I KNEW him first when he didn't have a movie fan-mail letter to his name, when he was just an ambitious young singer trying to get along on concert's small-time trail.

San Diego, California, was the place. San Diego would hate those words, "small time"—especially this year when the great fair makes her one of the crowded capitals of the world—but the fact remains that the city of aviators and theosophists is the one place in Southern California where young singers and players are glad to go when they can't quite "make" Los Angeles.

"You must hear him," said a woman friend of mine. "He's got what it takes."

How often have I heard women say that of him since! But this first time in San Diego, the remark meant little to me because I hadn't seen Nelson Eddy.

Since I *have* seen him, I have been able gradually to break down that most common of all feminine remarks about him into understandable terms of personality, temperament, presence, physique, vitality, poise, voice technique. It's not difficult, so far as it goes, because Eddy has them all in clearly defined, easily recognizable quantities. But none of these things accounts for what the blond young giant did to the crowd of sophisticated women who had gathered languidly from homes and hotels in San Diego and Coronado and La Jolla to hear an almost unknown singer on this softly beautiful California night.

The boy had something else, something I must find out about. He had to have it to "get" me, along with the



women; for I don't care much for itinerant opera singers; especially I don't care for ambitious ones trying it out on the concert dog. The program notes, an institution designed to tell concert-goers why and how they should like the performers of the evening—fortunately, this device has not yet reached the motion picture theater!—did not reassure me. According to the program, Mr. Eddy was exuberant, expansive, vivacious, eager. It looked like a terrible evening. Then, suddenly but without undue exuberance, expansion, vivacity or eagerness, there strode out from the wings the most disarming young male person these old eyes have ever seen.

From down in front he looked eight feet tall. He *is* six. In the glaring stage lights his hair looked almost white. It is whitely blond. His dress coat, superbly tailored, hung almost loosely from his massive shoulders. His wide, white tie gleamed brightly below his clean-cut, slightly florid, indubitably masculine features.

He stood thus for a brief moment of what seemed a conscious effort at friendly communion, during which those boyish blue eyes smiled ingratiatingly down on us in a contagion of enthusiasm. I thought he was going to croon. But he didn't. Instead, he opened

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87 ]

Actually, in person, moviedom's latest singing sensation appears to be a most disarming young man. But when he sings, he pulsates with the authority of a great artist not to be denied. In the pictures at the right can be seen his strong personality. That's June Knight with him









Wallace Reid, his wife, Dorothy, with their baby son lived happily in this home which they had lovingly planned and built. After Wally's death, Dorothy lost the property, and for a long while couldn't bear to go past the empty house where so many of her dreams were buried. Since then various occupants have come and gone

# HEART-BREAK HOUSES

**H**OLLYWOOD has more of them to the square mile than any other city in the world . . . Houses of broken dreams.

Houses that once were homes, that sheltered romance and love—even peace and contentment. Now deserted and forlorn, they have that tragic look peculiar to lonesome houses. Or they are lived in by strangers who know nothing of the dreams that were drawn with the plans.

There are depression houses everywhere—built by the stock market and sunk the same way. At least one must be in your town and you are familiar with its history. You pass by it often, perhaps you once went to gay parties there, in happier days—and it always revived memories and a sigh.

In Hollywood, a seasoned villager can drive past *twenty* such houses in an ordinary day. But these are not places vacated by high finance—they are homes broken by swiftly changing emotion!

If you came here for a season and inspected houses to rent, you would be amazed at the agent's frequent "this is where so-and-so lived when she (or he) was married to so-and-so."

There are few houses without histories in all the town of Hollywood.

In every gathering of old-timers, when the reminiscences begin to run riot, they invariably start with some such statement as "remember that big party at King and Eleanor Vidor's house—the one Jack Barrymore bought—etc., etc."

And now Dolores Costello Barrymore has just moved out of the same house—anticipating her husband's return to Hollywood after a long absence. Speculation goes the rounds, as always on these occasions. The gossips say Jack sent word to her to leave. . . . That the divorce is only a matter of minutes.

And the palatially comfortable big house that rambles over a mountain and was enlarged to contain the Barrymore treasures from all over the world—what happens to that? Will Jack return there to live? Or will new and alien voices mingle with the echoes?

Out on Sunset Boulevard is the place Rudy Vallee bought three years ago to be his honeymoon house with Fay Webb. That marriage ran its course so rapidly they never lived in it, even for a day!





No domicile was ever more famous than the home Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford built. At Pickfair Hollywood's famous visitors were entertained, and the elite of filmdom gathered. To be married from here was regarded as the perfect beginning for long happiness. Yet, of all the marriages performed here, only one lasted, Sonny and Verna Chalif's

## Hollywood is full of homes built with happy dreams and broken by swift and tragic changes

By RUTH RANKIN

"Before I had time to come back to Hollywood and move into the house, my marriage went on the rocks," Rudy told a friend.

So all this hundred thousand dollar roof has ever sheltered is a caretaker in the servants' quarters.

The house had just been built and the decorations were not completed when Rudy signed the papers. He chose decorations to be suitable background for the exotic Fay. He thought they were coming to Hollywood to remain permanently. But he made one picture for RKO at that time, "Vagabond Lover," and it was not a success. He returned to New York, to his broadcasting and night club work.

Fay commuted between New York and her parents' home in Santa Monica. Then came the definite separation and Fay signed an agreement to accept a hundred dollars a week from Vallee.

With such a sum it would be impossible to keep up an establishment of the size Rudy had bought. The idea of Fay taking the house over would obviously have been absurd. And even if Rudy had a divorce *and* the house, it is probable he would not

want to live in it with another wife, should he marry again.

So there it stands—a house that has never been lighted. A magnificent mausoleum for a lost love.

We drive on out through Beverly Hills to the picture colony's most celebrated residence—Pickfair.

Probably no private domicile ever became as internationally famous. Certainly no other in Hollywood has succeeded it in social prestige. Belonging to the "superlative" era when all America had a Sweetheart, and the Sweetheart was Mary Pickford, her home became a magnet to attract distinguished visitors from all over the world.

Many say Doug and Mary were happier in the less pretentious place at the entrance to Laurel Canyon, before their "big house" days and before their home became a sort of hotel for titles. But for many years, Pickfair presented at least the outward appearance of a serene and happy home.

Since Doug and Mary were the ideal couple, to be married from their house was regarded as the perfect beginning for lasting happiness. . . . Several ceremonies took place there—but only *one* of them still holds!





**Victoria and Tom Mix lived happily until she insisted on their building this palatial home. Shortly after, their romance broke up. Tom said there was no place in the house where he could put his feet up and read his paper**

Mary's brother was married twice at Pickfair, the first time to Marilyn Miller, the second to Mary Mulhern. (Previously he had married the unfortunate Olive Thomas.) Eddie Sutherland and Margery Daw (now Mrs. Myron Selznick) were married at Pickfair. And Sonny and Verna Chalif (he is Mary's cousin) who were married with the blessings of the house have been the only pair whose marriage did not meet disaster. Doug Jr., and Joan Crawford were married in New York, contrary to the general impression that they were married at the home of Fairbanks Senior. . . . So there is one which cannot be counted up against the house!

Just before the separation of Mary and Doug became public, Pickfair was put up for sale. In fact, it was the house which "broke" the story of a rift between filmdom's most famous couple. At that time, Mary's plans were unsettled, Doug was away, and Mary consulted a real estate dealer to see whether or not there was a market for the place should she decide to sell it. The dealer assumed a great deal, and immediately put the story in circulation that the house was actually for sale. The *dénouement* followed.

For a time it was a sad and lovely place, full of ghosts and echoes . . . but recently its spirit has considerably revived. Mary is living there now, permanently, she says, and she does not want any one to get the idea she is languishing with a broken heart.

On the contrary, there is a new festive atmosphere, a great deal of activity. Every week sees a large dinner party for fifty or more persons. Almost every person of consequence who visits Hollywood is again entertained at Pickfair. But there is

a conspicuous absence of titles among them. The recent exception was Lord and Lady Byng—Canadians who knew Mary as a child actress when Lord Byng was Governor-General of Canada, and Mary lived there.

Pickfair is one of the few "broken dream" houses that have, in a measure, redeemed themselves. Several others could have the same thing said of them. . . . The house Florence and King Vidor built together and left—separately—is now the harmonious dwelling of Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders. The famous old Ince estate, sold by Mrs. Ince when Thomas Ince met with tragic death, is now the Laemmle home where Junior and his father entertain lavishly.

Nazimova's once-celebrated *ménage*, a point of interest for every sightseer, became the site of an apartment hotel, the Garden of Allah, where Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan and many other stars live. The big comfortable place at the entrance of Beverly Hills, where "Polly" Frederick once reigned supreme, was later occupied by the Irving Thalbergs when they were first married. It is now the home of Harpo Marx—with a harp, illuminated by Neon lighting, in the front window!

The Charles Ray house, with its exquisitely fragile French decorations and its gold dinner service, was once a Hollywood show place. So much has been written about the footmen back of each chair in the dining room, the black-and-gold Chinese playhouse, that you know all about that sad story. The house was bought several years ago by a middle Western family named Smith, who are not associated with pictures.

Valentino's lonely "Falcon's Lair" stands unoccupied since his death. There were legal entanglements involving the estate. Recently, Pola Negri was supposed to have bought the place. She found it so badly in need of restoration—termites had undermined an entire wing—that no deal was made. Just the other day we passed by it and saw Valentino's brother and his wife out working in the yard. It was the first sign of life seen around the place in years.

The beautiful house in Bel Air [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]





Randy goes over a script with Nigel Bruce. They are unshaven for their rôles in RKO-Radio's "She"

By ELLEN GRANT

# The RISE of RANDOLPH SCOTT

**Hollywood turned this Virginia gentleman into a cowboy. But he's back in the drawing-room now.**

ALL the Cinderella stories don't happen to little girls. Sometimes they happen to great big, blond six-footers. For instance, once upon a time—if you'd like it that way—there was a lad named Randolph Scott and he lived in Virginia with his very fine, cultured family. He went to Georgia Tech, he played football, he took out girls, he enjoyed life, and practically any time he was ready to go to work for his father who had a large, flourishing business. However, he never got to do the latter because along came the magic fairy with her wand, and Orange, Virginia, became Hollywood, California, through the medium of Randy's best friend who had once been to movieland and wanted, more than anything else, to get back there. So Randy went with him and they both had themselves loads of fun which included dabbling with the movies—in a strictly social fashion.

Then came a game of golf with Howard Hughes, the millionaire playboy producer, and they told him they thought it would

be interesting to see a studio before headin' for the old South again. Hughes thought so too. He called up Fox and had the two young men all lined up for a day's extra work, so they'd have something to tell the folks back home.

Next morning, bright and early, they got themselves buttoned up in swanky Austrian uniforms, had greasepaint daubed on their faces and joined the mob of extras. Here we pause to allow the aforementioned magic fairy to appear again. This done, we now allow both the Fox studio and Mr. Cecil B. DeMille to see the big, blond, handsome Randy in the smartly fitting uniform and both, simultaneously, to ask him to take a test!

The Southern gentleman, in the midst of his mingled joy and surprise, took both. Fox, on seeing it, immediately offered him a part in a picture then ready to leave on location. But the great C. B. made him such glorious prophecies he declined the Fox offer. But the prophecies [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103 ]



# CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

CLOSE friends of Janet Gaynor's are worrying about her and prescribing—of all things—a nice romance!

Janet, for the first time in a long time, is making a picture without a romance in her life. She and the New York doctor decided to call it quits a few months ago and since then she has been, and still is, "heart whole and fancy free."

But her friends say she's not half as sparkling and peppy without romance as she is with it—so they're looking around.

HENRY FONDA, Margaret Sullivan's ex-husband, is playing with Janet in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—and there have been whisperings that perhaps he and Janet would drift into love-in-bloom. Just because of these very whisperings, both Janet and "Hank" have been steering clear of each other warily—but those who know say if people wouldn't talk about it all the time and give them a chance to get together in their own way—that might be the right combination.

It has possibilities.

(Right) When Eddie Lowe gives a party the stars turn out! Here are Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, Anita Louise, and Tom Brown hiding behind Anita



(Left) It's a boy at Andy Clyde's house! And his name is John Allan. This family group picture of John, his mother, the former Elsie Tarron, and Papa Andy Clyde, was taken on the day the heir to the estate was just ten days old

SOMEBODY out at Warner's told us in all seriousness the other day that Ross Alexander has goats. The only answer we can think of is, *whose?*

WINI SHAW has announced her engagement to Louis Stone—and it keeps her pretty busy explaining how he isn't the M-G-M actor, but a Detroit linen merchant. And anyway, our *Lewis* is spelled *that* way, which should be distinction enough for all you observing good spellers.

PITY poor little Micky Rooney, a tough guy who has his own baseball team. He had to submit to having a curl put in his hair and lip-rouge on his mouth for his part in a recent picture. "Hey," he yelled in despair, "you're making me look like a sissy!"



# OF HOLLYWOOD



ALL the rumored unpleasantness about her husband's estrangement didn't keep Dolores Costello Barrymore away from the annual Dominos frolic, nor did it keep her from being just about the most beautiful lady there

Dolores appeared with a brand new and completely stunning coiffure a la Empress Eugénie. She was with the Arthur Byron party which included Edmund Breese and Joseph Cawthorn, all old stage veterans. Discreetly, there were no young men in the party to allow any speculation whatever to arise

AT first Mae West was amused, then she became a little irritated—and when this was written she was pretty much on the warpath about her supposed past marriage

Quoth Mae to me: "Last year they had me married to Jim Timony, my manager, this year they have me married to several guys named Wallace—I suppose next year they'll have me arrested for bigamy!"

Which sort of sums up her attitude on the subject.

**(Left) Eddie's hungry—at his own party. That's Sally Blane by his side and Marian Marsh. Eddie's party was in honor of the very social Countess of Warwick**

Don't know who owned that bottle of soda pop first, but Leo Carrillo and little Colleen McInerney are certainly sharing it in a friendly fashion. Colleen is an admirer of Carrillo's. They were together at the Hollywood polo games

KAY FRANCIS embarked for Europe, to be gone two months this time. By the strangest coincidence (or is it?) Maurice Chevalier is also over there—as he was on the occasion of her last trip.

There is also an Italian count, I hear tell, who is in the running. Well, gentlemen, at least she meets you on your own ground!

THE Countess of Warwick did a few days' extra work on "Black Sheep" with Adrienne Ames and Eddie Lowe—just to prove she had been to Hollywood no doubt. She lined up every evening, along with the extras who needed the work, to get her check. It was a gay lark, a charming caprice, but an extra girl with a three or four days' check can live on it for a month—if she has to. And frequently she does have to.







Merle Oberon and David Niven are lunching together on the sunny front porch of her little Santa Monica Beach cottage between scenes of "The Dark Angel"



Pippo, the cat, throws a nasty left hook—but it's all in fun. Skippy the Scotty is really a pal of hers. They are the pets of Phillip Reed, young Warner Brothers' player doing nicely

Don't know what Norman Foster sees, but Sally Blane is certainly looking at Norman! The two young players have been seen going around together socially quite a lot recently



WE heard Pat O'Brien chatting with a chatterer at a party not long ago . . . like this: "But why did they separate?" the chatterer wanted to know of a certain much-discussed divorce. "Nobody knows," said Pat, playing on the safe side. "Oh, how terrible!" answered the gossip, and Pat is still wondering if he said the right thing.

If you can figure how a man can keep a three-day beard for ten days, communicate with Clark Gable. He's that dithered about it. And all suggestions about a slight going-over with the lawn mower every morning are out. It's for a sequence in "China Seas" with Jean Harlow—and the beard must look three days old, no matter how grown-up it gets.

THE future of Barbara Stanwyck has at last been settled. She'll start a new career at RKO-Radio after having had her ups and downs at Warner Brothers for years. Barbara has never been able to get along at the Burbank studio, which has a reputation of being awfully good for the careers of male stars, but often awfully bad for those of women.

The vast following that once belonged to Barbara is still loyal, but they haven't had much of a chance to see her at her best recently. Maybe with her new deal and hoped for harmonious surroundings, she'll come back to the old Stanwyck of "Illicit." Let's hope so

THOSE who have been pulling for Jack Mulhall, favorite actor of the silent days, to stage a screen comeback will be happy to know that Warner Brothers have recognized the smiling Irishman's charm which adversity has never defeated. He's got a brand new contract and is all set to go places.

WHAT is one star's temperament is another's good fortune—or something.

Anyway, when Myrna Loy disappeared right in the middle of production of "Masquerade" and hied off to lose herself in the mountains without even letting Irving Thalberg know where she was, the executives went into a huddle and the result was that Luise Rainer was put into the big part.

Think of what a chance it was for the little Viennese actress' first part in Hollywood—to play with Bill Powell in a big part ordered for Myrna Loy.

Miss Loy, who has become more and more Garbo-ish and retiring of late, is saying "yes" and "no" to a lot of things lately. But this is the first time she has run away right in the middle of a picture.





**I**MPORTANT fashion note! Perfume for dogs! All the lighter floral scents—hyacinth, rose, lily-of-the-valley, violet—all the flowers, in fact, but dogwood. For the smaller dogs we suggest any of the aforementioned scents. For mastiffs, perhaps a spray of hydrangea would heighten his personality. These perfumes are manufactured by a Hollywood concern. Another company, not to be outdone in canine fripperies, has put out a pink paw-nail polish!

**Y**OU'VE heard a lot about Palm Springs. It's the desert hot spot of the stars. But one of the best stories to come out of the *cholla* cactus belt is the one about Lou Alter, who earns his daily bread writing songs for the movies to make the nation sing.

Mr. Alter, who likes the Great Outdoors, was camping with some Hollywood pals out on the open sand. During the night he couldn't go to sleep because of the brightness of a full desert moon.

It gave him an idea and he wrote a song—"Moon Crazy."

Several hours later clouds piled up and rain routed him out of his pristine peace. "I Was Taken by Storm" was the result. It's in Marion Davies' "Page Miss Glory."

**O**NE Sunday morning at nine Fred Astaire was driving down to Palm Springs . . . that is he started to, but he never got there. A dance step suddenly flashed into his mind, and immediately, before anything would interfere to blur the vision, he turned back—pell mell for RKO and practiced until four in the afternoon. That is typical of how the dance genius creates his numbers. Sometimes, however, he works an entire day and gets no results, which proves that his work is truly inspirational.

Try this on your piano. A blonde beauty inspires song-smiths Nacio Brown (at piano), Arthur Freed (in striped suit) and Dave Gould, dance director, at M-G-M



Whatever Alice Faye and Phil Regan are saying, they have an interested audience in Mickey Rooney! The three were at the Pantages Theater for a benefit performance

Without famous moustache, cigar or goggles—but Groucho Marx still makes eyes at the blondes. The girl is one of the beauties with the Marx Brothers on their coast tour

**A**MERICA'S Sweetheart" playing charming hostess to "America's Boy Friend." Such is the Hollywood social note of the month. For Buddy Rogers and his mother have been the guests of Mary Pickford for some time now at "Pickfair"—and Buddy can look forward to re-adopting Hollywood as his permanent address. RKO, refusing to believe that Buddy

was all washed up, made a test of the handsome ex-star band leader and promptly signed him to a comeback picture. It will be a musical and as such should be right down Buddy's alley. Incidentally, there seems to be no indication that his proximity to Mary Brian will start up the old romance. They're just friends.

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# HAPPINESS FOR Every Type of Girl



**Sylvia (left) has no patience with women who believe they are handicapped by their appearance. "Change it!" She advises**

**Lacking the ravishing beauty of a great many actresses, Katharine Hepburn has pushed herself to the top rung of the ladder, leaving a lot of girls with classic features way down at the bottom**

**H**OW many times I've heard girls complain: "If my eyes were as beautiful as hers, I'd be able to have a lot of boy friends, too," or, "If I had a beautiful figure like So-and-So's I'd look grand in a bathing suit!"

Your waistline may be too high or too low. Your eyes may be small. Your mouth may be too wide. You may be able to walk down the street without having a dozen sculptors chasing you like Marathon runners, begging you to pose for them. But no matter what your defects, no matter if you have as many as Garbo has eyelashes you can—and you *must*—be attractive.

You can remodel your figure. If you don't, then you deserve to be spanked and sent to bed without your supper (and that's not a bad idea). The spanking would help reduce your hips and a few of you fat girls could miss a meal or two without doing yourself a bit of harm. Help yourself to my routine of sensible eating and exercises and you can be free from lumps and bumps. You can make your figure rival—and even excel—that of your favorite movie star. How do you like that?

Furthermore, you will be healthy. That is the main thing. You will be attractive and happy and so full of vitality that when you walk into a room every head will turn to look at you.

But first I want you to look at some of the Hollywood girls who are really attractive—girls who have had handicaps and defects to overcome but who, in spite of them, give the illusion of loveliness.

Take Norma Shearer, for instance. When she arrives at a party you know that somebody is there. Men and women both flock around her. She is one of the most attractive women in any room. Yet Norma is far from an artist's idea of perfection.

She has overcome many obstacles, and bravas to her for being honest and genuine enough to admit to her public that she has handicaps and that she must constantly work to rise above them if she is to keep her place in the realm of beautiful women. Believe me, many of our "gigantic," "colossal," "stupendous," "terrific," "glamorous" Hollywood stars could take a lesson on that score from Norma. Many of them detest





**Claudette Colbert's beauty is great but it is not perfect. She has overcome her defects by the sheer force of her personality and vitality. Today she is known as one of the screen's loveliest actresses**

being told they are flesh and blood and have to work at being beautiful just like you and you and you. But, take it from me, they have to be beautified. If it gives you any hope or is of any comfort to you girls who are striving for beauty remember this: The stars work for beauty, just as you work for it. Just being in the movies doesn't mean that you automatically become a gorgeous touch-me-not and God's gift of perfection to an ugly world. Because, babies, fat plays no favorites and it creeps up on movie stars with just as much devastation as it does on anyone else. Ask the box-office man!

So if you envy the beauty you see on the screen, make up your mind that if those girls can achieve the beauty you would like for yourself—so can you!

Now look at Claudette Colbert. She has handicaps, too, but she overcomes them by the sheer force of her personality, her alertness, her vitality. I want to impress upon you that vitality creates ambition and ambition gives you your rightful

**Sylvia says no matter what your defects are, and no matter how many handicaps you have you can be attractive and charming**

By SYLVIA



**When you see Grace Moore you think she has everything. And she has! But Grace didn't always have the beauty and charm she possesses now. She worked hard for it. It's more than mere physical perfection**

place in the world. And it will get you a salary raise quicker than whining to your boss that you are over-worked. Vitality is the keynote of good health, happiness and success.

Katharine Hepburn! What a personality! She is bubbling over with vitality. You know she's on the right track. Lacking the ravishing beauty of a great many actresses she has pushed herself to the top rung of the ladder, leaving a lot of girls with classic features 'way down there doing nothing but admiring themselves in the mirror [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



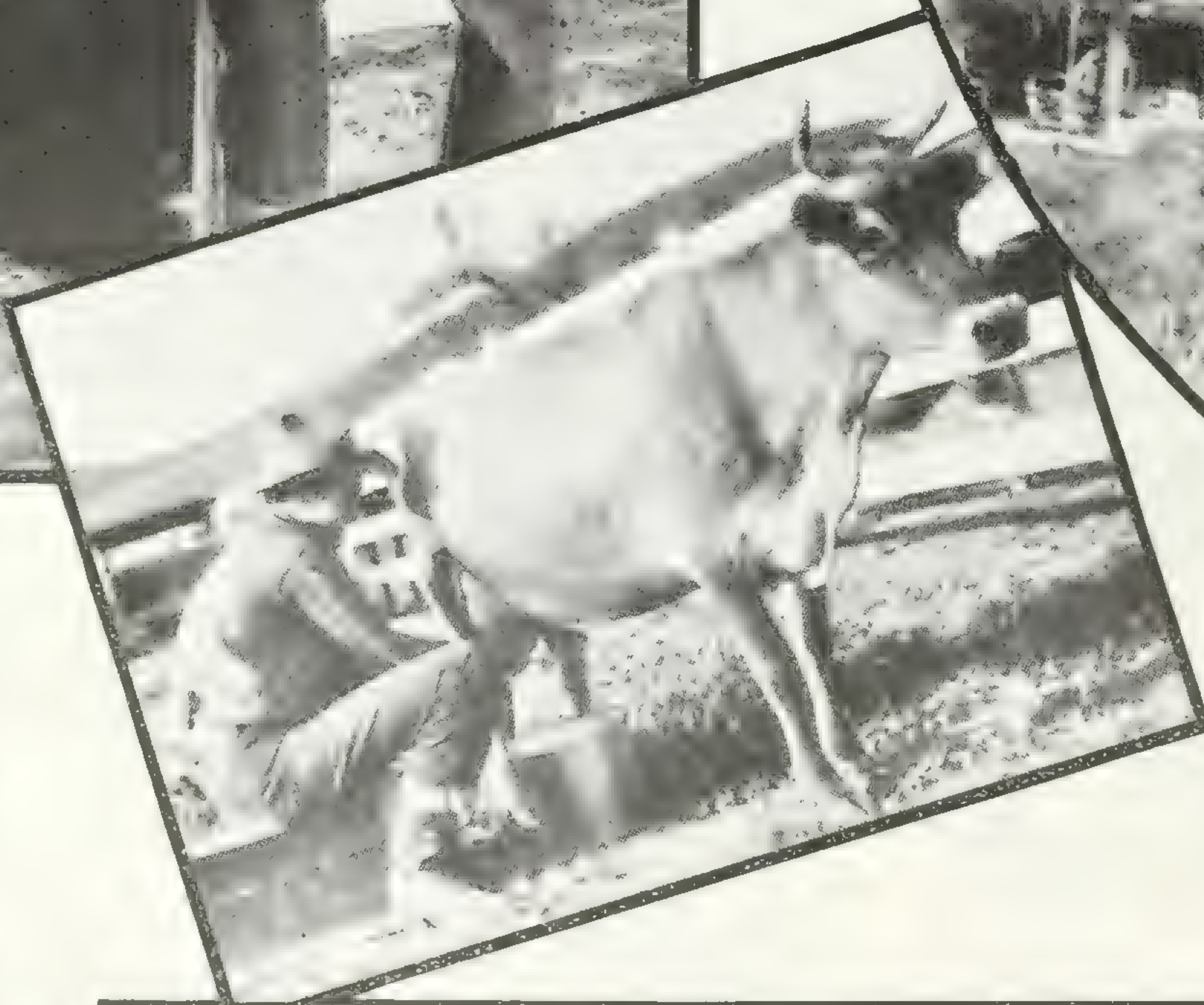
# The RANCHO in



Ranching is no mere hobby for Joel and Frances. It's work, a career! With several hundred hens on the place, egg-gathering is a bit more than chore

Joel himself milks the finest bovine in the herd for the milk that year-old Baby Joel drinks. Bet you never before saw a movie star milking a cow!

"There's no greater thrill," says Joel, "than to own land and work it." He was preparing the land for spring planting the day we dropped in

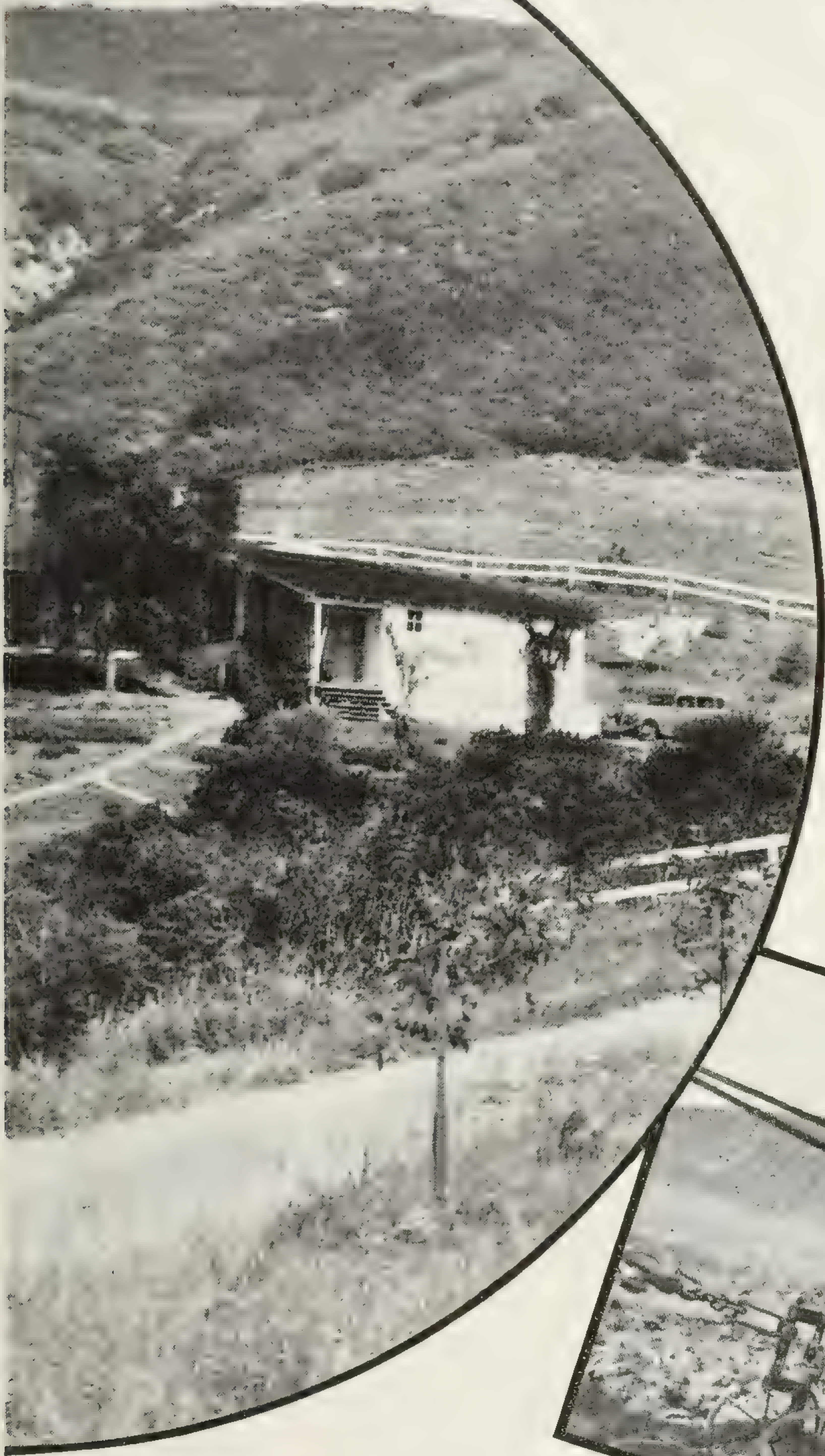


The ranch house, a ten-room dwelling, constructed on simple lines, and yet built for comfort





# the MOUNTAINS



The permanent home of the Mc-Creas, it commands a view of their three thousand acres



When Joel and Frances decide to go for the mail sometimes, this is how they travel. They must ride many miles before they reach the post-office



The son of early California ranchers, he has an honest love of the soil. Here is Joel discing land in preparation for a long and very extra dry summer



Millions of poppies bloom in the McCrea's front yard. Frances gathers fresh bouquets each morning. Her watch-dog suspects the cameraman!





# "I WANT To Be A CLOWN"

**That has been Bob Young's plea — while Hollywood kept him weeping. But he's dried his tears now**

By MILDRED MASTIN

"EVERY time they had a script that called for a juvenile who had to weep, they gave me the part. Especially if there was a mother in the picture. Half the women on the Metro lot have been my parent at one time or other. I often didn't know who papa was, but mama was always there!"

It was Robert Young speaking. It was Robert Young complaining. The boy who, for four years, has been forced to face the cameras with tears in his eyes while his heart was bursting with laughter.

But all is changed now. And Mr. Young is on the way to being happy. Hollywood yielded to his plea, "I want to be a clown!" Now you may see him in his first rip-roaring comedy rôle—that of the young scalaway in "Vagabond Lady."

Bob Young's trouble began because he made a success with his first important rôle—that of the son in Helen Hayes' film, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Hollywood, like history, repeats itself. Bob had clicked right off the bat as a serious young juvenile, so he was cast in those rôles over and over and over. With each picture prophecies came: "Robert Young is rapidly climbing into the star class . . ." "Robert Young moves another notch toward stardom . . ." But somehow, Bob didn't get there.

He had none of the alibis most ambitious young actors at a stand-still have: poor rôles, too little work, unimportant pictures. During those four years he's been cast in twenty-four pictures—an average of one film every two months. And most of them were important productions, cast with Hollywood's leading dramatic stars. For he has played in films with Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Myrna Loy, and a number of others.

No, his difficulty was that he couldn't convince the studios that serious juvenile stuff was all wrong for him, and that he would never have real success until they permitted him to

**Bob and his high-school sweetheart, Betty Lou, now Mrs. Young. She'd rather have Bob play the clown than the hero**

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 ]



# DON'T LOVE ME!

**People believed she was like her film characterizations: "The other women in my pictures played the girls engaged to men I lured away. Sometimes they were long-suffering wives."**

*(Synopsis of preceding installments)*

*SHE was a nurse. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her. Sam Werks coveted her. Cooper asked her to marry him, and he'd live. She married him, out of compassion. But Cooper died under suspicious circumstances.*

*Her name was cleared on Werks' testimony, but when she was handed a \$10,000 check by Werks, also Cooper's lawyer, he asked her to sign it over to him—for the giving of false testimony. She tore up the check and ran away—to Hollywood, and a break in the movies.*

*The director assigned to her, the most famous in Hollywood, tried to inveigle her into his home. She refused, and*

*waited outside while he went in for coats. He never came out, but she saw a mysterious woman enter. Soon, chilled and angry, she went home.*

*The next day she learned the director had been murdered. She met her new director, Scott Deering, and Lanny Barnes, sound technician. Deering drove the cast, even through an earthquake. Lanny Barnes was injured by a falling light. She saved his life only to learn Scott Deering knew her identity. But he said he would protect her. Then her picture was previewed. "It's in the bag, Darling. In the bag," Deering said.*

"HELL RAMPAGES" was only the first of the pictures in which Scott Deering directed me. There were five of them in all and they met with mounting success. There was something about Scott's delicate handling which softened the outlines of what might have been merely cheap and sensational sex stories and made them seem rather lovely poetic dramas. George Fitzmaurice did the same thing with Mae Murray in the silent days.

"Sohlki never could have done with you what Deering gets away with," was Uncle Lou's comment on my success. "Honest, we ain't been censored but just a little, even in Ohio and Pennsylvania."

I was featured at first and then starred. If you don't know the difference, it's all in the way the billing reads. When it says "'Worlds Without End'—with Rochelle Adair" that means that I am being featured. But when it reads "Rochelle Adair in 'Dusk to Dawn'," that's starring.

For leading men during my first year I was teamed with three of the male stars on the Inter-Stellar lot and two loan or exchange players borrowed from other studios. The other women in my pictures were almost invariably character actresses or colorless ingénues. The latter always played the parts of the girls engaged to the men I lured away from them. Sometimes they were long-suffering wives.

I'm sure that Scott Deering always directed those "vamp operas" with his tongue in his cheek. No man of his intelligence could have done it any other way. And no one but a dead-pan Englishman could have gone about the business of gilding tarnished Lilies as he did without ruining the sound track occasionally with hoots of derisive laughter.

He attacked his job with a sort of twinkling seriousness that endeared him to me. Without saying so outright he gave me the feeling that he was sharing a delightful joke with me—a joke which I fear was on you and you and perhaps even you. If I had ever had any inclination to strut a little and graduate to a larger head-size in hats his expression of amused tolerance when he worked with me would have deflated me like a pin in a toy balloon.

"In this scene," he would say, "you turn on about five hundred watts of allure, Miss Adair. Just a *soupeçon*, you

might say,—not enough to give Mr. Hays the slightest uneasiness, but still plenty to keep you from ever being invited to any of the best homes in Dubuque."

All this would be conveyed to me in a very low voice as he sat teetering back and forth in his director's chair. No one else ever heard what he said except the actor working in the shot with me or the man at the microphone. The days of megaphones and shouting are gone forever—except in the case of C. B. DeMille who, when he directs a big spectacle, uses a sound amplifying system such as is employed in convention halls.

Deering was a really great director. He made you feel what he wanted done without any lengthy explanations. Often I had the sensation of being merely an extension of his own personality—when I said a line it was sometimes as if he were using my lips to speak. It is a little hard to explain and perhaps only actresses who have worked with men like David Belasco on the stage or Frank Borzage on the screen will know what I mean. There is a fine sensitiveness set up between a directorial genius and the puppets he works with which is similar to the relation between a symphony orchestra conductor and his musicians. As I have admitted before, I was a pretty dumb actress but Scott Deering certainly made me do things that came close to winning the Academy Award for both of us.

His influence extended to the other members of the cast and to the technical crew. With the latter, Deering got results without bluster. The men idolized him. One of his very staunchest admirers was Lanny Barnes, entirely recovered from the injury to his leg and returned to active duty with Adair productions.

My relations with Scott Deering were almost entirely professional. He seldom took me places off the set. I noticed it a little because I would have liked him to pay attention to me. The recollection of his easy, careless courtesy the night of the Long Beach earthquake was very pleasant. He had said I would be safe with him and I was—always.

Once I invited him to dinner at my house in the hills. He accepted, but he seemed preoccupied and unhappy. When I asked him again he made excuses.

"Why?"





"I can't tell you why," he said, almost impatiently. Then seeing my look of disappointment he added, "You're not exactly what you seem to be yourself. Allow me the same privilege. I'll tell you what—I'll take you to dinner at the Clover Club instead."

I didn't think he really wanted me to accept, so I declined. Apparently he didn't mind working with me at the studio or being with me anywhere that there were crowds. It was only intimacy that he shied away from. That made him exactly the opposite of almost every other man I had ever met. I wasn't hurt—because I felt pretty sure he understood and liked me—but I was puzzled.

I wasn't in love with him—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word. I proved that to myself by the discovery that I didn't mind seeing him around at the night spots occasionally with other women. My feeling was rather one of deep devotion, something like the loyal affection that Louella lavished on me. If he did not want me for the companion of his holiday hours I had no complaint.





"Too much talk," Scott said. "The sequence needs action—comedy action." He put his hand over Sylva's face and pushed. She fell into the pond, splashing around, making weird noises. I didn't wait to listen to her curses. I started the car and backed it to the drive

#### ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Between pictures Scott Deering disappeared completely. That troubled me also.

Lanny Barnes explained it. "Mr. Deering never drinks a drop when he's working."

"But makes up for it when he's not?"

"Something like that."

"I've never heard about it," I doubted.

"He goes away somewhere—hides out. What he needs is a vital interest to steady him—like marriage."

"Have you suggested that to him?"

"No. I thought I'd speak to you about it first."

"Thanks, Cupid. But Mr. Deering never thinks of me that way."

"Then he's crazy."

"No, Lanny—it's just that he's a fine gentleman."



"And you're a fine lady, Miss Adair."

He said it with a little boyish jerk of his head. I liked it. Maybe because no one had ever made exactly that remark to me and meant it.

Even if Scott Deering did seem to forget my existence outside working hours I couldn't complain that I lacked invitations and escorts for my spare time. I had too many of them. Whenever a visiting celebrity arrived in town I was dragged out to meet him—usually because he asked for it. I always felt like a freak on exhibition in those cases.

But I trotted out and did my little bag of tricks because Uncle Lou wanted me to.

"Garbo has got a patent on hiding," he said. "You got to be different. I'll have a man with a candid camera trailing you wherever you go, and some day we'll get a picture of you and the President of the United States maybe, or anyhow the Prince of some country or other."

I didn't really mind so much being on exhibition at parties, previews and things like that. But it did get a little embarrassing to be recognized everywhere I went. Like most women I like to shop whether it is for a new hat or merely a soup-bone. Try to do that out here if you are fairly well known. Some of the stars wear dark glasses almost constantly. I experimented with that.

Louella, who imitated me unobtrusively in nearly everything I did, also took to wearing them. The effect was indescribably funny. Take away the whites of the eyes from a colored lady's expression and you leave nothing but a flat black mask. So, partly for her sake, I abandoned the disguise.

The scenario writer from whom I rented the shack in Hollywood came back and I had to move. It was about time anyway. A lot of money was wandering into my bank account every week and Uncle Lou wanted me to live up to it. So I bought a house in Beverly Hills, complete with tennis court and swimming pool. It was not far from the place where I had waited so long outside William Sohlki's front door the night he was killed. That seemed an age ago. Time is recorded with a high speed camera in Movieland.

A new car seemed indicated to go with the swank mansion. I selected a moderately expensive one of American manufacture. The Rolls-Royce era in the picture colony seems to be in temporary eclipse. Louella found a chauffeur for me—a young man of her own race—by the name of George Lincoln Washington.

I asked him how Lincoln got into the line-up and he answered, "My mammy, she called me just plain George Washington, but I didn't want nobody to think I was figgerin' to be president, so when I growed up I stuck in Lincoln myself just to throw 'em off the track."

George was a couple of shades darker than Louella, which made it practically impossible to see him after nightfall, but he turned out to be a good chauffeur, and he could substitute for the butler in a pinch, although I could never quite trust him to mix cocktails without supervision. He seemed to think that all the other ingredients were superfluous as long as there was plenty of gin. George's mixed drinks had authority but they lacked finesse.

My move to Beverly Hills took place the same season that M-G-M produced "The Thin Man" and Columbia burst out with "It Happened One Night." Marie Dressler died, leaving a vacancy that can never be filled. Charles Chaplin started making a picture called "Production Number Five" and is still at it. The Purity Seal began appearing on screen plays—even mine.

It was during that season also that Dr. Khanandi mysteriously arrived in Hollywood and began predicting the future with such uncanny accuracy that he became the rage among studio people. Professionals of the stage and screen are notoriously superstitious and easy marks for any kind of fortune-telling racket. It became an apprehensive fashion to call on him regularly before making any important move. I did not go myself but from what I heard his vogue was based partly on the fact that he did not always tell his clients pleasant things about themselves. It was a novel variant of the usual method

and even the morbid visited him to learn the worst. He forecast several suicides and the customers went out and obligingly made his predictions facts. Strangely enough, this only increased his business.

I made a lot of friends during that year and a few enemies—mostly women. There were exceptions among my own sex, of course.

Sometimes I was invited to Lanny Barnes' home for Sunday dinner and I always went. Lanny's mother, after she discovered that I meant her boy no harm, thawed out to me I got her recipe for sour cream doughnuts.

I mention such a homely and commonplace occurrence and friendship to show that life was not all hectic—even for me. The background of people in the motion picture business is about the same as that of any other rather small community. Most of the homes and the people in them are as conventional as those in your own town.

Uncle Lou Mueller himself lives in a sort of an overgrown palace that doesn't seem to fit him, but his family life is about the same as it must have been when he was selling ready-made clothing in a little shop years ago. He adores his roly-poly wife who is exactly the same size as Uncle Lou himself and he has two sons going to school who fill his heart almost to bursting with pride when they spend their week-ends at home.

All in all, the history of Hollywood would be very dull and uninteresting reading if it were not for a few people like me who, either by intention or by accident, get into scrapes that make front page copy for the newspapers of the world.

Not that the newspapers have ever published all the facts in regard to the next thing that happened to me. I think that some of the reporters on the assignment guessed pretty close to the truth but they were either muzzled or were too good sports to tell all they suspected.

## CHAPTER XX.

It was between pictures for me and I had been at Palm Springs for ten days accumulating an expensive but becoming coat of tan. It was in the latter part of December when most of the studios are purposely inactive so that shooting schedules will not be upset by the holidays and the hangovers thereafter.

I came back to Beverly Hills a week or so before Christmas to do a little shopping. There were a lot of parties to which I was invited; some of them quiet in the English manner and others hilariously noisy. I guess I was lonesome, having no family of my own, and I threw myself into the festivities with a sort of feverish abandon.

Freddie Gay gave a cocktail tea which started out at five o'clock one afternoon and continued until noon the next day. Freddie himself said "Good night" along about eleven o'clock and went away, forgetting that he was in his own house, but a friendly policeman brought him back in a couple of hours and scarcely anybody had missed him.

Scott Deering arrived at the party shortly before midnight. He was, I think, pretty tight—I'd never seen him that way before—and with him was Sylva Velasquez. You may have forgotten Sylva—many people have. She was one of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties along with Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson and Louise Fazenda. She graduated from the custard comedies to the playing of vamp rôles in the Theda Bara manner. When that style of passion went out and flappers came in, Sylva didn't have the right kind of legs, I guess. Some critic said she had thighs all the way to her ankles. Sylva could doubtless have found a spot in the sun playing character parts, but, like a good many others who have lived even briefly in the spotlight, she could not be cured of the rôle of American Beauty. She still tried for the love interest, both on and off the screen, and people secretly laughed at her.

She felt that the breaks had gone against her and that it was only a question of time until she would make a glorious comeback. A chance—that was all she needed. To provide that chance she cultivated directors and producers. She once had been a star and because, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



MID-SUMMER

# *Fashion*

FORECAST

Opinions of Adrian and Bernard Newman,  
Based on Important Productions

WHENEVER Hollywood fashions are mentioned, the names of Adrian, M-G-M stylist, and Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio designer, whose clothes in "Roberta" drew oh's and ah's from the audience, male and female, flash flatteringly through conversation. These men know how to take a few yards of fabric and from it create fashions that leave an impression and a yen in the feminine heart. They know what women can wear, what women like, and combine the two ideas with facility.

With forthcoming M-G-M productions in mind, Adrian has chosen the following style notes as important fashion. From "No More Ladies," with Joan Crawford: [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101 ]

This white crêpe dinner gown was designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford in "No More Ladies," and is typical of the fashions to be seen in this picture. Unusual, box-like neckline







# MID-SUMMER PAGEANTRY

with

*Carole Lombard*

Carole Lombard, "best dressed" star of Hollywood, brightens the Summer scene in a sports frock of heavy ribbed silk, buttoned down the front, and a nasturtium linen coat, with full, pleated back. Smart, those shoes of braided kid

Fashion looks upward. An air travel costume, suggested by Miss Lombard. Beige silk gabardine three-piece, swagger coat, blouse, trousers. Pig-skin belt and buttons and a beret complete an idea that is as original as practical

The genius of Travis Banton is evident in every detail of Miss Lombard's dinner gown, designed for her personal wardrobe. The upper part is entirely one-piece, skirt is tiered, with a tie neck and belt and great pearl buttons





Tahitian influence in a costume of navy-blue linen. Tie-aboutskirt banded with white and red linen. No sense, of course, to that wicker coolie hat, except that it adds a filip to a tropical theme

Extreme severity for extreme chic! Beach costume of navy-blue with white dots, sweeping white linen coat with blue revers, broad-brimmed Leghorn sun hat, for an outfit to command much attention







*For* "OUR

Good morning to you, Miss Shirley Temple, up there on your seesaw. We like you in that white broadcloth dress with its gay do, re, mi's hand-painted in red. It's an idea that should make a very young lady sing with joy. A doting grandmother or aunt might want to embroider the first bar or so from a favorite song, perhaps for a birthday!

It was like René Hubert, Fox Film stylist, to use as much imagination and fine designing in Shirley's clothes for "Our Little Girl," as he does for grown-up stars. Blue and white linen, for example, cut in bolero effect with back and front panel, a neck draw-string of braided wool with cuddly balls, the touch to delight any very young lady of six



The alphabet broke loose over Shirley's white broadcloth dress, spilling the various colored letters any old place, so that Shirley might give a little serious thought to her P's and Q's. Horizontal pleating forms the yoke and extends beyond for the perky sleeves. Inverted pleats at either side give plenty of room for romping, which we are told is a favorite pastime with our favorite young Hollywood star



# LITTLE GIRL"



Shirley's affections are torn between the two play costumes shown. Right is a pink-checked broadcloth frock boasting its own pink jacket. In center, pleated skirt and maize sweater with tie and buttons. Above, we find Shirley looking very formal, obviously with some place to go. The top-coat and poke bonnet are pink flannel with red-checked ribbons, and the coat collar and cuffs are red-checked gingham. The small gloves, adored by all very, very sub-debs, are white, matching her childish shoes and socks



# Vacation Schemes



Net for evening, pink, of course, and a harem note in the skirt. Miss Angel likes the detachable cape, a frou-frou of net ruffles, and the fine tucking all over the gown. Easy to pack, for wrinkles shake out and net's durable. A very wise vacation bag selection

A real inspiration in linen and an idea for the country morning costume. Red linen forms the jumper with monogram and white linen neckerchief. The skirt is red and white checked, with small slits here and there on jumper and skirt. A bit of exceedingly clever designing

No color combination could be better than white and navy-blue or navy-blue and white. White crêpe, two-piece, opposite, a Heather Angel selection. Nice touches in the half stitched down pleated peplum, the heavy neck cording and the blue pompon and buckle





## Holiday Thoughts— Tahitian Ideas Net for Evening Linens for Day

BY COURTENAY MARVIN

An insouciant lounging affair with an atmosphere of the Left Bank. Very roomy white piqué slacks topped by a scarlet shortened smock with wide bars of white and two great white buttons. Miss Angel thinks this is a bright vacation idea for all gay young things

And how would the old-fashioned duster theme go with your new roadster? Grand, if you want something amusing and with practical uses, too, as Miss Heather will tell you. Of red and yellow plaid with a gay matching hat, generous pockets, wood buttons

A flowery beach outfit with a trick or two in that third member that Miss Heather is holding. About your shoulders, it is a cape. About your hips, a skirt, sarong style. Vivid blue ground with large flowers. All costumes are from Connie and Marian's, Hollywood





# Nautical

## INFLUENCE



For an evening of informal dining or dancing, Patricia Ellis wears this crisp navy-blue dotted Swiss organdy with white trim and generous skirt godets to swirl as you turn in the dance. Cool and fresh

Anchors aweigh! And away to a very nautical idea, when you find yourself garbed in white pebble crêpe with navy-blue tie-on collar, cord and anchors to spare. These designs all from Catalina Frocks

Opposite, a suggestion of the middy blouse in Miss Ellis' dotted Swiss organdy, white with red, and red touches, of course. Cool thought for a warm evening. The wide choker and the wristlets are of ivory

Opposite, Miss Ellis, next to be seen in "Stranded," illustrates a clever idea in a sports frock. White pebble crêpe with a tie-on yoke and other accents of navy-blue. Embroidered sea horses, a salty touch



# MORNING- AFTERNOON- EVENING



This is the Summer of tailleurs. Ann Dvorak, now appearing in "G Men," wears white in an acetate fabric with a brown satin blouse. Buttoned-on pockets, mannish detail

Gray cotton lace, smartly designed, pink piqué bows with jeweled clips, and Miss Dvorak starts out for her tea engagement, cool, lovely, chic. Small black hat with field flowers

Miss Dvorak's gracious gown scatters blue tulips over a green ground and ties with a heavy blue cord. Miss Dvorak's costumes are from Martha Deane's Shop, Beverly Hills, Cal.





"Hooray for Love!" Everybody's saying it. Above, Maria Gambarelli, famous dancer and her ballet saying it with dancing. Left, Gene Raymond laughing while he tells Ann Sothorn, who isn't sure at the moment whether she'll join in the cheering or not! Even the chorus girls at RKO-Radio shout it—and they certainly make it look pretty inviting too!







When ebony-faced Bill Robinson and little Jeni Le Gon tap it out, you're sure to be convinced! "Hooray for Love" is an eyeful and earful of sparkling enthusiasm for what a young man's fancy lightly turns to in the Spring. Lower right you see Maria Gambarelli conferring with the dance director, Sammy Lee (seated), and his assistant, Sam White







LONG recognized as one of the most beautiful stars in films, Loretta Young is at her loveliest as the famous English queen of the Middle Ages, *Berengaria*, in Cecil B. DeMille's production, "The Crusades." With light from the tall candle on her long golden hair, and wearing a filmy, white robe-like gown, Miss Young is a picture of rare beauty in the Paramount drama



# Time Out for TWINS

**The wife of the world's most famous crooner is back at work, to make a career of her own**

By  
REGINALD TAVINER



Above, Dennis watches his twin brother Phillip get finger-printed. It's one sure way of telling the twins apart. Left, Dixie Lee with her oldest child, Gary. His second birthday is in June. The twins will be one in July. And Dixie still looks like an ingénue, and can act one, too



Of course, everybody knows that Dixie Lee has another youngster besides the twins—and that makes it all the more remarkable. To look after Bing Crosby and the three little ones would be about enough for most women, without a screen career of their own.

But then, Mrs. Bing Crosby is different—in many ways

You wouldn't expect, for instance, that the wife of the world's most famous crooner would hand him the surprise Dixie handed Bing. You wouldn't expect that three youngsters would be exactly an asset to a movie leading lady. You wouldn't expect that the mother of such a family would look—and act—like an ingénue.

Well, for the matter of that Paramount didn't expect Dixie to step out and go to town like she did in "Love in Bloom," either. And Bing thought that wife was all settled down. Most women would be, what with a famous husband whom she had and all the rest of the girls wanted, a beautiful home, lots of money—and twins. That would have settled almost anybody: in fact, it even settled Bing.

But Dixie Lee had really only taken time out for those twins. All those things that Hollywood wouldn't expect began quite a while ago, when Dixie first came here.

Dixie came to Hollywood for a [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93 ]



# WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Here's your chance to express  
your choice at the ballot box**

## FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Broadway Bill  
Bulldog Drummond  
Strikes Back  
Catherine the Great  
Chained  
Cleopatra  
Count of Monte Cristo,  
The  
Death Takes a Holiday  
Evelyn Prentice  
Flying Down to Rio  
Gallant Lady  
Gay Divorcee, The  
George White's Scandals  
Great Expectations  
Handy Andy  
Here Comes the Navy  
House of Rothschild, The  
It Happened One Night  
Judge Priest  
Kid Millions  
Life of Vergie Winters,  
The  
Little Miss Marker  
Lost Patrol, The

Madame Du Barry  
Men in White  
Merry Widow, The  
Mrs. Wiggs of the  
Cabbage Patch  
Music in the Air  
Nana  
No Greater Glory  
Now and Forever  
Of Human Bondage  
One Night of Love  
Operator 13  
Painted Veil, The  
Queen Christina  
Sadie McKee  
She Loves Me Not  
Thin Man, The  
Treasure Island  
Twentieth Century  
Viva Villa  
We Live Again  
What Every Woman  
Knows  
Wild Cargo  
Wonder Bar

Affairs of Cellini, The  
Age of Innocence, The  
Barretts of Wimpole  
Street, The  
Belle of the Nineties  
British Agent

### Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7TH HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"  
1932  
"SMILIN' THROUGH"  
1933  
"LITTLE WOMEN"

It's voting time again—time for you, the movie-goers of the nation, to choose the best motion picture produced during 1934.

Each year the readers of PHOTOPLAY decide which film of the hundreds released shall be honored by receiving the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. During the course of the year critics and small groups give various honors to stars, to films and those who made them. But the final verdict, the grand prize, is the Medal you, the picture audience, awards.

Think back over all the 1934 pictures that you saw and enjoyed. List the ten or twelve that you liked best. Then after considering carefully, choose one of them and send in your vote. In selecting the Gold Medal film, you will, of course, remember outstanding performances by one or more of the film's stars. But you will also consider the expertness of direction, the beauty and effectiveness of photography, the settings, the screen story, and the work of the supporting cast.

Above is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released in 1934. This list will help call to mind many of the year's best pictures. But your choice is not limited to these. If you want to refresh your memory on all the pictures released during 1934, here's a tip: Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains brief reviews of all pictures reviewed for the past six months. Thus if you get out your January, 1935, issue, beginning on page ten you will find brief reviews of pictures released from July, 1934, through December. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]

### PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the  
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS





The Colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" gives a good idea of what Sir Guy Standing might be like, for his own life has carried him into tight places. In reality, he is reserved, kindly, and devoted to his hobby—painting

# THE Trackwalker WHO Was Knighted

**Guy Standing literally fought his way up. But it wasn't from a desire for a life of adventure, it was from a desire to eat!**

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.



"H M-M! It's a nice day," said the Englishman looking at the sun-dappled downs, "let's go out and kill something!"

We were sitting around the fire in Sir Guy Standing's mountain-home chewing the rag to shreds. I had just accused him of having been an adventurer—in the nice sense of the word—all his life. He snorted from the comfortable depths of a huge chair. He always snorts in a deprecating manner when his innate modesty is imperiled.

"You don't even know what adventure is. You think of it in terms of Spanish galleons and princesses in distress. That old jibe at Englishmen going out to kill something comes nearer the truth than you'd imagine. They don't have to take life, actually, but there is adventure in the hunt."

He swung up on one elbow, suddenly intent. "Real adventure is something you seek, something you have to go forth and hunt. It never comes to you. Give a sportsman a gun, a good dog, a pipe and fifteen miles of country and he'll have a jolly good time by himself all day. He's as apt to come in without having fired a shot, pour himself a B. and S., give

his dog a pat and say, 'A good day's shooting, that, eh. Laddie?' and mean it.

"Some people wouldn't be satisfied with that, it wouldn't be thrilling enough. But then, they haven't lived enough to know that adventure is all in the point of view. Hang it all, a man doesn't know he's having an adventure half the time! He may be doing some stupendous thing, but while he's doing it he's just meeting a situation that came up in the every day run of life. Who ever heard a man say 'Dash it, but this is adventure!' while he was piloting a plane through a heavy snow a couple of hundred feet above a mountain range—and the everlasting life scared out of him? Nobody! But in a year or in ten years that man looks back on that situation as the greatest adventure of his life.

"That's why adventure is over-rated as an accomplishment. It's not like winning a fortune in the Sweeps. It's doing your job when somebody pulls the strings. You called me an adventurer. In a sense I am. I have had an adventurous life. But I wasn't an 'adventurer' while it was going on. I was trying to earn a living" [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]





★ THE SCOUNDREL—Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur have made an exceptional, magnificently executed character study picture with this practically flawless drama of a super-cynic who scoffed at everything decent until death taught him.

It's arty, but if this is art, let's have more of it! It's fantastic, but you won't find yourself challenging logic. Some will say it's too sophisticated, but that's a matter of personal viewpoint. The fact is that Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded.

Julie Haydon is lovely and moving. Hope Williams, Martha Sleeper, Stanley Ridges and Alexander Woolcott are stage-perfect. But it is Noel Coward who affords the new screen experience which you must not miss.

# The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE INFORMER—RKO-Radio

If you wish to see some of the finest performances, direction and photography ever achieved in Hollywood, don't miss this. It's a dramatic, unforgettable experience for a thoughtful and intelligent audience.

Victor McLaglen as *Gypo Nolan*, "the informer," gives an Academy performance—and every player in the superb cast was born to play his particular rôle. Written by Liam O'Flaherty, the picture maintains the integrity of his Ireland—the Ireland that is—and plunges one into the midst of the Irish rebellion.

*Gypo*, a big slow-witted giant, betrays a pal to the English for the twenty-pound reward. Between then and dawn, never has a man suffered remorse and shame more vividly. And McLaglen's portrayal is stirring. Through drink and battle, he tosses away the blood-money and relentlessly his doom catches up with him. *Magnificent* is the word for this performance.

The entire production, which was directed by John Ford, dares to be different and powerful. Deserving of more than this mention are Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Margot Grahame (going places, this one), Una O'Connor, Joseph Sauers, Heather Angel and others. Photography by Joseph August is superb. If you are not satisfied with mere amusement, this one was made for you. And you may be sure it will be a film long discussed and remembered.



★ THE DARING YOUNG MAN—Fox

THERE is plenty of refreshingly different material and comical dialogue to make this picture stand as a most satisfying piece of entertainment.

The main story thread concerns itself with the romance of Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke, a swell pair of kids, who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly get themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips! Fancy, please, how you would feel if your beau left you waiting at the church while he dashed off to track down a newspaper yarn!

William Seiter has directed this with a feeling for lightness and mirth, and many individual players, Warren Hymer, Jack LaRue, Sidney Toler and Arthur Treacher, are excellent. So, too, are the leads.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE INFORMER                      THE DARING YOUNG MAN  
CALL OF THE WILD              OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA  
THE SCOUNDREL                      G MEN  
   DOUBTING THOMAS

## THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Victor McLaglen in "The Informer"

Margot Grahame in "The Informer"

Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel"

Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel"

Pat O'Brien in "Oil for the Lamps of China"

Josephine Hutchinson in "Oil for the Lamps of China"

James Cagney in "G Men"

Mae Clarke in "The Daring Young Man"

Ernest Thesiger in "The Bride of Frankenstein"

Charles Grapewin in "One Frightened Night"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117*



★ OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA  
—First National

THIS fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory.

Pat O'Brien is the American oil company employee who subordinates everything—his wife, his home, his friends, even his own life—to an inordinate loyalty to "the company," and dedicates himself to supplying oil for the lamps of China, firm in the belief that the Company "takes care of its men." But his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, has more practical ideas. It is their superb acting and Mervyn LeRoy's direction that lift this picture well above the average level. Subordinate characters played by Arthur Byron, Lyle Talbot, John Eldredge, Jean Muir and Willie Fung are A-1. This picture leaves you with a lifted faith, and as such is well worth your time.



★ CALL OF THE WILD—20th Century  
—United Artists

JACK LONDON'S novel, "Call of the Wild," comes to the screen a vigorous, red-blooded picture that you are sure to enjoy. The refreshing backgrounds of deeply gleaming snow, towering mountains and wild, rushing rapids, are exciting in themselves. And when you put four fine actors—Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and Reginald Owen against these backgrounds, you have top-notch entertainment.

The familiar story has been changed in spots, but the revisions make for stronger screen fare. And all the humanness, the drama, of the novel have been retained.

You will rise and cheer when *Buck*, the dog, in an almost death-dealing race, pulls one thousand pounds of sled for one hundred yards, winning one thousand dollars for Gable, who trained him, so he can outfit himself for a trip to the fabulous mine where untold golden riches are.

The romance in the film is between Gable and the lovely Miss Young. And it's a tenderly told story on the screen. Reginald Owen plays perfectly the rôle of the heavy obsessed with the idea of killing the faithful dog, *Buck*. And, Jack Oakie is one rip-roaring howl after another. (You will tell your friends about those scenes when Oakie rolls the bones!)

The direction of William Wellman deserves high praise, and Charles Rosher's photography is top-notch.



★ G MEN—First National

AT least twenty more rounds of ammunition are fired in this than in any previous picture. If it's action you want, this is your dish. You will get Jimmy Cagney's finest performance since he has been shooting from the other side of the fence, in this first Department of Justice picture to be released. You've read it all in the headlines, but the resumé is well motivated, fastmoving and packs a wallop.

Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak are well cast. Robert Armstrong gives a grand performance as the hard boiled "G" breaker-inner; Regis Toomey, Barton MacLane, Edward Pawley, Russell Hopton, William Harrigan and others are A-1. Not for the kiddies, but it is a page re-lived out of current American history. See it—if your nerves are good.



# SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

DOUBTING  
THOMAS—  
Fox



ONE of the best Will Rogers' pictures, and a howl from start to finish. This time Will's wife, played by Billie Burke, gets the acting bug. The "little theater" stuff will slay you. Will cures her by turning *crooner*. Alison Skipworth, Frances Grant, Frank Albertson, Sterling Holloway and the others are all excellent.

THE BRIDE  
OF  
FRANKEN-  
STEIN—  
Universal



BORIS KARLOFF rises from the flames again and *Dr. Pretorious* talks Frankenstein into creating a mate for the restless what-is-it. The production reaches a peak in fantastic imagination and photographic effects. Ernest Thesiger, as *Dr. Pretorious* and Karloff contribute impressive performances. Elsa Lanchester, O. P. Heggie, Una O'Connor, Valerie Hobson

THE CASE  
OF THE  
CURIOUS  
BRIDE—  
First National



WARREN WILLIAM is the lawyer and amateur sleuth who loves—of all things!—to *cook*. Margaret Lindsay is the bride whose curiosity is aroused when a husband she thought safely buried, turns up after she marries another one. Everything is handled in the casual manner movie audiences enjoy. Claire Dodd, Allen Jenkins, Donald Woods

THE  
COWBOY  
MILLION-  
AIRE—Fox



AN hilarious light comedy with Western trimmings in which George O'Brien displays a brand new talent for delightful nonsense. Edgar Kennedy (graaand performance) and George "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock is the snooty English girl, Maude Allen a swell, snorting aunt. Entire cast help to make this Western for sophisticates a joyous evening

THE UN-  
WELCOME  
STRANGER—  
Columbia



RACING men usually have strong superstitions and Jack Holt's are orphans. Little Jackie Searl plays the crippled orphan who wins everyone's affections around the race-track, but the boss himself blames the youngster for his streak of bad racing luck. Scenes around the turf are very good. So is the cast, including young Searl, Mona Barrie, and Mr. Holt

LADIES  
LOVE  
DANGER  
—Fox



HERE is a murder mystery that is sprightly, thanks to Samson Raphaelson's screen play. It's fun with plenty of chills, too. Gilbert Roland is the playwright, who, solves the mystery and wins the lady of his heart—all with sophisticated ease. Miss Barrie and Roland play with a fine casual charm. Herbert Mundin, Donald Cook, Adrienne Ames are good.



# HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**EIGHT BELLS—**  
Columbia



TAKE a boat trip in this one—from San Francisco to Shanghai—and watch Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, save the day in a maritime crisis. Of course, he wins pretty Ann Sothorn when his manliness shows up her fiance. Just “medium well done” as they say in the better restaurants. But you’ll find it worth an evening’s entertainment.

**DINKY—**  
Warners



THE youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper and a group of young actors in this one. Jackie, in a snooty military academy, moves into the orphanage next door when his mother, Mary Astor, goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor is excellent as the young lawyer and Jackie’s pal. Henry Armetta lends splendid comedy relief. For the family

**PARTY WIRE—**  
Columbia



YOU’LL have a world of healthy laughs at this unpretentious little picture. It’s about the havoc gossip can stir up in a small town by people who “listen in” on party lines. Jean Arthur takes the tongue-wagging “rap” from a host of small towners. But Victor Jory gives them a dose of their own medicine. Helen Lowell, Charley Grapewin, Maude Eburne.

**VILLAGE TALE—**  
RKO-Radio



A SOMEWHAT sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves. Randolph Scott is the “good blood” of the hamlet, Robert Barrat is the “bad blood.” A group of rustics team with him against Randy and Kay Johnson, another farmer’s wife with whom he is in love. Good performances by Edward Ellis, Arthur Hohl and Guinn Williams

**ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT—**  
Mascot



WHEN grumpy old millionaire Grandpa (Charles Grapewin) picks out a wildly storming night to dispose of his millions he lets his heirs in for murders, missing heiresses, creepy music, banging doors and the usual fol-dorol of mystery stories. This particular one, however, doesn’t quite click. Only Grandpa Charley Grapewin comes through.

**SPRING TONIC—**  
Fox



JUST so-so entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve and getting mixed up with animal-trainers, bootleggers and what-not, in the persons of Walter King, Mitchell Durant, Tala Birell, Jack Haley and ZaSu Pitts. All the actors are valient, but the situations whip them. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]



Mitzi grins joyfully —with Wally on one side and Mr. Gable on the other. Wouldn't any lady smile with Clark and Beery seated beside her? Mitzi was visiting them on a set at M-G-M



# Burning the Bright

DEAR JOAN:

Yoicks, female, I went and done it! Popped a party! Good? Now, child could *I* be the one to say it was a humdinger!

Lessee. There were the Pat O'Briens, Lyle Talbot, the Jean Hersholts, Ted Healy, Marian Marsh, Eddie Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. George Converse (Anita Stewart), Mady Christians and Paul Cavanagh amongst the fifty or sixty whom you would know. It all started because my dear mama was telling Mrs. O'Brien about some grand Russian dishes she cooks, and Mrs. O., with tongue practically lolling out, said please to ask her for dinner some night soon. So, we gave the dinner, but in the course of things managed, somehow, to invite half a hundred ladies and gents.

An exquisite basket of flowers came from Louise Fazenda who couldn't get over. Louis B. Mayer, who was at Palm Springs seeing his wife, sent an enchanting silver vase with many dozens of yellow roses. I hung the cards in a prominent place, I was that stuck-up!

The prominents I mentioned in paragraph two were all a bunch of piggies, much to mama's delight. They gobbled up rolled cabbage and sundry delicacies, not once, but many times. And you can make shamey-shame at Mrs. O'Brien. She took home a big bag of home-made coffee cakes so Patrick could dunk next morning!

I skipped from card-table to card-table and ate a bit from everyone's plate, just to be sociable-like. Eddie Lowe and Marian Marsh, who were having a very fine time, being awful

fond of each other, saw me right through two skewers of flaming *schashlik* (a Hungarian tidbit) and many melting sighs. These were erased, though, when Mister Healy, standing at the piano, made everyone hysterical with impromptu songs and dances.

I would say, under coercion, that everyone had themselves a high time. I would also say that it must have been four in the ante meridian when Mrs. O'Brien came down the steps with hat and coat. And Pat, waiting for her, took one look at her jaunty little white silver cap and piped: "Heave to, my lads, the Admiral is coming!"

Next day I set sail for the "China Seas," which picture is being made at M-G-M. But first I had food with brother Jack (he produces at M-G-M) in the studio commissary. In the midst of a dirt-dishing session about the party the night before, my attention was caught by the most ecstatic red mouth of the century, Irene Hervey's. But it was a very expensive mouth, Irene told me forlornly, since the luscious lipstick had come in a fitted dinner bag, had no name, and when it wore out she would have to purchase fifteen dollars' worth of pocketbook before she could replace the lipstick!

I finally got under way for my destination but hove-to at Director Van Dyke's office. This happy chappie had just returned from his first holiday in several years, during which time he had got himself married to the lovely Ruth Mannix niece of one of the Vice-Presidents of M-G-M. This happened in New Orleans and was supposed to be kept a secret, but you know "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc. Van, himself, inadvertently spilled the Bostons when he gave the officiator at





When Paul Cavanagh gives a tea, it's full of fun and frolics! Elissa Landi, Gertrude Michael were among the guests

The cameraman cornered Virginia Pine and Jean Hersholt at Harry Green's big party. Five hundred people attended

# Lights With Mitzi

**It's been a giddy social whirl in Hollywood this past moon, with life getting merrier day by day**

the ceremony the largest tip he'd seen in his life. The dazed gentleman went about telling everyone he "wished Van Dyke would get married every day in the year."

If you're quivering to know how the much sought-after but hard-to-get Van met and fell in love with the lady, I know the details. Here they are:

The then Miss Mannix did some extra work in one of his pictures and Van's secretary, who knew her, introduced them on the set. Mr. "Esquimo Thin Man" Van Dyke decided to give the charming girl a bit to do when, to his surprise, he learned that she had left the set and gone home! Figuring that she was a spoiled lady who was in the habit of suiting herself, the irate director phoned her and ordered her back to work immediately. She came—pronto! And apologized. Sometime later, Van learned that one of his assistants had told her she was through and might go home, but the nice Ruth, rather than have the man get into trouble for his mistake, took the blame herself. And that, little kiddie, is what started Love.

Up anchor and really set sail this time for the "China Seas" set. Clark Gable, in rubber trousers, hip boots and sweat shirt

had just finished a scene and came down the gang-plank. He joined me and Mr. Wallace Beery on a couch in the sunshine. Clark was teasing Wally about the Hindu Princess who was fond of him. She came all the way from Bombay to see him!

"She may come from a hot country," laughed Wally, "but I call her 'No, No, Nooky of the North!'"

"To a princess!" I cried, shocked.

"She loves it!" laughed Wally. And then he told us how he'd been a guest at one of her dinner parties and when the Indian rice and curry was brought on, the Princess blushing told him she had prepared it with her own little jeweled fingers. "Fine!" said Wally, and took a healthy mouthful, and nearly burned the lining out of his throat! He coughed, sputtered and grabbed for water, then furtively looked around to see how the other guests were standing it. There they sat, all those Hindus, calmly eating, with tears rolling down their cheeks!

Wally has a certain whistle that summons little Carol Ann. She was around the corner of the set listening to her nurse read "Little Red Riding Hood" when she heard it. She hopped up from her chair, excused herself, and flew around to Wally's arms. There was no special reason for the summons. Mr. Tough Guy Beery only wanted to kiss her. Then back she trotted. Wally's dressing room is filled with her books and toys, and the tiny Carol Ann, who has her first part with daddy in this picture, even shares the star's dressing room!

It was very touching when her little double, who was standing in front of the camera while it was lined up, burst out crying because she had to step aside while [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 ]





A short session with olive oil before Marian Marsh faces the sun and salt water. She applies it with cotton, a good way to use your sun-tan oil or lotion. Do use something, whether you want to prevent tan entirely or acquire a rich, satiny tan

Florence Rice thinks that your only jewels for the beach should be gaily lacquered fingers and toes. And very rightly. Practically all sandals are toeless and demand a jewel touch, and of course your fingers must match

WHY is it that when we put on a bathing suit or beach costume for the first time in the season, if we are frankly honest with ourselves and our figure is reasonably good, we must admit that we make a nice picture? Then later on feel that that same picture has grown so every-day, so like every other one we see?

This change of thought undoubtedly is caused by transformation in the skin. That which at first was smooth, clear, fine, a compliment to any costume, by a few exposures has become discolored, coarse, a little too masculine for feminine appeal. The whole answer to this predicament is to protect yourself

## BEAUTY AND

with one of the good oils, creams or lotions perfected for just the purpose of keeping you smooth and lovely yet allowing a warm, even tint from the sun. The trick is to apply these to every part of the body that is exposed. Many of you know that insteps and thighs burn as painfully as shoulders, that it is no fun to go around with every movement of your clothing sheer

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP





A great white beach towel with waving green palm fronds permits Geneva Mitchell to take her tan where she wants it, or prevent it entirely. Timing your tan in this manner gives you a tone, without burn, that others will sincerely rave about

"A modest powder puff," says Ida Lupino of this fluff concealed in a sports handkerchief, and not too conspicuous when you're concentrating on golf or tennis. It's easier, lighter to carry on such occasions than your usual compact



# THE BEACH

agony and that there is no reason to mar your skin. Marian Marsh uses a square of cotton to spread her oil or lotion, and this is an easier method than the fingers. If your skin is very sensitive, when you come out of the water find a shady umbrella or wrap yourself in one of those giant beach towels, such as Geneva Mitchell is rolled in. Freckle types need all the pre-

ventive cream they can absorb. Apply what the skin can take, let it be absorbed for a little while, then apply more.

In spite of precautions, if you do get a mild burn, especially on your face, cleanse with cream until the sensitiveness is gone, and meanwhile use plenty of nourishing cream together with a mild bleach cream. This general treatment will soon correct the skin by not drying it, by resupplying the oil that it needs and by bleaching away the signs of discoloration. Most modern sun preparations are as easy and pleasant to use as they are effective in warding off too many signs of Summer.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK





Florence Rice, introducing you to a grand sachet idea, four silken peach pillows, guaranteed to retain their fragrance for one year. A smart gift thought for either hostess or yourself

These grapes are deceptive. Actually, they're guest soap. Each globule is cellophane covered, and each guest may detach her own grape for personal use. A clever find by Nancy Carroll



Tala Birell, deftly employing a lipstick pencil for a perfect outline, to be filled in with the correct shade of lipstick. This pencil comes in three shades, aid to perfect lips

At this point, I assume that your Summer calendar is filled with week-end invitations and vacation plans. The idea of the hostess gift has grown in popularity in the last few years, and it is one of those social thoughts that does seem the perfect compliment to the one who is entertaining you.

This gift is usually something simple, but chosen with a very personal thought for the one who is to receive it. All kinds of things, from books on up and down come to mind, but because this page is very cosmetic-conscious and because things for the dressing-table and bath are usually adored by all women, let's stop here.

Sachet, guest soap and a lipstick outlining pencil are illustrated. The sachet and pencil are suggested for the hostess who is your old friend, in which case you will naturally know her preferences and interests. When you are not quite sure, guest soap and individual powder ensembles are always a good choice. Every hostess needs these little hors d'oeuvres to perfect entertaining.

If there are small children in the family which is entertaining you, concentrate on them. The joy of any small child at opening a package is alone worth the small effort it takes you, between trains or planes. perhaps, to pick up some gadget.



The perfect guest, also let it be emphasized, travels with her own accessories—complete, so that it is not necessary to borrow from a busy hostess a curling iron, or powder or the other knick-knacks we must have to appear comfortable and attractive. For week-ends, stroll through a department store to see the complete little kits and boxes, assembled by smart manufacturers for your little visit needs



# HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

**F**EW can approach the moment for donning the bridal gown, the veil, without strangely mixed emotions. These undercurrents affect the face, usually blanching it of color, leaving eyes bright, starry, wide. And so the bride's face is the canvas to which a few pastel touches make her appear radiant, poised, beautiful.

Hair, of course, has been curled to perfection, some faint, lovely flower fragrance has been lightly rubbed over her skin or sprayed on her satin underthings.

The sparing use of a make-up base will help give the face that vellum look, traditionally correct for our lady in white. It is particularly helpful if the day is warm, inclined to produce moisture on an excited brow. If the skin tone is clear, both foundation and powder should match exactly. For dull or sallow skin, both foundation and powder should contain a faint peach or rose tint.

Creme rouge, applied after foundation, before powder, will give a truer, more lasting tone than the compact type. But only very little must be used, just enough to suggest a faint glow over the upper cheeks. Your lips must be rouged lightly with a steady hand. If smudging begins, wipe off with cream or lotion

and start afresh. For this day, keep as true a line as possible and if too much lipstick is applied, gently blot up the surplus with a cleansing tissue held between the lips. Powder should be used all over the face and neck, any surplus brushed away, so that not one point looks more powdered than the other.

Eyes might well benefit by a mere suspicion of shadow, the tone that you generally use, a slight penciling of the brows if

Rosalind Russell, lovely reminder that the modern bride is not pale, but a vision in subtle pastels, achieved by artful touches that give her a cool, luminous loveliness. Thus the medieval and modern traditions compromise



they need it and a very little mascara to the upper lashes. By using these aids as lightly as possible and employing a most critical eye, you may avoid any semblance of looking made-up, decidedly wrong for this moment, yet add to your countenance the outline and tone to make you glow with the cool, lovely light of a star.

*(For more beauty tips turn to page 82)*



Ask

## THE ANSWER MAN



**Marilyn Knowlden, who has so intrigued the movie-going public with her quaint maturity in "Les Misérables," actually has made twenty-seven pictures in three of her eight years!**

**A** VERY sweet little Miss has stolen into the hearts of the movie public and they want to know all about her. This old Answer Man fell hard, too, when he saw her in her most recent picture, "Les Misérables."

The lady in question is Marilyn Knowlden who gave such a grand performance as the child *Cosette*, in the above mentioned picture.

She was born in San Francisco eight years ago. Has gorgeous gentian-blue eyes and chestnut hair. She made her screen début at the age of five playing the rôle of Eleanor Boardman, as a child, in "Women Love Once." Her success in this placed her in great demand and in her first six months in the picture colony she appeared in six pictures. In the past three years she has been in twenty-seven pictures.

Marilyn has appeared in child rôles, as Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women," Madge Evans in "David Copperfield," and Rochelle Hudson in "Imitation of Life" and "Les Misérables."

When she is not appearing before the camera you will find her diligently caring for her dolly, who is her constant companion.

DOUGLAS CARLSEN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Hope you and your family will continue to buy PHOTOPLAY now that you have started. And



thanks for the nice words about me. The famous picture which first teamed Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was "7th Heaven." Later they appeared together in "Street Angel," "Sunny Side Up," "Lucky Star," "High Society Blues," "Happy Days," "Merely Mary Ann," and "Tess of the Storm Country." Charlie uses his own name on the screen

H. R. F.—Lilian Harvey was twenty-six years old on January 19th. It has been reported and denied time and again that the fair Lilian is married to Willy Fritsch, German actor. How about it, Lilian?

ANNE CARMINE, ATLANTA, GA.—Thanks for your nice letter, Anne. I am glad you didn't think I was an old "meanie" for not answering your questions while that contest was still open.

I am sure all of my other friends understood my position in the matter.

THEODORE BRAUM, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The picture "Doctors' Wives," featuring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, was taken from a novel of the same name by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. I am sure your local book-dealer can get it for you. Ask him!

NETTA COLLINS, ANDERSON, IND.—Jean Parker is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Culver City, Calif. Address her there for a photograph.

AUDREY ILLGEN, FARGO, N. D.—Lillian Gish and her sister Dorothy recently left America for a vacation in Italy.

ANTHONY COLACINO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Charles Laughton was the chap who gave his boss the "razzberry" in "If I Had a Million."

HELEN WOOD, NEW YORK CITY.—George Raft was born in New York on September 26, 1903. Baby Jane and Juanita Quigley are one and the same person. The studio decided her real name was much too big for such a cute cherub, so they shortened it to Baby Jane.

MARY JANE WAGNER, HARLOWTON, MONT.—The lad who played the rôle of *Corporal Teddy May* in "Hell in the Heavens" was William Stelling. I have no address for him at this writing. Dorothy Wilson is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "When a Man's a Man," in which she appears with George O'Brien.

HELEN HANCOCK, DANVILLE, ILL.—Herbert Somborn, second husband of Gloria Swanson passed away in January 1934.

EDITH COPELAND, WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.—PHOTOPLAY did not publish a fictionization of "The Unfinished Symphony." You can probably get the information you want by writing to the Gaumont British Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



Found on *Alice Faye's* memo pad



# "Have Mabel Lux my Blue Organdie"

"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things."

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause *your* precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads *give* instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

## Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"



"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."

Hollywood says —

**DON'T TRUST TO LUCK—TRUST TO**







Ann Sothern in a Brown Derby cubicle, enjoying a Chinese dish very much, thank you

Chopsticks take a little practice, then you frown at a fork or spoon, according to Ann

# FROM the BROWN DERBY'S CHINESE KITCHEN

## Unusual Concoctions That Add Zest to Luncheon, Dinner or Supper

THE Brown Derby is *the* Hollywood rendezvous. It is the westward Mecca for those Coastward bound. The Brown Derby serves delicious, substantial dishes. It is the place in which to see and be seen. Seat yourself in one of its roomy cubicles, and sooner or later Hollywood parades by.

The Brown Derby now boasts an accomplished Chinese cook who has been generous to us with his Oriental recipes, which in turn have been pronounced palate-perfect by Ann Sothern, seen above, adroitly plying her chopsticks.

In all cities and many towns you will find Chinese shops selling the necessary ingredients.

*Chicken Chop Suey, Derby Style: Serves four.*

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Chinese green peas

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb. fresh peeled water chestnuts

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Chinese cabbage (stems preferred)

1 medium size heart of celery

$\frac{1}{2}$  of one whole sweet green pepper

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Chinese black mushrooms or  $\frac{1}{2}$  can imported French white mushrooms

$1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. chicken meat (boneless white meat preferred)

2 cups pure chicken soup

4 teaspoons Chinese soy sauce

3 or 4 drops Chinese sesame oil

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Chinese rice gin

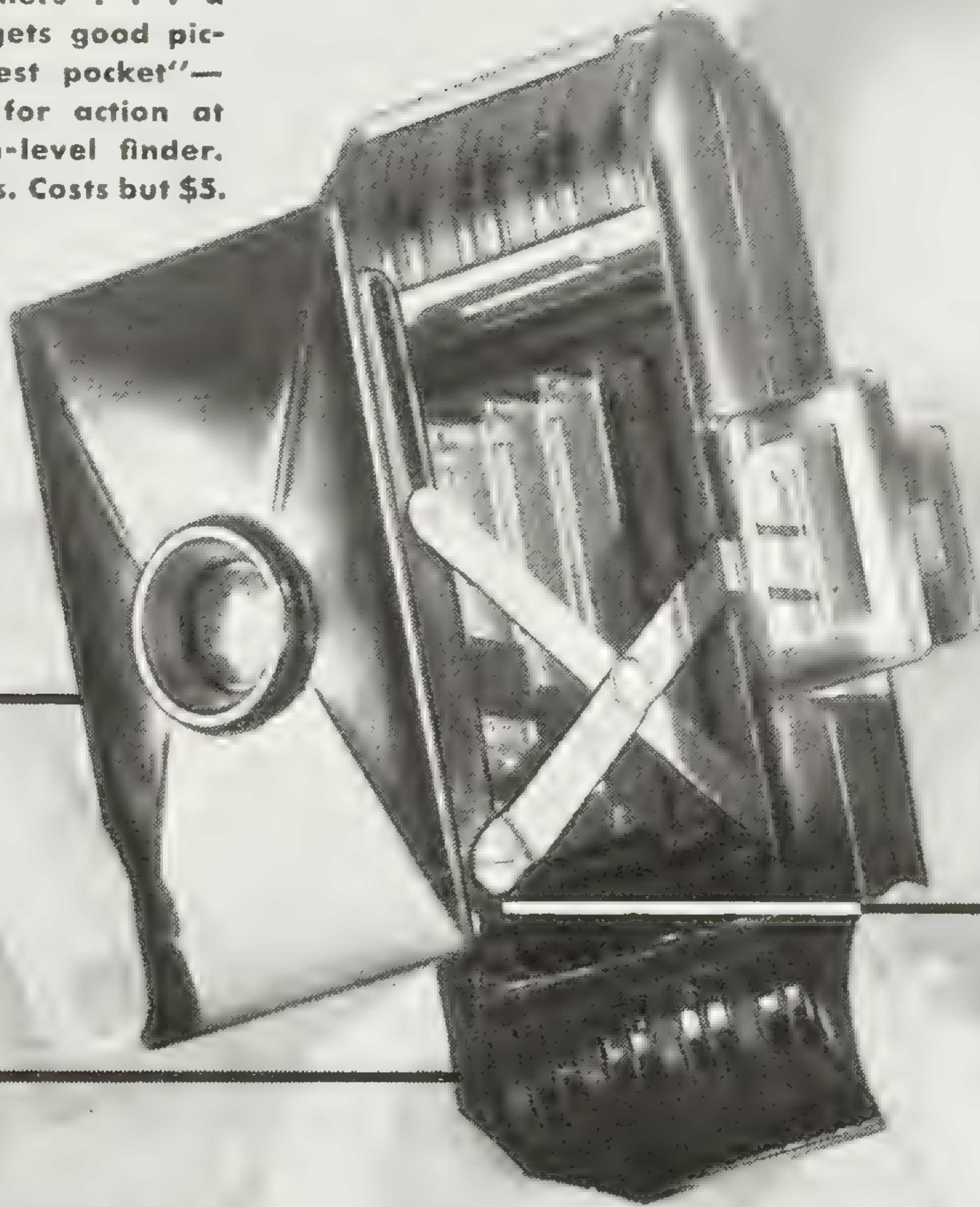
2 tablespoons Chinese starch

Cut up all ingredients into slices about one inch long and one-third inch wide. Heat frying pan until very hot and put in eight tablespoons of cooking oil (imported Chinese peanut oil preferred). Add two teaspoons table salt.

First, fry the chicken for three [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



**JIFFY KODAK V. P.**—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. Costs but \$3.

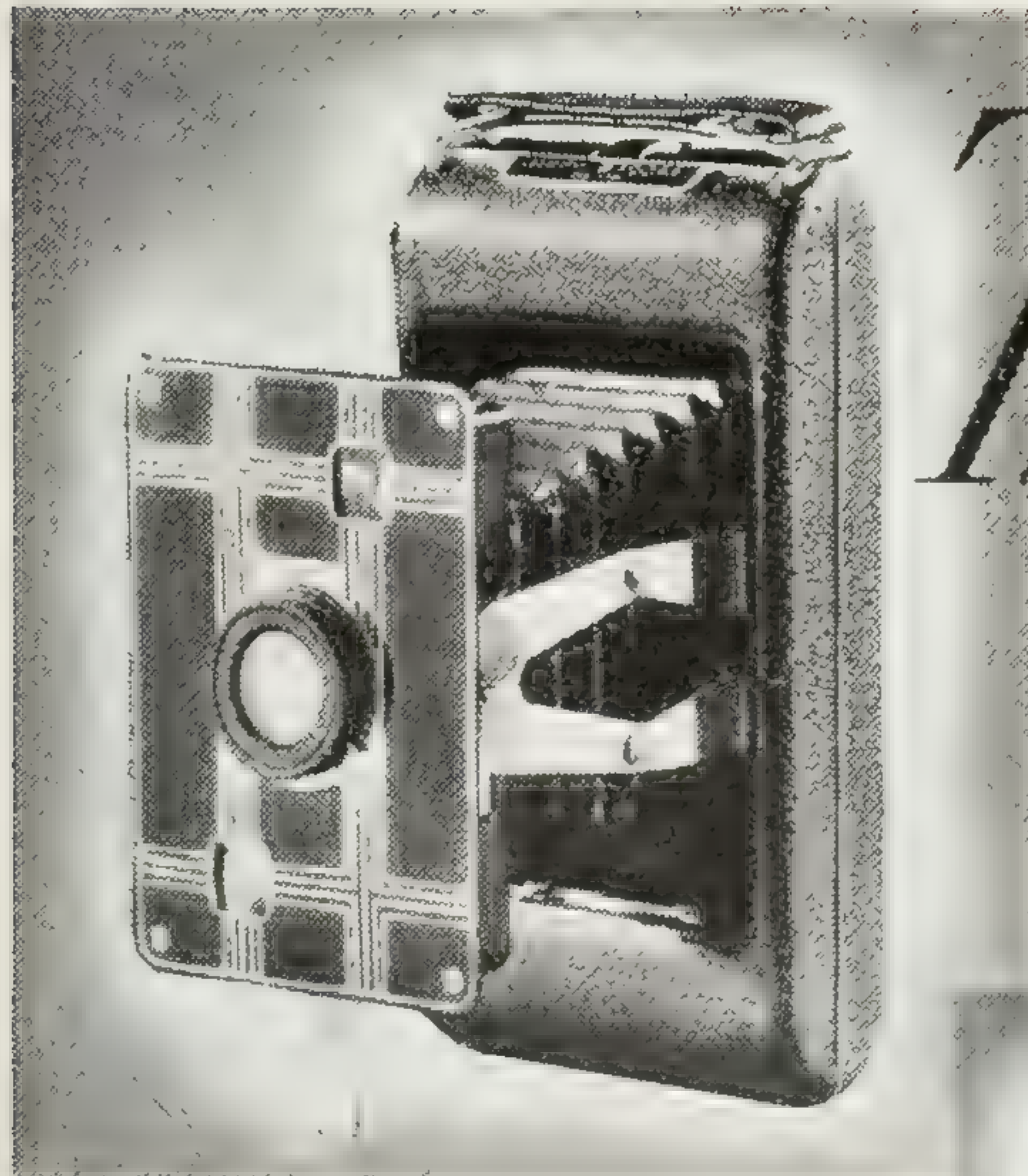


EYE-LEVEL FINDER

MODERN STYLING

ACTION FRONT

MOLDED CASE



**JIFFY KODAK**—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$8. For  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$9.

**BROWNIE**—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.75... the Six-20 makes  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.

## *These newer Kodak features* show what your old camera lacks



**YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW** your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from \$5 up; Brownies as low as \$1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little?... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*





# "LA BELLE"

Coiffure Created  
By Denis Phillips  
for  
Blanca Visser

The sunburn-freckle situation is probably serious at this point. Our leaflet, newly revised, "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan," contains some practical helps, tells you what to use, and is yours for a stamped self-addressed envelope. Other problems are helpfully solved for you, too, at request. Please write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Denis Phillips created Blanca Visser's hairdress especially for Photoplay, because he considers it an ideal Summer coiffure. Hair is kept well off the face, except for that forehead curl because it feels and looks both cool and smart



The side views show you a neat and attractive arrangement, with curls in banked perpendicular manner, instead of a lateral roll. For keeping curls in place, Mr. Phillips suggests the net cap above. Arrange the curls, slip on the cap and sleep in comfort. Light and porous for your scalp health





RUBY KEELER, *Starring in*

Warner Bros. "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



Enhances the Radiance of

*Ruby Keeler*  
with

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized

in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at leading stores.

*Max Factor* ★ *Hollywood*

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge.

Lipstick In Color Harmony

For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up", mail the coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood.



★ **POWDER...** *Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachele Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours and hours.*



★ **ROUGE...** *Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.*



★ **LIPSTICK...** *Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof...it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.*

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood  
Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ 1-7-31  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>		If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	



# "I want my sleep to be so I never let stale cosmetics

**You can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way . . .**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins, tiny blemishes appear, enlarging pores—blackheads, perhaps.

## ***Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way***

Guard against these warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin Carole Lombard's easy way. Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks quickly, deeply into the pores, gently car-

ries away every trace of dust and dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

## ***Hollywood's Beauty Care***

Use all the cosmetics you wish, of course! Rouge and powder need not harm even delicate skin if they are *removed* the right way. If you'll follow this simple rule, you'll *protect* your skin—keep it always soft and smooth.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap. This is the same gentle soap 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have made *their* beauty care.





beauty sleep—  
*choke my pores all night"*



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

*says* **CAROLE LOMBARD**



# Heart-Break Houses

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38 ]



where Colleen Moore and John McCormack lived, when Colleen was skyrocketed to fame as First National's great star, has been leased to various tenants for the past several years. Marlene Dietrich is living in it now.

The house Mary Miles Minter built for her mother, 'way up on top of a mountain in the "Outpost" section of Hollywood, was under litigation for a long time. It was redeemed and rejuvenated by Joan Blondell and George Barnes, who have made it a very happy home.

The Conrad Nagel place was a nine days' wonder when Hollywood was permitted the first view. It looked so much more like a real home than most of the Babylonian palaces that went up around that time. It was built for permanence and seemed most likely to endure.

The house is still there—Conrad isn't. When that marriage dissolved, following closely on the Pickford-Fairbanks break, all that was secure in the town trembled to its foundations.

The house Wally Reid and Dorothy planned and built so lovingly to be their shelter forever, has met a varied fate. Dorothy lost it, a few years after Wally's death. For a year she couldn't bear to go by the place. The best of her life was wrapped up in it. The house faded . . . I really believe houses know when they are not loved any more, or does that sound too sentimental for you?—anyway it was a terrible jolt to Dorothy when she was told a group of gamblers had moved into her once-treasured home and were running an establishment there.

Actually, it was good for her. It snapped

**The Keaton-Talmadge marriage promised to be an ideal match. But Buster and Natalie hadn't lived in their Beverly Hills mansion any length of time when the marriage came to an end and their lavishly furnished "dream" home stood vacant**

her out of a hopeless and tragic mood, made the house seem less personal. The gamblers, by the way, were soon ushered out, the place redecorated, and it was later leased by the Clive Brooks who restored the homelike atmosphere.

There are many cases—and not only in Hollywood—of perfect happiness so long as a couple have remained in their modest first home. The move to the large estate breaks up the closeness, scatters some precious quality which kept them together. Tom and Victoria Mix were perfectly happy and comfortable in their little Carlton Way home. Victoria

wanted to move to Beverly Hills. Tom didn't—but he moved, anyway. Into drawing-rooms, tennis courts, swimming pools and acres of ground. The romance ended soon after. Tom complained that he was "supporting" a bunch of lounge lizards, that there was no place in the house a man could put his feet up and read the paper. The "big house" which caused all the trouble is now vacant, Tom and Victoria have been divorced, each married again. Tom is on the road with his circus; Victoria divides her time between Washington and South America, her husband being a diplomatic attaché.

The Buster Keaton house is just below the Tom Mix place. Buster and Natalie hadn't lived in their magnificent new Beverly Hills home any length of time when they broke up.

Jack Gilbert lives the life of a hermit in his mountain retreat, a lonely haciendado within his empire. Jack was really happy with Leatrice Joy when they lived in a vine-covered cottage on the edge of Hollywood with an old Chinese houseman as their only servant.

Jack has lived in the big Spanish hill-top place with two wives—Ina Claire and Virginia Bruce. He lives there now—alone.

There are dozens of other heartbreak houses—Betty Compson's beautiful white house with the green roof, on Hollywood Boulevard, now half concealed behind a huge sign in the front yard.

The H. B. Warner house—monument to a collapsed marriage. The Belle Bennett house in Toluca Lake, rented by Mary Astor after Belle's death. And now the Mary Astor-Dr. Franklyn Thorpe house they built together, out there. Who will live in it next?

If some of those walls could only talk . . .



## The Ladies Say, "He's Got What It Takes"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

his mouth and gave us tull in the teeth the glorious opulence of that exciting and, at the same time, wooing voice.

The effect was electrifying, not only on the audience but on the singer. As he sang, there was a sudden lusty stir in him, a strange new accent of command. Underneath the man's Nordic blondness glowed an almost tropical vividness. His sturdy, huge body, which had hitherto radiated chiefly health and vitality and a sort of bathed-and-scrubbed masculinity, pulsed with the style and authority of the great artist—the artist who cannot be denied.

From that moment, it made no difference how exuberant or expansive or vivacious or eager this blond singing god chose to be—and he did choose, especially in his humorous songs, when his ingratiating smile became an impudent grin, throwing off a rich, expressive, devil-may-care liveliness. In such moments, his long husky body seems to unlimber itself. And so does his voice. The diction, style, authority are still there; and the musicianly, well-balanced control; and the marvelous breathing; but somehow there's an irrepressible boyishness about the song and the singer which makes him seem much younger than he is.

HE'S thirty-four, you know—and twenty of those thirty-four years have been spent in work; fifteen of them in grim preparation for the triumph he achieved that night in the little San Diego theater, for the triumph he achieved every night in "Naughty Marietta" in the greatest motion picture theaters of the world. The intervening five years covered a variety of commercial undertakings that ranged from answering the telephone in a plumbing establishment through writing obituaries for a daily paper to writing soup advertisements for the monthly magazines.

From most of these jobs he was eventually



Our Gang has its own Ukulele Ike now. The newest recruit of the comedy kids is "Alfalfa" Switzer

It's time for Pabst—



If you are his fishing pal, let him fuss with tackle, rod and bait. You see that Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale get into the boat. Along about noon, when he's hot and thirsty, surprise him, with a bottle of cool, refreshing Pabst. From then on, he will be telling you that he would rather go fishing with you than with anyone on earth—

—and after he pulls in his day's catch—IT'S TIME FOR PABST. How well Pabst goes with a delicious meal of freshly caught fish! For that matter—IT'S TIME FOR PABST at mealtime anywhere. Pabst Blue Ribbon is wholesome, refreshing, satisfying—backed by a ninety year reputation for highest quality. Look for the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign—a quality dealer displays it.

**Pabst**  
**Blue Ribbon**  
Beer and Ale





fired. And not without reason. For his mind and heart were set throughout most of this period on becoming a great singer. The thought was not a new one with the young man. In fact, it may be said that the musical portion of Nelson Eddy's life dates from the supposedly carefree days of his New England childhood. In a way it began before he was born.

His family was of the good old God-fearing New England type. His father, William Darius Eddy, made submarine gadgets for the navy; his mother kept the modest Eddy house. But they were both musical. His grandmother on his mother's side, Caroline Kendrick, had been a well known singer in her day. So when young Nelson, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and spent most of his childhood in New Bedford and Pawtucket, began to pipe a shrill soprano in the Grace Church choir in Providence and play a mean trap drum in the grammar school orchestra, no one, least of all Nelson himself, was very much surprised.

HIS first appearance as an actor on the amateur singing stage, as the *King of Greece* in a play called "Marriage Tax," occurred in Philadelphia, a city to which many famous Americans, including Benjamin Franklin, have eventually migrated. He sang that first rôle with a breaking heart, for the printer had inadvertently left his name off the program. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when the next day every critic in town was full of praise for the mysterious unknown who sang the part of the *King*. David Bispham, one of the ascendant opera singers of those days, who had been in the audience, did more than praise. He sought out the young actor while he was still in his grease paint, and offered to teach him all he knew.

When Bispham died, Eddy continued his studies here and abroad with such eminent teachers as William V. Villonet and Edouard Lippe. There is nothing to the press-agent story about Eddy being phonograph-taught. The boy took no short cuts. He learned to sing easily the hard way, the way all great singers have learned, by long years of faithful and skilfully directed practice, followed by grinding years of actual performance, often in small and thankless rôles, on the comic opera and grand opera stage.

Nelson Eddy went through all that, and more. He not only worked with the Philadelphia Operatic Society, with the Philadelphia Civic Opera, with the Savoy Opera Company, but he did any kind of musical work whenever and wherever he could get it. He sang in the four-a-day, in prologues and tabloid operas at the movie houses, in obscure radio studios. He tramped the continent from Canada to Mexico, from Coney Island to the Golden Gate. He learned to sing in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He mastered thirty-two opera rôles. He added steadily to his concert repertoire until it contained twenty French, twenty-five Italian, thirty-five German, and more than a hundred English songs. He had done all this before he came to San Diego that Spring evening in 1933.

His big chance in Los Angeles followed almost immediately. The San Diego notices were raves. So were the despatches to Los Angeles. They enthused over his clear resonant voice, his perfect control, his luscious tones, his flawless enunciation, his musicianly poise—and then one and all, old men and youths, they let themselves go on the Southern Californian's favorite topic, personality. It was, so they said, as fascinating to watch this exciting person as it was to listen to him. And while the

solemn big-wigs of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Society were pondering these bits of musical news from the provinces, their hearts were suddenly saddened by word that their own soloist for the succeeding evening, a famous tenor whom they had engaged at great expense, had cancelled the booking because of a sore throat.

Would Mr. Eddy please come up from San Diego and substitute for the great man? Would he please? Huh! He caught the afternoon plane. It happened that I caught it, too



He may be a prime minister, but who'd want to meet him on a dark night? Gustav Von Seyffertitz is dressed for his rôle in "She"

There he was, all sprawled out in a discreetly striped blue and black suit, a red and blue plaid tie, plain dark blue shirt, heavy-soled black shoes, soft gray hat pulled well down over his thick, wavy hair, white silk scarf with ends flying, and a great loose tan overcoat which made his shoulders look even more mammoth than they are. He was much handsomer, I told myself, off than on—and that is an opinion I still adhere to, even after his heroic appearance on the screen in the

glamorous wigs and periwigs of *Captain Richard Warrington*.

That night he won Los Angeles' sulky sophisticates as quickly, as completely as he had captured San Diego's languid ones. An audience of music lovers accustomed to the greatest names in the concert and operatic world and ignorant almost to a man and a woman of the identity of the young giant who stood before them, rose to its collective feet and gave Nelson Eddy eighteen encores.

Even Hollywood heard the cheers.

You know the rest. But perhaps you don't. Test followed test. Glittering contracts were spread before him. One, which he signed, was for twenty-eight weeks; it brought him more money than he had earned in two years previously. Money, but no work. Not much fun, either. He tried living in a hotel, and loathed it. Then he brought his mother out from Philadelphia, and together they moved into a small home in the Hollywood hills. That was better. He began to go about a bit; played tennis with his friend Gene Raymond; whom some people think he resembles; went to musical teas at Doris Kenyon's; sang at the big dinner for the late Marie Dressler; avoided Hollywood cuties.

In disgust, not at the cuties but at the idleness, Eddy went back to his concert touring and his now profitable radio work. But, as so often happens, Hollywood called him back. This time, M-G-M stuck him tentatively into "Dancing Lady." He did a small bit, as did Fred Astaire. As you may remember, the movie critics thought little of either of them! Then the same company put a moustache and sideburns on him for another small bit in "Student Tour." Here, in spite of the awful disguise and the more awful picture, he began to click. People wrote in to know who the unnamed actor was who sang the song. It was like the time he played the *King of Greece*. And the result was much the same, so far as opportunity for study was concerned, and development under expert guidance in his newly-chosen art.

It is too early of course, to pass a critical judgment on Eddy's work as an actor on the singing screen. So far, he has played only one important rôle, that of *Dick Warrington* in Victor Herbert's immortal "Naughty Marietta." It's a great part. Carl Brisson would have been excellent in it; Dennis King, magnificent; Lawrence Tibbett, terrific. Many a lesser singing actor would have been acceptable. It is in fact, a rôle that is actor-proof.

That Eddy was a success as *Captain Warrington*, does not, therefore, necessarily mean that he is a great actor. And besides a great part to play, he had great songs to sing, and a great star to sing them to. He had a great director in W. S. Van Dyke. He had a great supporting cast headed by that splendid actor, Frank Morgan. It is not too much to say that with Herbert's score and Van Dyke's direction, and Morgan to carry the acting burden and Jeanette MacDonald to sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" the picture would have been a great success even without Nelson Eddy.

Why is it, then, that practically all the discussions of "Naughty Marietta" in the lobbies, on the sidewalks, in the homes, on the park benches, concern nothing and nobody but this six feet of blond excitement which is Nelson Eddy?

Well, if you went with me in your minds to that concert in San Diego, if you watched the heavings and the sighings of the women in that audience as Eddy squared off to give



them, full strength and one hundred proof, the robust glories of, say, "The Song of the Toreador," you *know* why Nelson Eddy dominated "Naughty Marietta" just as Clark Gable has dominated every picture in which he has ever appeared. He gives women what they most want from men—excitement

I AM sure that Jeanette MacDonald felt that quality in Eddy when she was playing with him. She felt it in that first love scene in the woods, in that last delayed kiss in the boudoir—and, I daresay, every woman in the audience felt it with her. Never before has Jeanette MacDonald been so artistically stimulated, so romantically stimulating. We have seen the same thing happen to the feminine stars whose sometimes slipping footsteps have been supported and whose drooping artistic fortunes have been saved by the excitement which is in Gable. Has Connie Bennett been so good in years, has she ever been so softly appealing, as she was in "After Office Hours"? The thing these two men—alone, I think, of all the leading actors in Hollywood—do to the women with whom they play, they also do to the women *for* whom they play, the great majority of the motion picture fans of America. And therein lies the secret of their success.

THERE are many things about this blond Eddy which remind one of black-haired Gable. Both boys went to work at fifteen. Both took any kind of job that offered while they applied themselves nights and Sundays to achieving their real goal in life. Both toured the tank towns for years before attracting the attention of Hollywood experts. Both finally crashed the studio gates by virtue of sterling performances on the Los Angeles stage. And I have an idea that the resemblance will not cease now that Nelson Eddy has made his first great movie success. I believe that he, like Clark Gable, has cracked down on Hollywood for a good long stay. I believe that he, like Clark, will reach the heights with his head firmly on his shoulders and comfortably in his hat.

He is a good guy, Nelson Eddy, as straight-shooting and straight-thinking a human as ever lost a game of tennis or sipped a Scotch and soda. Simple without the affection of simplicity, reserved without the paraphernalia of secrecy, he moves unspoiled among the spoilers. He has proved he could get it. I believe he will prove he can take it!

## CORRECTION

On Page 62 of the May issue of PHOTOPLAY credit for the bathing suit worn by Maxine Doyle, caption 1, was given to Jantzen. This was an error. Credit should have read: A Catalina Swim Suit

# YES—THE RIGHT FACE POWDER *can make this change*



Silk-sifted Evening in Paris face powder tones down reflections—flatters like a soft-focus photograph

Like a hard-focus photograph, unsifted powders throw back harsh reflections from the face

***New Evening in Paris powder — sifted 3 times through silk — makes features look softer by subduing harsh reflections!***

MEN like you to be feminine, delicate, young looking. Yet perhaps you, like so many others, are hiding these very qualities that make you most appealing by using unsifted face powders. They give your skin a flat, hard surface that throws back harsh reflections, makes features look sharp and overbold.

The first time you wear Evening in Paris powder, you see a change that seems almost magical.

For Evening in Paris powder is sifted 3 times through silk. It has a new texture unlike any other face powder. It's infinitely finer and softer—and gives your skin a soft depth, never a flat, hard surface. It *absorbs* light and cannot throw back harsh reflections . . . thus subduing rather than high-lighting prominent features and other bad points.

Try it before your mirror! See your face grow softer, more delicate, more appealing!



Evening in Paris Face Powder, \$1.10

### FRAGRANCE AFTER THE BATH

#### Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne

A stimulating, sparkling freshness that makes you glow all over. \$1.10

#### Evening in Paris Bath Powder

Cool, refreshing and downy soft. \$1.10



*Evening in Paris* + BOURJOIS

BOURJOIS—makers of the world's finest face powders

EVENING IN PARIS • SPRINGTIME IN PARIS • KARESS • FIANCEE • MANON LESCAUT • JAVA



"Blazer Bodice"  
streamline grace in a  
two-piece suit—solid color  
trunks and blazer striped  
upper—\$5.95

"Bib-Front"  
"Gulf Stream" stitch with  
fashioned uplift and contrasting  
straps adjusting to new high-  
neck "bib" front—\$6.95

"Accordion Rib"  
B.V.D.'s new accordion stitch  
in smart full-fashioned  
Maillot model with adjustable  
neckline—\$10.50

"Sea Satin"  
A shimmering satin-like  
Laster fabric that shapes and  
holds the figure perfectly  
\$9.95—Also in skirted model

"Builder Upper"  
the self-service uplift brassiere  
makes you the sculptor of your  
own silhouette—\$8.95

Caste—  
on the Modern Beach  
by B.V.D.  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D."

• Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. • From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B. V. D. • The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.



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# Happiness for Every Type of Girl

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[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

For months Barbara Stanwyck had a plaster cast on her back. But does that suffering show in her face? No! Because she has wiped out those lines with her own will-power and vitality.

Una Merkel certainly isn't a raving beauty, but her body registers energy. And her personality has put her right at the top.

And Grace Moore. Well, she has everything now, but she didn't have it always. She had to fight for what makes you spend your good money to see her when her pictures come to town.

"But how," I hear you asking me, "am I to acquire the things that make me attractive? Where am I to find this energy and vitality?"

Hold on I'm telling you.

You must work for perfect circulation of the blood. If you have the slightest trace of anemia, you must correct it. In other words, darlings, you've got to have health.

And listen to me. I want no more alibis. It's Summer. You can get all the fruits and vegetables you need. Don't ask me for a substitute for turnip tops. Nothing quite takes their place. Get the greens. Put them on the stove covered with cold water. Bring to a simmer and allow them to cook for about fifteen minutes, then press them through a sieve. Pour off the juice and drink a glass of it a day. It will make you feel as peppy as Shirley Temple—and almost as young.

Summer makes even the most energetic of us feel sluggish. So in Summer you have to make a double effort to keep lean and full of pep. Do not eat too much heavy meat. Cut down on everything sweet. Eat lots of fruits and vegetables (vegetables cooked in plain water with butter put on cold after the food is off the fire).

Being attractive depends upon your personality. You must develop your personality by being definite. If you have any wishy washy ways, drop them. Make up your mind about everything. Don't mentally straddle the fence. Be somebody. Be a definite, forceful person. You'll get a lot more notice that way than if you're one of those little soft, cuddly blondes with fluttering eyelashes and a line of baby talk. You'll notice that all of the girls I picked as being attractive in spite of handicaps are definite, vital, forceful personalities.

Take a lesson from them.

You can change your personality and create variety for your face by changing your coiffure every now and then. It will give you a new lease on life. Notice how often the picture stars burst forth with startling new ways of arranging the hair?

It's a grand idea and keeps you from getting bored with your face. Boredom is the beginning of stagnation. Another thing—keep well groomed.

And, of course, remember that you can never

hope to be attractive unless you have a lovely complexion. You get that by proper care of the skin both externally and internally. For the external part use the best beauty preparations on the market. Take care of the internal with my special complexion diet. I'm going to give it to you now because Summer is the best time to take it, since you need make no substitutions.

Once a month, for five days follow this routine: Boil slowly a quart of raspberries or cherries in a little water for an hour. Then pour this into a sieve lined with a double layer of cheese cloth. Let the juice drain through over-night. In the morning, when you first get up drink a glass of the liquid. Two hours later, have a glass of skimmed milk, and keep on drinking a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. Just before going to bed drink a glass of grapefruit juice. After five days you'll look at yourself in the mirror and say, "I look marvelous!"

Don't mind the conceit. You can indulge yourself in that luxury, because you *will* look marvelous.

When you've been five days on the liquid diet go back to regular food—but don't have it rich—and begin the day with a glass of water—hot or cold, but not iced—into which the juice of half a lemon has been squeezed. Include blackberries or strawberries on your breakfast menu.

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## Answers by Sylvia

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Dear Sylvia:

I'd love to try your reducing exercises but I've always heard that exercises make muscles. So don't you think it would be better if I just went on your diets instead?

P.R.T., Lexington, Ky.

You silly girl! Do you believe what you've "always heard"—and from whom I don't know—rather than someone, like me, who has studied the science of reducing for years and proved the fact that my routines reduce in thousands and thousands of cases? I'd like to shake you, but since I can't do that, I'll tell you, as calmly as possible, that my reducing exercises cannot make muscles. They're for the purpose of pounding the muscles down. Every time I give an exercise I plainly state that it should be taken when the body is relaxed. Do not tense your body as you're taking the exercises. Keep relaxed and limber as you're exercising. And don't forget this—my diet and exercises go hand-in-hand. Nothing can be accomplished by diet alone—or by exercise alone. You'll have to go the whole way with me, or not at all!

Dear Sylvia:

Is it true that extremely high heels are bad for one's health? I want your honest opinion on this.

Mrs. W. R., Laramie, Wyo.

You'll get my honest opinion. I always give it. I have never written a word which I did

**L**ETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

not believe. Here's your answer. For day-time and for walking a medium heel is correct. Extremely high heels throw you off balance and give you a wrong posture. And that, naturally, is neither good for your health nor your general attractiveness. However, in the evening high heels are attractive and, since one doesn't do any long distance running at a social gathering, it will not hurt you to wear them.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm on your building diet, but milk seems to disagree with me. What shall I do about it?

G. D., Chicago, Ill.

In the first place, be sure that it is the milk which disagrees. Or is it that you're bolting

your food or slumping in a chair after you eat, thereby causing the stomach to contract so that it is unable to do its work of digesting the food? Never curl up in a chair after you eat. Walk around for a little while and give your stomach a chance. But also remember this. Milk will agree with you if you drink it slowly, if, in fact, you actually chew it. Yes, I said chew it, as you would a beefsteak. Never, never gulp milk. That is the principal reason why people complain that it does not agree with them.

Dear Sylvia:

I'd like to reduce my ankles quickly and I haven't much chance to exercise at home. Is there some ankle exercise you can give me that I could do sitting down in a spare moment at the office?

C. D. Y., St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, I can! Sit in a chair. Push the spine against the back of the chair. Stretch the legs straight out in front of you at an angle of forty-five degrees from the body. Certainly, it's a strain on the knees, but who cares when you're reducing those thick, ugly ankles? Then point the toes as far as you can, making a straight line from hip to toe. Quickly point the toes upward, toward the ceiling. Just do that over and over again quickly, back and forth and back and forth. Do it as many times a day as you can. Do it a hundred times a day if you like. And watch yourself getting beautiful, slender ankles.



# The Trackwalker Who Was Knighted

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

And earning a living when young Guy Standing started out was no easier than it is today. Forty years ago he was just another young Englishman valiantly storming the gates of Broadway, keeping body and soul together by selling water-color sketches of his own for fifty cents apiece. And worse, he heartily detested his profession. It wasn't until the war that he came to regard the stage as an important influence in life—and, as a result, an adventurous calling.

But in those days he lived on crackers and milk. "Not very sustaining for a two hundred pounder, but neither is ten cents a day!" That was no adventure, but he came upon one quite by chance though he didn't recognize it as such until years later. He met an old friend of his family's on Broadway—a theatrical man and therefore one who could spot the pinched look of hunger with ease. He surveyed young Guy and casually invited him up to his apartment for dinner the next night.

WHEN Guy got there he was glad he'd spent a few cents on cleaning and brushing up his clothes. It was quite a fashionable party—well-fed and prosperous people. One, a man who had earned the title of an empire builder in the days of a fast-growing nation, was holding forth at dinner in much the same way as men do today.

"Unemployment? Nonsense! As long as this country abounds in untilled soil there'll be jobs for everybody who *really* wants to work," the empire builder said. "Trouble with this younger generation is that it's fastidious. It doesn't want to sweat. It wants to pick and choose, or, blast it, it'll not work!"

Far down the table sat a most hungry young man saying nothing at all. He was eating—and listening. The speaker was head of companies too numerous to mention—railroads, ships, mines, foundries. He ought to know what he was talking about, thought Standing, an amused glint in his eye.

Next morning he walked six miles down Manhattan Island to the Great One's office and sent in his card recalling the meeting of the night before. His entrance was brief but to the point.

"I want a job."

"What can you do?" sniffed the Great One.

"Anything. You said there were plenty of jobs."

"So there are. Jobs of WORK!"

"And I," said Standing, "want work."

Without trying to hide his sardonic amusement the Great One replied, "I'm building a railroad in Idaho. We can use big men on the rails. Pay's one dollar and seventy-five a day less fifty cents for keep. Want it?"

Young Guy Standing did. He was given a card to one Riley, foreman of a track gang headquartered one hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest town. Riley was boss of the toughest bunch of bohunks ever to drive a spike into shivering timber. Riley shifted his cud, spat abruptly and allowed his small eyes to rove speculatively over the big frame of the young dude. A suspicion of a smile hovered on his long, Irish upper lip.

"So it's a worrukman ye'll be wantin' to be, eh?"

Guy nodded.

"Know anythin' about railroadin'?" . . .

Well, yon bawx car'll be ye're home. There's thirty men in it to keep ye company. Kape ye're back to the wahl and watch out for the knives . . . Get along wid ye . . . Breakfast at four in the mornin'." Riley grinned as he filed away the work card and watched the dude stride toward his new home.

That night proved eventful. Even Riley heard it as he lay peaceful-like in his rolling office a hundred yards away. Guy's roommates were a playful and energetic lot. No word of greeting was spoken in the smelly, dimly lit bunk car, but thirty pairs of black eyes sized him up with varying degrees of unfriendliness as he stowed his duffle into a bunk. Warily, Guy seated himself and waited.

In a few minutes two of the biggest began wrestling, arm-bending and performing various feats of prodigious strength. 'Seppe of the close-cropped hair, beady eyes and vast chest was easily the victor. Two more challenged him and were defeated. Then came the climax which they all knew was on its way from the moment the clean-limbed Englishman invaded this Latin stronghold.

"I leeka ev' man in thees car!" bellowed 'Seppe, his fist thudding against his matted chest. "Me, 'Seppe Tontorelli, top man thees road . . . No?" His voice was at once gently inquiring and pleading as he peered toward each man in his bunk. His beady eyes swung on Guy. With the grace of an ape he swung forward, insolently. "Ha! W'y you do not say somting? You theenk maybe 'Seppe not so good like you, ha?" With an oath he reached for Guy's coat.

Where it ever came from none of them could ever tell you, least of all 'Seppe Tontorelli, but a rock-like fist swept out of the dark and 'Seppe lost all interest in being top man on any railroad with appalling suddenness.

For an instant the car was deadly quiet, and in that instant Guy got his back to the wall. The next half hour he likens to the sensation one would have of being sewn in a gunny sack full of wild cats. Three things saved him from the twenty-nine active knives—a long reach, the fact that, once hit, his assailants abruptly left the fight except to howl encouragement to their mates—and the cogent advice of Mr. Riley concerning walls.

For three days this brawl went on in spasms and for three nights Standing slept with one eye open. As suddenly as it started it was over. They decided to like him. He worked hard, he fought harder and ate beans, bread and beef with the best of them. "Dot Standing, 'e's wan fine fellar," said 'Seppe and threatened to knock the block off anybody who argued with him.

BUT peace didn't bring a clean, sweet smell to the bunk car. The blankets crawled with vermin and the atmosphere was almost palpable with sweat, smoke and chewing tobacco. Guy started in by astounding the whole crew. He actually washed out his blankets and cleansed his mattress. Soap and a bucket of water cleaned his bunk while the crew looked on aghast.

The conversion of 'Seppe was a lot harder. 'Seppe didn't want to be considered effeminate by his fellows. It was all right, he argued, for this strange Englishman to clean his bunk; the Eenglish were crazy anyway as everyone

knew, he said. But eventually Guy won his point. Reluctantly 'Seppe agreed that no man could call him effeminate if the whole crew did the same thing. They'd all be in the same, though clean, boat. There were a few ardent protests—even Riley was approached by the most indignant of the laborers, but he just grinned and stayed out of it—and 'Seppe would growl deep in his chest.

It took a month to get disinfectant and whitewash up from the rail-head, but two days later that bunk house was as clean and sweet as a ship's sick-bay. It took nearly two months for the road gang to get over looking sheepish whenever they came into these spotless quarters—and Riley shifted his cud and marveled.

Guy had been on the road four months and added nearly forty more pounds to his bone and muscle and a couple of hundred dollars to his reserve when he asked Riley for his time card and pay. He'd licked the job and was getting bored—and anyway he was sort of anxious to look the Great One in the eye back in that New York office before he went back to the stage.

The day before he left, 'Seppe worked close at his side; he was almost like a huge and affectionate dog. When Guy started toward the bunk-car for some water, 'Seppe intercepted him and got the brimming cup himself. At the end of the day 'Seppe again intercepted him and asked to talk alone while the rest headed back, trying to stifle their broad grins. Guy suspected something was afoot, but got no satisfaction from 'Seppe who had suddenly grown more inarticulate than ever. At length the dinner gong rang. Instantly 'Seppe dropped his temporizing and, grinning like a six-year-old, led his friend back to the camp—trying hard not to trot in his eagerness.

THAT gang, which had welcomed Guy Standing with hatred and knives, were scrubbed and combed until they shone. Even Riley spat an appreciative cud in his surprise. "Gorry! Ye'd think it was their first communion instid o' vittles they was goin' to!" But Standing could hardly eat that night. A lump kept rising in his throat and he couldn't swallow. He had to try, though. Instead of beans and beef and bread, the gang had chipped in and secretly sent to the rail-head for delicacies—even a cake!—and a cake in a railroad camp was synonymous with caviar, only more expensive.

There weren't any speeches. There weren't any toastmasters, but the silence at that scrubbed and beaming table in place of the usual hilarious jabbering was more eloquent than a dozen silver-tongued orators. But at the end, after the last morsel of cake and cheese had been washed down by scalding coffee, 'Seppe fidgeted and finally rose, red and gulping, to his feet. He started to speak—you could tell that by the straining muscles in his great throat—but his lips were petrified, immovable. He got redder and started to sweat in the dead, expectant silence.

Suddenly he whipped around, his hand outstretched to young Guy Standing who couldn't see very well just then. Their hands met in a bone crushing grip as 'Seppe found his tongue for a moment.

"'E's wan fine fellar," bellowed 'Seppe, "my frand Standing!"



## Time Out for Twins

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

screen career, and as far as she's concerned she's just resuming it. Don't think she's one of those girls who put career before husband, or family, and all that—she isn't. They have come first, and they always will. There's a little matter of a daughter still to be attended to, but outside of that Bing and Dixie could very justifiably put up one of those stickers in their window—you know, "We do our part." So Dixie thinks it's time to get on with the career again.

"Why, that's what I came here for," she says simply.

YOU remember, of course, that Dixie was playing in "Good News" in New York when Fox scouts first saw the handwriting on the wall in the shape of her feet twinkling on the boards and brought her West to twinkle, twinkle little star in the cinema instead. You remember, too, how Dixie, then playing ingénue leads at Fox, went to the Cocoanut Grove one night and first met Bing. Bing hadn't clicked then; he was just one of the Three Rhythm Boys—and go to the head of the class if you can name the other two. But there was romance in the Grove that night as the toy balloons came floating down, and Dixie and Bing started going around together.

When the high moguls at Fox heard about that they called Dixie into the Front Office. You always put the Front Office in capital letters because that's the sort of place it is.

"Listen, little girl," said the high moguls in that fatherly way of theirs, "that guy's only a crooner, and if you don't watch out you'll ruin your career running around with him. And as for any thought of *marrying* him—"

What d'you suppose they would have done if they could even have suspected those twins?

BUT Dixie is one of those girls who can paddle their own canoes, so she told the high moguls to go and park their Rolls-Royces up some other alley. And make no mistake about it, Dixie would say that. As it happened just about that time, the high moguls got an idea that the movies had grown up, so they brought Jeanne Eagels and a lot of other big stars from the Big Time to make pictures with, and closed their younger players out. Dixie was one of the youngsters. and, twins notwithstanding, she still is.

Those big stars got five thousand dollars a week, each, and that's a page in its history that Hollywood turns over very quickly whenever it looks over the book. For those stars, with no exceptions, were gosh-awful box-office flops.

So Dixie married her crooner and had the twins. Hollywood mentally washed Dixie up. She was a mighty talented little girl who had settled down very sedately—and that let her out. Bing's star began to rise, became a comet and zoomed. When the blue of the day meets the gold of the night, or whatever it is, was as

nothing to what the gold of Bing's pictures did to the blue of Hollywood's depression days. Bing in a picture was money in the bank.

Incidentally, Hollywood gives Dixie Lee a lot of credit in connection with that. Hollywood points out that Bing in the old days didn't sing as he does now and that Dixie used to croon on the stage. There's a heart-touching tenderness that Bing has acquired—and Hollywood says that he acquired it when he acquired Dixie. It's obvious from the Bing who is and the Bing who was that it does come from the heart, anyway, because Bing's mighty fond of Dixie. You'd never know him now as the playboy who used to tra-la-la through the still night air in one of those Paul Whiteman roadsters.

Dixie doesn't have anything to say about her part in that, whatever it was. She isn't picking any golden oranges off Bing's tree for her own basket.

"GETTING married to Dixie was the best thing I ever did," says Bing "and boy, that's no foolin'!"

"He doesn't sing much around the house," Dixie says with a little smile, "he just whistles. You know how he whistles—"

Yes, you know how he whistles, all right. Who doesn't?

Well, the whistling went right on in the big new house at Toluca Lake, before and after

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the arrival of the twins, and Bing, looking for new fields to conquer, bought a couple of racehorses. Between times Dixie poked holes in his old sweaters so he wouldn't wear them any more, but the more holes she poked the better Bing liked the sweaters. When she hid that frightful cap of his one time and sent one of the sweaters to Japan he went right down town and replaced both—with worse ones.

Nobody could do anything about Bing's clothes, so Dixie decided to amuse herself some other way.

SHE told him since now the house was running itself and the three children were getting along fine she hadn't anything to do any more, so please could she go and do some bits in pictures?

Bing humored her in that idea as he does in everything. Hollywood says it's been mighty good for Bing to humor Dixie, and it looks as

the producers didn't suspect was that she was going to pack 'em as Dixie Lee.

That's why she won't let Bing have a thing to do with her pictures or even let him come on her set when she's making them. Bing knows all about that by now. For when she was making "Love In Bloom" he ambled over on the set the first day. They were shooting a scene with Dixie and just as soon as she caught sight of Bing she stopped short.

"You get out of here," she suggested politely, "and I'll get along all right."

It was the same when she made some records from the songs she sings in the picture. Bing—whose records are so copious that you can hardly turn on the radio without hearing his tweet-tw-double-eee-tweet on one of 'em—thought he might stand by and give the little girl a hand. But Dixie would have none of it.

"You get out of here," she suggested again "and we'll make the records."

crooner, and so now that she's married him and had the twins she's leading lady in "Redheads on Parade"—at Fox. Of course, at the time, film executives believed that the romantic interest of any player was ruined if it was so much as whispered that he or she was even married, but now it doesn't seem to make any difference even when the lady is the mother of twins.

"It does make you feel good," said Dixie, "to be back on the same lot where you started and have a break like this."

Now those Rolls-Royces seem to be up her alley, you might say.

But looking at Dixie, you'd never dream in the world that she could possibly be the mother of those twins. She looks just as she did when she first came to Hollywood, except that she's even younger looking and perhaps a bit thinner. But she's still got that sort of giddy ingénue look about her, like a fluffy young miss who has just stepped out of the bon-bon box in the last musical number. She still has that same coquettish curl to her eyelashes, the same sort of half-shy brown eyes, the same breezy run of chatter.

Her toes tap just as lightly and she looks always as though she just wants to turn on the radio and dance.

In other words, Dixie is quite a contradiction, in person.

Bing used to sing to a guitar played by Eddie Lang, who afterwards married a girl named Kittie. It was Bing and Eddie then, but Eddie died. Now Kittie is Dixie's stand-in at Fox, and it's Dixie and Kittie. That shows you more just what, underneath that ingénue exterior, the real Dixie is like. Nobody's success could go to her head—not even Bing's.

Between themselves, and as far as careers are concerned, Bing and Dixie have figured things out very nicely. That's why Dixie won't accept a long-term contract anywhere, although Paramount, Fox, Warners and Columbia have already asked her to sign for from three to five years. They refuse to let their production schedules get crossed, so Dixie's pictures have to jibe with Bing's. When he isn't working, she won't work because they like to go places and do things together. In pictures there's competition in the family now, what with both mamma and papa being crooners in a big way, but they croon together to the twins.

BING used to come home tired after a day at the studio and want to stick around the fireplace with the slippers and the pipe, except that of late Bing's taken to cigars. Dixie, who had been home all day, naturally wanted to get out and do something exciting. Now they are both working, and both want to stay at home at the same time, and between pictures they go to the races and to the fights together. It seems that a career fixes the domestic schedule right up.

Hollywood may have thought that Dixie had forgotten that career, but Dixie hadn't. She was happy to stay home and raise the family while Bing was the big breadwinner and so on, but always in the back of her mind was that career of her own. It wasn't altogether that she had too little to do and the time hung on her hands. After she had helped her husband to success in the hundreds of ways that a good wife can, she decided that the time had come to step out and make a success of her own.

Dixie had the idea all along—it was only time out for the twins.



One of the most dramatic scenes in Cecil B. DeMille's historical movie-play, "The Crusades," is that in which the Christian women are sold as slaves in the market place to traders in Jerusalem

though Hollywood is right again. For Dixie went to Paramount to play a bit, and emerged with "Love In Bloom" on a platter with a bouquet around it.

And Hollywood had been thinking of Dixie only as Bing Crosby's wife.

"I wasn't trying to show anybody anything," Dixie remarked casually, "because Bing has plenty of talent for one family."

That's why she insisted, of course, that she should use her own name and not try to trade on Bing's when she went back to work. It is expressly stipulated in every contract she signs that she shall be billed as Dixie Lee, and not Mrs. Bing Crosby. She knows, and the producers know, that as Mrs. Bing she'd pack every movie house in the country; but what

But the best of all was when they put Dixie on a radio program one night recently—and Bing has some reason to think he knows something about radio.

He wanted to go to the studio with Dixie, but she put that little foot of hers down as firmly as ever.

"Nothing doing," she told him flatly. "I'll get along."

"WELL," asked the irresistible Bing, "well, honey, would it be all right if I turned on the radio and listened?"

Now, of course, Dixie is making "Redheads on Parade"—and at Fox. Mark that—at Fox. That's where they told her that her career would be ruined if she went around with a



## What Is Dietrich's Destiny?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

not know what to do with her, how to guide her toward the greatness she has always promised but never attained—if he, *Svengali*, must throw up his hands and admit defeat, how can anyone else confidently take up the task?

Hollywood knows no sure answer for that—yet. But it shares Von Sternberg's sustained faith that Marlene Dietrich, while no longer fresh and new to the screen, has a destiny that is yet unfulfilled.

For the past year or so anyone whom you might ask would assure you that Marlene Dietrich was slipping. "One more picture like 'The Scarlet Empress,'" they said, "and she's through."

She made that one more picture, "The Devil Is a Woman," which was exactly what they meant when they said "Another like 'The Scarlet Empress'"—that is, Dietrich deadened against a heavily artistic Von Sternberg background. Then her contract ran out.

Now, inevitably when a star is known to be "slipping" in Hollywood around contract time there is only one thing to expect. If she is re-signed at all, it is at a smaller salary, which is logical, because she's worth less at the all-important box-office.

**B**UT when Marlene Dietrich slipped she slipped into a sea of offers from other studios and Paramount had to argue with her for weeks before she decided to stay. One of their major arguments, which undoubtedly helped keep her at Paramount, was a new term contract calling for \$250,000 for two pictures a year—and under the terms of the agreement, she can make a good deal more than that.

That's not bad for a star who is "one picture away from the ash heap." And it wasn't sentiment which made Paramount so generous, either.

The fact is that, good pictures or bad, Dietrich carries a prestige second only to that of Garbo. It's an international prestige. More visiting big guns from Europe, Asia or Timbuctoo seek to meet Marlene than any other actress. Not long ago when a radio-telephone service was inaugurated between Japan and America, the editor of a leading Tokyo newspaper wished to talk over it to a Hollywood actress, by way of adding a little touch to the occasion. The actress he requested and spoke to was Marlene Dietrich.

East, West, South or North means little to a favored few stars. Garbo, Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald are others who can turn the foreign balance in their favor to make up for an occasional lightweight popularity in this country.

But the more important reason why Marlene Dietrich had to worry about too many good offers when the big break came was that Hollywood still feels she is a discovery not yet actually discovered!

And she's been right in Hollywood for the past five years!

It seems unfair to blame Josef Von Sternberg wholly for this, or to indict him with the charge, often hurled, of using Marlene Dietrich as a professional guinea pig for his artistic screen experiments. No one was more sincere than Von Sternberg in his search for the right



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mirror to reflect her true brilliant beauty. He realized that Dietrich was potentially different from any other star and he was convinced that for her he must go off the beaten path—that he must find something new, completely different. In his efforts he leaned over backwards.

The result was the chain of pictures which were the real grounds for screen divorce: "The Scarlet Empress," "The Devil Is a Woman."

If you remember Dietrich in "The Blue Angel," "Morocco," or "Shanghai Express" you remember her at the stage of her greatest appeal.

What changed her? Perhaps the pictures themselves hold the answer, for Marlene Dietrich, although no longer the frightened, shy little foreign actress hiding in the folds of the *maestro's* cape, is just about the same today as she was in the days of her triumphs.

"THE Blue Angel" was dramatic. "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express" were essentially melodramatic. They moved—they had action, drama, plot, suspense. Dietrich punctuated their spirited, contrived drama perfectly with her beauty and screen spell.

But the action and the drama were as necessary to Dietrich's effect as Dietrich's charm was to the picture's effect. All her best pictures indicate that Dietrich must be kept moving. She is not enough alone. She is too phlegmatic, her beauty and her personality both are too quiet to lend life to a heavy background.

Von Sternberg, however, was impatient with the lessons of those early successes. They made his star popular, they brought in the money, but they didn't lead beyond themselves to the destiny which he was convinced the future held for his *Trilby*.

He refused to make any more of that formula—and Dietrich has never been the same since.

Their professional divorce will justify Von Sternberg's sudden honest decision, if only

because it will give them both a clean slate and a fresh start.

Marlene, at last, has become reconciled to it, although at first she flatly refused to believe her director was in earnest. Her bewilderment was pathetic and touching. She kept repeating, "I shall never work with another director."

But that is over now. She has said that she would like to make a picture under Ernst Lubitsch. Recently she named Frank Borzage as another choice. There are several directors in Hollywood who would like a chance at her—each one with something new and fresh to bring to this star who has never fulfilled her promise.

Von Sternberg knew her, understood her and believed in her. But he wasn't the right man. And he was man enough to admit it, and man enough to do the only thing that could recreate Marlene Dietrich. She would never have deserted him.

What does this New Deal, dealt her against her will, promise Marlene Dietrich?

Pages from Hollywood's past records of *Svengali-Trilby* set-ups would indicate a gloomy, even fatal future.

D. W. Griffith and Lillian Gish were the first and most famous star-director inseparables. Gish was tops as long as she was with the pioneer, but when they split she made two or three indifferent pictures and then left the screen for good. Both Lillian and Dorothy "retired" to the stage after the Griffith era.

Carol Dempster, Griffith's second *Trilby*, on whose professional education he spent two million dollars, quit pictures the minute he ceased producing.

Mary Philbin, freed from the directorial tyranny of Erich von Stroheim, lingered on at Universal after her mentor had left. But she was never the same. Von Stroheim had discovered her in a beauty contest, taken her under his wing as Von Sternberg took Dietrich, and built her into one of Universal's loveliest stars. She dwindled to eventual extinction when her *maestro* left her.

The only star in Hollywood's history who has survived the dissolution of a directorial dictatorship is Dolores Del Rio. But it cost her two years absence from films. Edwin Carewe discovered the screen's most beautiful exotic at a ball in Mexico City and persuaded her high caste family to let her undertake a screen career. After the colossal failure of his epic effort, "Evangeline," Dolores didn't face a camera for two years. Then "Bird of Paradise" launched her on a new and even greater screen career.

Incidentally, the man who directed Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise" was King Vidor. Vidor is now a Paramount director, and one of the several men mentioned to assume a rôle in Marlene Dietrich's rejuvenation.

HISTORY, however, does not necessarily repeat itself in Hollywood. New precedents are established every day. Certainly from the looks of things Marlene Dietrich has everything to give her unqualified backing in a fresh start. Lubitsch, himself, now the busy head man at Paramount studios, will drop everything and direct her personally if he finds the right story.

There is no reason for Marlene Dietrich to follow in the footsteps of the other *Trilbys* of which she is the greatest example. If she does not gain new life, new inspiration and revive the old enchanting Dietrich freshness, it will be her own fault. Von Sternberg has moved away from the Paramount lot. He plans to produce independently, and while everyone assumes that he and Dietrich will still see one another, he has stated flatly that he will have nothing even in the way of advice to offer her concerning her new career.

The road has never been more open to the destiny of Marlene Dietrich in which Hollywood has believed and continues to believe in.

Still no one can tell where that destiny lies, what it is, nor how to reach it—but from now on Marlene Dietrich and Hollywood will spend a lot of time trying to find out.

## Diamond Jim Comes Back

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

railroad equipment. He knew the business from the ground up. I met a man who got him a job with the New York Central. It was in the baggage department. He'd been a hotel clerk after working in his father's saloon where Diamond Jim was born in a room over the bar. He surely moved up fast, for when he hit Broadway he was fairly rolling in money. He offered Lillian Russell a million dollars cash, put right in her lap, to marry him. But she said, "Why spoil such a lovely friendship?"

"There was an early romance, I believe," resumed Mr. Arnold. "Brady was in love with a young woman in the South. Then, you know, he was devoted to that other beauty and Miss Russell's chum, Edna McCauley, for several years, when, to Broadway's amazement, he and Jessie Lewisohn switched their affections. Diamond Jim's interest in chorus girls was just part of his business build-up. He would give a big dinner to prospective buyers of railroad accessories in his gorgeous apartment on Central Park West, as I remember, and have twelve or fourteen pretty girls up on swings and serving food from their laps. A lot of people think that James Buchanan Brady was a super-salesman. But I don't think he ever really sold a bill of goods. What

he sold was himself. He capitalized his personality—which was much easier than selling goods. Diamond Jim was an exploiter of himself, and the imposing 'front' he put up was his ivory tower."

"How do you feel about playing him?"

"If I can do Diamond Jim as well as I did that millionaire 'drunk' in 'Sadie McKee' I'll be happy," replied Mr. Arnold. "That part is the best I've done. And Joan Crawford is one of the best troupers I've ever worked with. That girl just hands it all to you on a platter and you can't go wrong. I knew it was a good part they'd given me, but I didn't expect to get the response it brought. The reviews made me feel so uncomfortable that when I went back on the same lot to do another picture I sneaked through alleys to avoid meeting Miss Crawford. But one day as I was passing the dressing-rooms I heard someone call, 'Hello, darling!' Looking up, I saw Joan. I told her I hadn't expected the notices I got. She said, 'If you hadn't got them I'd never have spoken to you again.'"

"Are you usually so concerned about a star?"

"I WAS scared stiff," he confessed, "when George Arliss sent for me to play *Louis*

*XIII* in 'Richlieu.' To make matters worse, an actor who had been in one of his pictures warned me, 'Don't forget to go to the barber's every day and have the back of your neck shaved, because that's all they'll ever see of you.' I went to Arliss shaking. He looked at me and remarked: 'I must apologize. I don't remember ever having seen you on the screen.' I told him, 'I don't go to see all your pictures.' With a dry smile, he replied, 'I don't blame you.' We got along beautifully. Arliss is a charming man, and very generous. He taught me what not to do."

AT that moment a man stopped at our table to say, "I saw a preview of the Arliss picture last night, Eddie, and it's *your* picture."

"Oh, that's too good to be true!" blushed the good and modest actor.

Regaining his seat, if not his composure, Mr. Arnold assured me:

"I can get along with anybody. Nothing upsets me while I'm working, because I feel I'm doing the best I can. But one day, when I was playing the doctor in 'Rasputin,' I saw Lionel Barrymore get fearfully upset. He doubled up, groaning, 'I can't do it! I can't go, on!' He was in a scene with John, who simply



sauntered off, sat down calmly and began reading a newspaper. Charlie Brabin, who was directing the earlier part of the picture, believed Lionel to be terribly ill and advised him: 'Go to your dressing-room, old man, and lie down till you feel better.' Lionel tottered off, apparently in great distress. Over two hundred of us waited. We waited for an hour and a half. Then Brabin got him on the telephone and anxiously inquired, 'How are you now?' 'I'm all right, why?' said Lionel. 'I thought you were sick.' 'No.' 'Then what are you doing?' 'Playing the piano.' 'But why in the world did you leave the set?' asked the puzzled director, realizing that thousands of dollars had been wasted. 'Didn't you see?' demanded the irate Lionel. 'That brother of mine was stealing my scene!'"

"Funny things happen in pictures," I brilliantly observed.

"And out of them," added Mr. Arnold. "Not long ago I had a letter from the secretary of the Pinochle Club of the Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Lodge of Elks, asking me to settle a dispute. He wrote that at the last meeting of the club there was no game because the members threw down their cards over an argument as to whether I was drunk or sober when I played *Jack Brennan* in 'Sadie McKee.' I answered that I was on the water wagon at that time because of just getting over an attack of gout, and that I'd played it all in slippers."

We had a cocktail. Over it I asked, "Did you feel that letter to be one of the penalties of being a character actor?"

"ONE of the blessings," he substituted. "But there are penalties, at any rate in the theater. After eleven years in stock I got to New York and was given the lead in 'The Storm.' Then I played the brother, with Dick Bennett and Pauline Lord, in 'Beyond the Horizon.' That settled me. There were no more blue-shirt leads, and I was out of work for a long time. Coming to Hollywood three and a half years ago I was darn near typed in pictures after playing gangsters in 'Okay, America,' and 'Whistling in the Dark.' I got away from parts of that kind just in time. There's a wide variety in other character rôles. What's more, movie audiences help you. People always know what's going to happen to the lead—that no matter what he goes through he will in the end get the girl—but they never know what will happen to the character man—whether he'll turn out to be a drunk, kill himself, or be hanged."

These delightful possibilities seemed to fill Mr. Arnold with a deep contentment as he leaned back and sighed restfully.

"Then you've nothing to worry about?"

"Not any longer. But I did have until B. P. Schulberg, to whom I'm under contract, decided that hereafter I'll do only five pictures a year. There's great danger in being seen on the screen too often. People get tired of you."

As one who had felt there was no rest for the weary movie fan on this account, I agreed.

"Everything, then, is going to suit you?"

"It's going better than I'd ever hoped," was his grateful reply. "This is the first time in my life I've had any dough. Better still, I have a wife and three children. We live simply and comfortably on Beverly Crest and stay home every night except for going to an occasional play or symphony concert. Mrs. Arnold was Olive Emerson, a New York church singer, and happily I share her love of music."

Here, by all the signs comparatively rare in Hollywood, was a thankful actor.

"Yes," granted Edward Arnold. "And I thank God I'm a character actor!"

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# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

THE famous Honeymoon House which Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale built atop a Los Feliz hill will have to be remodeled.

When Adolphe and his bride carefully and meticulously planned the monument to their married life, they neglected to account for life's little surprises.

They forgot to allow room for a nursery.

Now the little surprise, we understand, is due to arrive in the fall. And Adolphe and Verree are so happy they're willing to tear down the house and build a whole new one!

THOSE who pine for the dear dead days of the Gay Nineties, have another pine or two coming.

The authority for this is Hugh O'Connell, who with Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes, has just finished recreating the exploits of fabulous "Diamond Jim" Brady for the screen.

O'Connell, called upon to bounce a few gay Gay Nineties on his knee, showed up the next day on the set hobbling about on crutches. He explained that bouncing a modern lady is no trick at all—but the gals of that era were too hefty to joggle without serious results!

CHARLES LAUGHTON is most painstaking in studying up for a part. When he learned that he was to play *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny on the Bounty" he read over one hundred books, and many manuscripts and other documents of the British Admiralty archives, learning all that he could of Bligh, the individual, as well as the sailor. Then, to cap the research, Laughton entered the establishment of a very old firm of London tailors, in Bond Street.

"I am Charles Laughton," he said to the elderly "clerk." "Once you made a uniform for Captain Bligh. I should like to have it duplicated."

"Captain Bligh? When was that, sir?"

"About 1789," said Laughton.

"Very good, sir. Just a moment . . ." said the tailor calmly, as though such requests came in, a dozen a day. He retired to a back room and emerged presently with an old book wherein was entered every detail—cloth, buttons, measurements, braid and cost of the original suit.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S birthday party—which was on the very same day as that of William Shakespeare, by the way—was intended to be a get together for all the lucky youngsters of the writers in Hollywood. Forty or fifty tots were to assemble in the Sun Room at Fox Studios to have a feast, see a Punch and Judy show and receive gifts from Shirley—but, tragedy of tragedies, Shirley took down with a bad cold and the party was off.

IF Charles Laughton remains in Hollywood anything is quite likely to happen.

Charlie dropped all his hair for "Ruggles of Red Gap," and now he has abandoned no less than fifty-five pounds of flesh for "Mutiny on the Bounty."

A women dietician turned the trick.

DID you know Jimmy Gleason joined the army when he was sixteen? And for twelve years he was an expert marksman with a pistol—shooting from either hip, we assume. He

was with the field artillery and the cavalry. We can't understand why Westerns didn't get him when he went into pictures.

TO his great surprise, George Burns found himself elected to the office of Kentucky Colonel—for "extreme and unusual courage, above and beyond the bounds of ordinary duty."

"Oh well," was Gracie's reaction, "you may be the kernel—but I'm the nut!"

THE chauffeur of a prominent movie star was complaining of a distressing misery. He had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I don't know what it can be," said he, "unless it's the high attitude out in Beverly Hills."



**A cute costume and a pretty girl! When Cecilia Parker does her gardening she puts on denim slacks and kid gloves with cretonne cuffs**

THE call went out at Universal to find a Lillian Russell for the production, "Diamond Jim."

Finally, after weeks of hunting for the right actress, the casting department announced it had no definite results.

Whereupon it was discovered that there actually was a Lillian Russell working right on the studio lot!

She was a stenographer for an executive, and while she, unfortunately, doesn't look enough like the storied actress of the past for the part, she did do a bit of acting once in her career, before turning to the safer medium of the keyboard.

RIGHT now the whole town is pronouncing and mispronouncing the title of Garbo's picture—"Anna Karenina."

You'll be faced with the same problem soon, so Cal herewith presents the version of a Russian technical advisor. He says it's "Ah-nah Kah-ray-neen-ah"—with the accent on the "ray."

THERE has been an undercurrent of real concern among the many worshiping friends of W. C. Fields.

The laugh-master's prolonged siege of illness has left him in a condition of precarious health. "Bill" almost had pneumonia recently, and he can't seem to completely shake off the after-effects and get back to full health again.

He has been absorbing all the sun and storing up all the rest he can at his San Fernando Valley orange ranch home—and everyone in town has been asking everyone else, "When is Bill Fields going to be back in form? Tell him I said to hurry up and get real well."

No one has more friends in Hollywood than W. C. Fields—and no one deserves more. His place can't very well be filled, so let me add my voice to those of the multitude,

"Hurry up and get well, Bill—we need you!"

IF you think that Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson and all the big stars have anything on "Slickup," the studio bootblack at M-G-M, you're mistaken.

"Slickup," who does all right shining shoes for the stars, has joined the luxuriously élite.

Nowadays he arrives at the studio each morning driven by a chauffeur in uniform. The car isn't exactly the latest model, but it's big and the chauffeur gets out and opens the doors and everything. Sumpin'!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is to have a twelve-weeks' vacation and she will make her first ocean voyage. With her parents, Shirley will sail for Hawaii—not only her initial voyage, but the first time she has ever been out of the state of California.

WELL, there's bound to be a deep dark past in the life of every man, and now we discover the facts about Roger Pryor's early career. Roger used to tell bed-time stories over the radio! His life is full of friendly persecutors since the discovery—and some of the more determined entered his Hollywood house and covered two rooms with Mother Goose wall-paper!

SINCE Carol Ann Beery made her picture début with her daddy, practically all her thoughts and words are about acting. It's the number one interest in her life now. She talks about her "career" and is very, very serious about it all—as no doubt she should be.

Even when she drinks her milk or eats her spinach, Carol Ann says proudly—"See—I ate it all up—now I can be a great actress."

THE actor-society romantic combine of Jack La Rue and Connie Simpson has started up again. They're going places. But just to balance the ledger, Felix Chappet, who was engaged to Genevieve Tobin not so long ago, has betrothed himself to a Los Angeles society girl.

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## Burning the Bright Lights With Mitzi

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

C. Ann did the scene. The wee Miss Beery threw her arms around the other infant and comforted her as best she could. She was so genuinely sorry that she, too, burst into tears, and Daddy Wally had to comfort both babes while production was held up!

By the way, my chickadee, me and Mr. Gable has a secret, and we won't tell you, or you, or you! We both know of a luxurious ranch in the desert. He goes there for hunting. I go there to rest, to sigh over the sunsets and pluck wildflowers. I remember telling you about it once before. David Manners has a house next door. Only twenty guests can be accommodated. And those, pardon the elevation of my nose, have to be recommended. But, just so the place won't be over-run, we've pledged each other to deepest secrecy. It's ever so much more beautiful than the popular desert resorts, the food is superb and the price is very reasonable.

"But price," I said to Mr. Gable, "wouldn't bother you."

"WOULDN'T it!" exclaimed Clark. "Why should I pay twenty-five dollars a day to see the people I see every day of the week, when I can get more fun, just as good food, a whole lot more seclusion and swell hunting for a quarter of that?"

I know it's mean of me to hold out on the name, so I'll be a biggie and give you a clue. Some years ago, after a heavy rain, stains appeared on the dining-room ceiling. The famous illustrator, Tony Sarg, while there on a holiday, utilized the shapes of the stains and made them into ships, giraffes and giants. Now, Joanie, it's simple, isn't it? Find that ceiling and you've found our ranch!

Ooh, ooh, how my top-knot is spinning from the giddy social whirl this last moon! I've tea-ed with the Eddie Robinsons; breakfasted with the visiting Broadway columnist, Louis Sobol; partied at the Stephen Ames (Raquel Torres); and went to Paul Cavanagh's tea! For sixteen cents I'd change places with Rip Van Winkle, I'm that in need of shut-eye!

And now, I shall be methodical, start with number one, which is Eddie Robinson, and tell you what lovely people they are. Joan, they stuff you with divine *crepes Suzette* for tea (the millionaires!), and they've got about the loveliest home I've ever seen. It's filled with incalculable art treasures. They're always collecting, those folk, and between exquisite china, fine old glass, pipes and paintings, you can't catch your breath long enough to say "Gosh!"

I arrived just as Mr. Robinson was hanging "Daughters of Revolution," a painting that has aroused a deal of controversy recently. He bought it two years ago, but it had been exhibited extensively in New York and Chicago and had just that minute arrived in his home. The actor was as pleased as Judy's husband over this new and famous addition to his art collection. Personally, I felt pretty spiffy being present at its debut. With that, and the tremendous colored window depicting Mrs. Robinson's family crest that Eddie had installed as a gift, I was so impressed I could hardly gobble my tenth *crepes Suzette*!"

Then in toddled the Robinson treasure of treasures—small Mannie. He greeted me

# Is there Romance in Your Arms?



*June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .*

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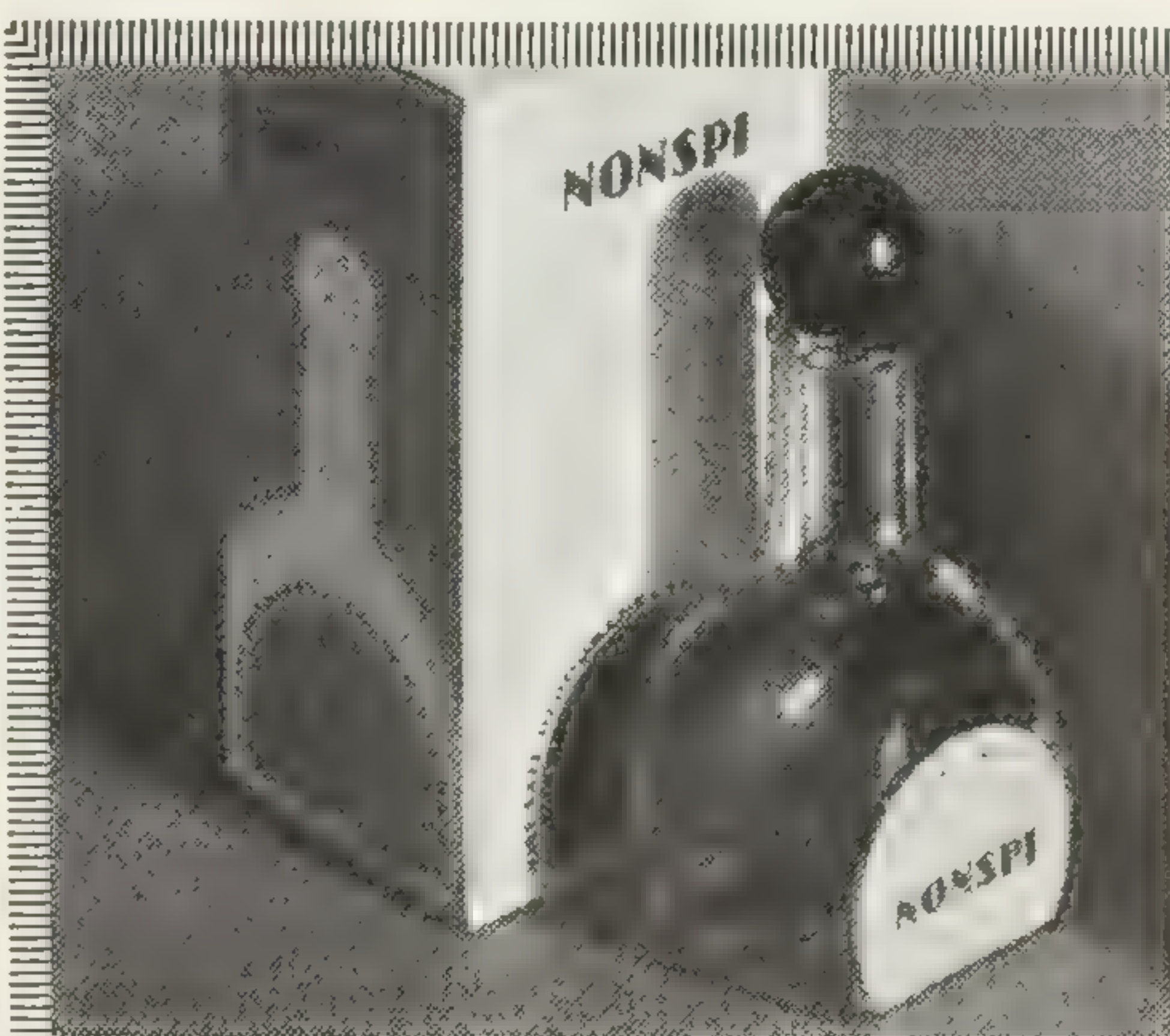
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gravely, then toddled off with his Nana to the nursery for dinner. *Little Caesar* looked after him with idolizing eyes as Mannie called out, "See you in the morning, Daddy, for shaving."

"He has a toy razor," Daddy explained, "and I lather his little face. He stands beside me and imitates every stroke I make."

I had lunch at M-G-M. The beauteous Countess de Maigret (her name may be changed), a composite of Dietrich and Garbo, who has just been signed by the studio, came over to chat. She was a sophisticated and glittering vision in a skin-tight, silver sequin gown. At the high waistline a stiff, sequin ruffle stood out all around, almost like a shelf. Of course, it was an Adrian model, and we envied the Countess both for her sumptuous shape and the alluring gown.

IT'S so relieving to be saying nice things behind people's backs when they sneak up and listen to you. The famous designer himself suddenly popped his head around the corner, from where he'd heard every word, and grinned delightedly.

"The Countess looks like Garbo, doesn't she?" was one comment.

"No, like Dietrich," thought someone else.

"You're both wrong," said Adrian, "she's the picture of Mickey Mouse!" And the Countess purred with delight!

I had met the lovely lady shortly before at a party. We all sat around and listened delightedly to her accent. The poor thing had been having hairdresser troubles in this new Hollywood, and Norma Shearer was helping her out, recommending the right shops. Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy sat by and listened, and her husband too. (For about five minutes!) Also, Cary Grant (for about as long) and the attractive tennis champ, Paul de Ricou, whom Mervyn had met on the boat to Europe and signed up.

Remember the party the comic, Harry Green, tossed? I told you he sent out five hundred invitations and everyone was sur-

prised to find he was the guest of honor? It was simply dandy when the guests all started comparing notes! Harry threw the thing at the Colony Club and people kept coming and going all day. I couldn't stay long, but I did get in hullo to Paul Kelly, Jean Hersholt, the pretty Reine Davies (Marion's columnist sister) and Virginia Pine. Virginia was wearing a handsome tailored suit and a cheery-looking chapeau which, she told me, she had had copied from her favorite riding hat.

Virginia's baby daughter is crazy about George Raft, the boy-friend. The other day he took the wee one to the studio, for the first time, and showed her the sights. When she came home she was terribly glum. It took an hour's coaxing before she would reveal the reason. "I wish," she wept, "that I looked like Shirley Temple!"

Whee-ee-ee! I was in and out of Paul Cavanagh's party quicker than that! Not because it wasn't full of fun and frolics, but because I didn't have any more time. Paul's an old friend, and he's grander than thirteen marshmallow sundaes. There were British Lords and Ladies and consuls all over the place. (Paul now lives in the house Nelson Eddy formerly occupied and which belongs to Lois Moran.) Among the "cheerios" was the thoroughly American Tom Brown with his happy grin. Ida Lupino, the spectacular cutie, was present. Also Gertrude Michael and Elissa Landi.

AM going daffy practicing the high kicks and whirls every morning now because Miss Landi told me her mother thought I was a ballet dancer from the Russian Monte Carlo troupe! At these words I turned my most toothsome grin on the lady. She smiled back so sweetly that her daughter exclaimed, "Look, you can live with your mother twenty-five years and suddenly realize what a beautiful smile she has!"

No, this is not a "boost Van Dyke" club, or anything like that, but I'm going to talk about

that man again! We sat together and munched squab at Mrs. Stephen Ames' (Raquel Torres) party the other Sunday night. We had a ducky time. (Shame, Mitzi!) The conversation was about "White Shadows of the South Seas." That was Raquel's first acting rôle, and Van Dyke's initial directorial job of importance. The luscious, black-eyed maiden said, "Van's a wonderful director. I was green and scared, but he made me feel at home. And he turned out a perfectly beautiful picture."

"That," said our hero, looking at the vibrant Raquel, "was because I had excellent material to work with."

WHAT? You want to hear more about the party? So long, Van! The other well-known guests present were Peggy Fears, Jack LaRue, Constance Collier, Renee Torres, Mona Rico and Fred Perry, the racquet champ. It started out to be a tennis party. But have you heard of the California sunshine? The liquid sunshine? We had it. In buckets-ful. So instead of watching tennis, we sat around and watched Mr. Perry dodging telephone calls and reporters who wanted to know just what his part had been in the Joe Benjamin fracas at the Trocadero the night before. Perry kept saying nothing, but next morning the papers said that Benjamin said that he said (pause for breath!) American champs were dreadful, or something equally silly. So, they exchanged socks. It made the party lots of fun.

Hey, I gotta date and I gotta scoot! But 'arf a mo', matey! Here's one about the sad-faced Sterling Holloway that might amuse you. Sterling went with a pal to the dentist, to lend moral support. And, every time the dentist drilled the friend it was Holloway who groaned and Holloway winced. The climax came, however, when the extraction took place. The dentist heaved, the friend (a stoic) sat tight—and Holloway fainted!

Bung ho, lassie

MITZI

## From the Brown Derby's Chinese Kitchen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

minutes, then add all vegetable ingredients, stirring until all is thoroughly mixed. Add chicken soup, cover and let boil for ten minutes. Season with soy sauce, sesame oil and rice gin and thicken with the starch diluted in two tablespoons of water, stirring thoroughly and watching carefully until the starch is thoroughly cooked, forming a thick brown gravy.

*Chicken Chow Mein, Canton Style:* Serves four.

- ¼ lb. fresh peeled water chestnuts
- ¼ lb. imported Chinese bamboo shoots
- ½ lb. Chinese cabbage (stems preferred)
- ¼ lb. Chinese black mushrooms or ½ can imported French white mushrooms
- 1 medium size heart of celery
- ½ of one whole sweet green pepper
- ¼ lb. Chinese peas
- ½ lb. bean sprouts
- Few slices of Spanish onion
- 1½ lbs. chicken meat (boneless white meat preferred)
- 2 lbs. fresh egg noodles

Cut up the vegetable ingredients (except peas and bean sprouts) into very fine slices, each not exceeding one and a half inches in length. Cook in the same manner and with the additional ingredients as the chicken chop suey.

In a separate pot, cook the noodles by boiling for two minutes. Remove and put in a hot frying pan containing four tablespoons of cooking oil (imported Chinese peanut oil preferred). Spread noodles evenly and let fry brown, turning to brown each side. Watch carefully and add more oil if required. Remove noodles and cut into small pieces about one inch square. Arrange on individual plates and cover with the cooked concoction.

*Cantonese Rice, Brown Derby:* Serves six.

- ½ cup brown rice
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup strained tomato
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 cups soup stock
- 1 cup cold diced chicken or veal

Cook rice in butter for two minutes in a frying pan. Add tomato and onion and cook two minutes longer. Add stock, meat and salt and pepper to taste. Cover closely and let simmer until rice is tender and liquid has been absorbed, about one hour, ten minutes.

*Ham Noodles, Pekin:* Serves eight.

- 1 package (six ounces) wide egg noodles
- 2 cups chopped ham
- 3 eggs
- 1½ cups milk

Butter

Boil noodles until tender, drain and add ham, eggs well beaten and milk. Mix thoroughly. Turn into a buttered baking dish, dot top with small pieces of butter and bake in moderate oven for one hour at a temperature of 350 degrees. Serve with tomato sauce.

*Rice Pudding, Shanghai Style:* Serves four.

- 4 tablespoons rice
- 1 quart milk
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
- 1 cup chopped almonds

Wash rice and to it add other ingredients with exception of almonds. Pour into a baking dish and bake slowly until thick and creamy, stirring occasionally during the first hour. Cool and stir in the chopped almonds. Serve with molasses sauce.

*Molasses Sauce, Shanghai Style:*

- 1½ cups light molasses
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- ¼ cup cream

Mix the molasses, butter, ginger and cream and cook slowly to the consistency of thick cream. Serve hot over Rice Pudding.



## Mid-Summer Fashion Forecast

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

### Daytime Clothes

In this picture, Joan Crawford wears a suit in rather sheer tweed, navy-blue in small herring-bone design, with enormous lapels that push upward toward the throat not smoothed out. A style definitely for the slender woman, and one to be worn off and on throughout the Summer and well into Autumn.

### Sports Clothes

One of Adrian's outstanding contributions to the sports picture is a white wool bathing suit, with criss-cross of bright blue wool down the front and with a voluminous, detachable cape of white with graduating blue stripes. A tip for manufacturers, this smart beach ensemble idea.

### Evening Clothes

Joan's evening clothes from "No More Ladies" offer a wealth of ideas.

Adrian has designed a very short evening wrap, two inches above the waist, lavishly trimmed with silver fox. The idea could be adapted in all fabric or fabric with less expensive fur. For Summer dinner and evening dresses.

Then, there is a sunburst pleated evening gown of silver tissue, which used exactly thirty yards of material—at \$18 a yard! The dress could be adapted with much less yardage, be more practical and just as lovely. Adrian thinks sunburst and accordion pleating is the most graceful type of evening fulness. The hipline, of course, is close-fitting with fulness flaring below.

One of Joan's Adrian-designed gowns to claim applause is the white crêpe late afternoon or dinner creation shown. The box neckline is a very new note, achieved by a straight length of material, generously shirred, which shapes itself into a square. Shirring also on the short sleeve cuffs and for the back half-belt, caught with two mirrors at back instead of buttons.

Bisque-colored stiff satin makes another evening gown, with a huge jeweled belt buckle, rather like a stomacher, of emeralds and rhinestones. The back is very low, but from the neckline there falls a cowl drapery of satin lined with jewel embroidery, which holds it softly out from the back.

Adrian says that we will wear wide circular skirts and there will be a feeling of drapery in all afternoon and evening clothes.

When "Anna Karenina" is released, Adrian thinks Greta Garbo's decidedly feminine clothes will have a decided effect on fashions. The clothes are fussy, but so flattering and feminine. They belong to an era when to be over-dressed, as we now consider it, was to be well dressed. Ladies wore fur, feathers, flowers, ribbons and laces, all at the same time. Good taste now decrees few of these fripperies—at one time. Adrian thinks that Garbo may bring about the return of these adornments—many or all at the same time, and change modern opinion to a return of the old that they are in good taste. He anticipates a return to furbelows as never seen before in the memory of the present generation. Even swooning and smelling salts may become fashionable again to go with these styles



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Bernard Newman went to Hollywood from Bergdorf-Goodman, New York, and made the world sit up and take notice by the smart clothes he created for "Roberta." He is also responsible for Katharine Hepburn's clothes in "Break of Hearts." His fashion views are practical, to the point.

#### *Sports Clothes*

Mr. Newman likes sleeveless boleros for sports dresses. They offer enough coat to keep the wearer from feeling undressed or incomplete in a shirtwaist or other tailored frock, and are comfortable.

Dresses for active sports and beach wear will have detachable skirts and shorts beneath.

Navy-blue with white and white with navy-blue are still the two best color combinations, he thinks. Pale yellow also is very good.

Apparently, the less said of hats, the better. Mr. Newman thinks they get funnier and funnier, and he prefers not to mention them. By late Summer he thinks we will have to borrow a monkey and a hand-organ to make the costume jibe with the hats.

#### *Evening Clothes*

On evening clothes, however he is more voluble, and says the tailored evening gown with bright stripes is an excellent late Summer number. All thin fabrics, tailored and with a bright handkerchief touch will be good.

There will be, of course, the usual organdies and organzas—with this decided difference: long, full sleeves and decidedly shorter skirts. Off the floor all around for these!

Mr. Newman does not subscribe to the new, full bell skirt or the harem effect. He says one woman in a thousand can wear them well, and does not think them important because they are ugly.

He still likes a sleek-fitting skirt and always will. Three cheers for Mr. Newman! He doesn't like drapery because nine times out of ten he thinks it looks messy.

He likes smooth, *clean* lines.

Mr. Newman's great fashion battle cry is: Things to wear must be wearable, not freakish!

## Flying the Honeymoon Express

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28 ]

there are two pairs of head-phones so they can listen to him talking back and forth to the ground, or enhance the mood with broadcasted sweet music. A speaking tube connects with his pilot's compartment, discreetly walled off to bar all normal noises.

On one trip, however, when he was piloting a Los Angeles playboy and his actress intended to the Arizona nuptial oasis, he heard what he thought was a shot, followed by a bullet-like thud.

"Good heavens!" he thought, "He's murdered her already—or vice versa." He looked around to face two wide grins. A few minutes later another shot sounded and the thud seemed uncomfortably close to his ear. This time a pair of even wider grins. It happened two or three more times, but after all he had to fly, so he didn't look back again until just before he landed. To his horror, a pair of limp bodies lay stretched back against the seats!

MANTZ landed, jumped out and wrenched open the door. Then he saw his "shots." Empty champagne bottles still rolled about on the floor. They had been popping the corks at him, but using the bubbles themselves!

He had to pour the prospective groom out of the plane and prop him up at the wedding. And after he had winged them back to Hollywood, the happy husband rewarded him with a rubber check.

It's such things as that which make for never-a-dull-moment in the life of Hollywood's Flying Cupid. Mantz usually officiates as best man, witness, and partner in crime to thwart newspapermen before he gets through with a movie nuptial flight. He not only has to fly the plane, but he must dig the veteran Yuma marrying Judge Freeman out of bed, arrange for "John," the airport manager, to trundle the blissfully incapable charges into town in his sand-blasted flivver, and do all kinds of odd jobs, not to mention occasionally risking his very excellent health.

After Director William Wellman and Dorothy Coonan had said "I do" to the parson in Las Vegas, Wellman, who is an old friend of the aviator, had an idea.

"Let's don't go back to Hollywood," he said. "Let's go to San Francisco!"

"Wait a minute," argued Mantz. "It's not the best flying weather, you know, and to get to Frisco from here we have to cross the High Sierras, Yosemite and Death Valley.

Any one of them is poison in case of trouble.' "That's all right," said the director. "Will you go?"

"Why—sure," said Mantz.

"Well—I'll go anywhere you'll go," declared the director. Mantz thought such confidence must be deserved, so off they hopped, and, of course, made it.

Another time—Mantz laughs as he tells this—he was flying producer, B. P. Schulberg, back East, not to be married, but on a strictly business trip. They were nearing a speed record when they hit the country around Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and despite ominous radio reports of "zero-zero" ahead they kept on. In the thick and dangerous weather, Mantz got off his radio beam. He was flying completely blind and in a desperate situation which grew worse every minute. He knew he had to land, and that any landing in these sightless conditions would probably result in a fatal crack-up.

Taking his courage in his teeth he side-slipped down through a low, black cloudbank and by expert and daring maneuvering skimmed a lane of trees and sat down on a narrow road.

He climbed out with a prayer of thanks. Schulberg climbed out. Mantz, realizing his good fortune, expected ardent congratulations.

The producer yanked at his watch and frowned.

"Well, there goes our schedule all shot to the devil," he said.

BUT if he was mortified then, think of the time when he made a hurried midnight flight to Yuma so an oft-wed director friend of his could try it again, only to have the rueful groom call him in a few weeks and bawl him out for letting him get married!

Paul Mantz has stunted daringly for pictures in his time. He has flown airplanes through low hangars with scant feet to spare from his wing tips. He still holds the record for outside loops with a stock plane—forty-six. Every week witnesses drama and high adventure in his business.

Recently he raced with death from San Francisco to Rochester, Minnesota, and had a patient on the table for a delicate brain operation at the Mayo Clinic in thirteen hours. The other day he carried a miner crushed by falling shaft timbers over the mountains to medical aid. He has flown through smoke and flame to drop food and water to trapped forest firefighters.

But of all his adventures—and this includes the mad hops of the Honeymoon Express—the most intriguing, exciting and maybe the maddest took place the day a Los Angeles newspaper man called him excitedly.

"Get her ready," he cried, "for a real honeymoon trip—at least I think that's what it is."

"Okay," said Mantz.

They hopped in the usual direction—toward the Arizona line. The pilot was too busy to ask questions.

AT Needles the reporter beckoned him down. He jumped out and quickly back in.

"They're on the highway," he yelled. "Let's follow it."

They glued themselves to the ribbon of concrete which stripped the desert.

Below a car ran ahead. "There they are!" shouted his passenger. "Land ahead of 'em!" Mantz did. A big limousine swept unchecked past the reporter's excited signals.

They hopped to the tiny town of Bagdad, a name as fantastic as the mad chase itself.

"Just left," shouted the reporter as he climbed back in the plane. "Get down low."

Mantz hugged the highway, ten feet from the ground, roared over a car from which two heads popped out, looking "kind of scared."

They sat down in front of the speeding auto again, and again. The car swept on. Barstow loomed ahead. Their quarry was securely and officially halted at the fruit inspection station. The newspaper man dashed to it with a glint in his eye while Mantz waited.

When he returned, Mantz asked him, "Well are they married?"

"They say they aren't," crowed the newsman, "but yes or no, have I a story!"

"By the way," Mantz wanted to know, "who have we been chasing?"

"Garbo!" the reporter exulted, "Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian!"

"Oh," said Mantz, "I've heard of her. She's pretty well known, isn't she?"

No, Paul Mantz doesn't go to the movies, he just does his job as the Flying Cupid of Hollywood and doesn't try to keep up with what's what on the screen.

And in all the thirty-three flights he has made across the state for marriage purposes, there was only one time when he had a chance to kiss the bride.

That was when the habit finally caught up with him, and he flew himself and his own bride to tell it to the marrying judge at Yuma.



## The Rise of Randolph Scott

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

never materialized. DeMille was casting for his first talking picture and he decided that he couldn't take a chance casting an unknown, totally inexperienced lad.

But the movie bug had bitten him. He decided to hang around and become an actor. But as so often happens in Hollywood, the bite didn't quite take. It looked as though it might, however, when Jimmy Ryan, the Fox casting director, saw in Randy a future Western star on the type of Gary Cooper. He had Randy study lines from "The Bad Man" and tested him in a cowboy suit.

It was a good enough test, but still nothing happened. Randy decided, therefore, that the way to become an actor was to do a little acting, so he toted his six-feet-two to the Pasadena Playhouse where for the next eight months he acted to his heart's content. Suddenly, out of the blue, came a call from Mr. Ryan telling the hard-working Thespian that Sol Wurtzel, a power at Fox, had finally seen the test, was much interested and wanted another one made immediately. This time in a specially tailor-made cowboy outfit!

SO Randy hurried into Hollywood, got himself measured and shortly afterward slid delightedly into a finely fitting cream-colored, buckskin suit. Now all would be dandy. The test would be taken just as soon as Mr. Wurtzel gave the word, the happy prophet Ryan assured him. So, Randy hung the suit in the wardrobe with a contented sigh. And there, providing sustenance for generations of moths, it still hangs!

Even a six-foot two-inch worm will turn, so Randy turned to Honolulu where he expected to acquire a good coat of tan and forgetfulness. But what about this Cinderella stuff? Wait a minute! The good fairy was not in Honolulu that season. No, she was still in cinemaland. As Scott was walking up Vine Street on his way to book his passage a feminine voice hailed him. The young lady, George Fawcett's daughter and an old friend, wanted to know if Randy was interested in doing a play, "Under the Virginia Moon," in which her mother was starring. As easily as that, Randy became the juvenile lead.

Next he played in "The Broken Wing," with Dorothy Burgess and Leo Carrillo. In the midst of this came a tremendous surprise—a studio wanted to give him a test! This time it was Paramount, and the test resulted in a six months' contract! With jubilation in his heart, the husky lad went up to San Francisco with the company for a six weeks' run, then returned to Hollywood and a career.

But once again Randy just hung around doing nothing. By this time Gary Cooper was out of Westerns and a cowboy star was sadly needed to take his place. Someone thought of Randy, surprisingly enough. And so another test was taken! This time by John Cromwell who had directed Cooper in "The Texan." And Randy was It!

It took just a very little while and then the youth of America gathered Randy to their eager little hearts. He represented to them all the romance of the open range.

But when "Roberta" came along, the studio needed a football hero for one of the leads.



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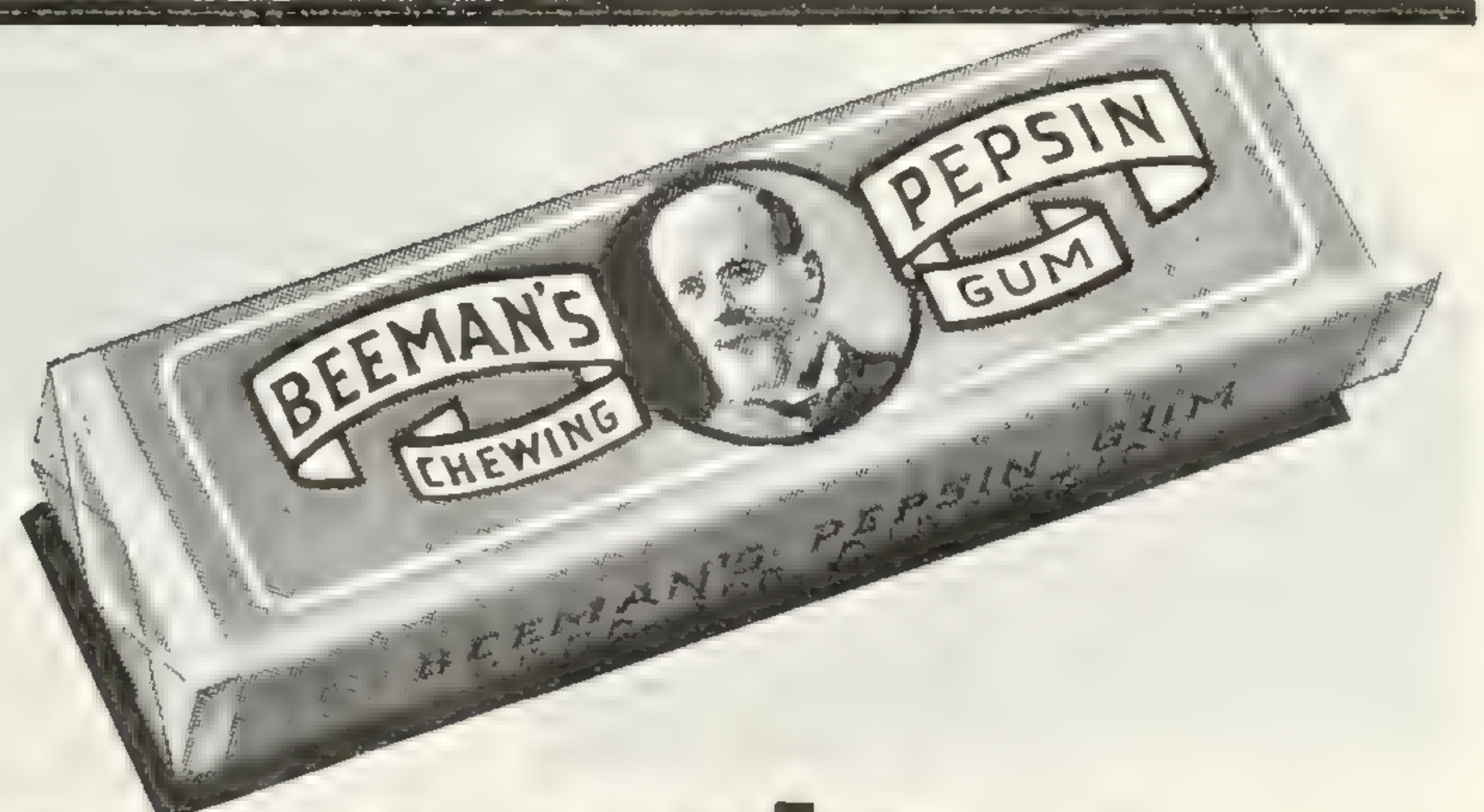
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They hunted about for the right type, tested dozens of stalwarts, but none of them seemed to do. Then some bright soul remembered Georgia Tech Randy who had all the physical requirements. You guess what happened Right! They took a test! Dozens of tests!

Randy went into "Roberta." The rest is history. The ladies of the land now have a new hero to dream over. But pity the poor kids, they've lost an elegant cowboy forever.

So much for the facts of the case. But what's he like as an individual? Cary Grant, his best friend, says he's the grandest guy in the world because he's easy to get along with, thoughtful, tolerant and extremely conscientious about his work.

But Mr. Scott has his idiosyncrasies. For instance he goes on vegetable sprees about three times a week.

But when Randy isn't vegetating, the Southern cook that his mother sent him makes

him cornpone and hot biscuits and fried chicken. Then Randy reverts to his geographic origin, and honey, he sure does go fo' dem digestibles. On the cook's day out he makes biscuits himself. One rule stands—good or bad, he has to eat them.

On the slightest provocation he'll strum a guitar. And he's the sort of fellow who lets things accumulate—books, magazines, old hats. Especially old hats. He never discards them. He is "crazy over horses." Another steadfast rule: no matter how late or how hard he has been working he keeps in condition by a daily work-out at the gym.

Now he is going from one picture to another with hardly a day between. He has just finished "Village Tale," with Kay Johnson, and he is now working in "She" opposite Helen Gahagan. So, the entire scheme of his life radically changed, Randy has changed too. He deeply regrets his very limited stage experi-

ence, so he studies at home constantly. After the day's shooting is over and he's made a trip to the gym, he has a late dinner, then next day's lines are carefully studied. No parties, no girls, no play. It may sound dull to you, but to Randy it's the most exciting work in the world. He's so tired out by eleven o'clock that he sinks into the specially built over-long bed that Howard Hughes (a tall boy, too) presented him, and which, being made of plain unadorned iron never matches the other furniture in his room. If he doesn't fall asleep too soon he probably reflects with that wonderfully engaging grin of his that he's traveled a funny road—a Virginia gentleman that Hollywood dangled disinterestedly for years and then created into a first-class cowboy. And now she has waved the wand again and Mr. Randolph Scott has turned an abrupt about-face and gone into the drawing-room—where he belongs.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

### MARY JANE'S PA—First National

ONE evening a train whistle proves too enticing for the wandering feet of Guy Kibbee, and he ups and leaves his family to get along the best they can.

Then after eleven years a little child (his own) leads him back to rescue his wife, Aline MacMahon, from a disagreeable situation. The picture goes pretty coy for a while when Kibbee dons a cook's outfit and gets a job in his wife's kitchen. It's below par.

### PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio

AN outdated, melodramatic story with poor direction. Preston Foster is the gangster who gets sent up for income tax evasion. While in prison his brother (Buster Collier) tells him that his attorney (Melvyn Douglas) is going for Foster's ex-wife. There is, of course, a jailbreak, pistol-shooting and a happy ending. Melvyn Douglas hands in an intelligent performance.

### SWELL-HEAD—Columbia

IF you're a baseball fan, you might have a full evening's fun and a cry or two out of this simple, and obviously timely take off of the great "I-Am" guys of the big leagues. But aside from the diamond stuff, it's not much and you may want to scream when Wallace Ford, the loudmouthed hero, is made to go blind for the tear-jerks. Wally, however, does a great job, despite the hackneyed plot twists. Barbara Kent is the romance and you'll probably be glad to see three old timers again—Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn.

### GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National

GOOD tunes, bright comedy and a talented cast make this enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. The massive ensemble numbers are so colossal they're a bit boring. But if you go in for that kind of thing, here's your meat. The romance is between Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart. Comedy situations are expertly handled by Alice Brady, Joe Cawthorn, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Adolphe Menjou.

### BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists

A MUSICAL comedy version of the familiar story of young *Brewster* who must spend a fortune within six months in order to inherit a greater fortune. Jack Buchanan makes a gay and convincing *Brewster*, Lili Damita and Nancy O'Neil are good as the feminine elements. Lively tunes, and some nimble dancing by Buchanan. But the story loses something by being set to music and given a British background.



They seem to please each other, all right! It's little Jean Parker, strolling along with Pinky Tomlin. Both of them are going places, too

### PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham

A REAL horror thriller based on Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' novel, "The Lodger." The film captures the thrills and suspense of the famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes on which Mrs. Lowndes' story was based. Ivor Novello gives a convincing performance as the quiet young lodger who is really the fiend, and Elizabeth Allan is good as *Daisy*, his unsuspecting sweetheart. Not for the children.

### MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films

WITH Merle Oberon and Robert Donat in the cast, directed by Leontine Sagan of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, and adapted from Anthony Gibbs' novel "The Young Apollo," one has reason to expect this to be superb entertainment. But it is sadly lacking. With flashes of real promise, it keeps you waiting and hoping for something that never develops. It is our guess that the film suffers chiefly from over-cutting, which has made it jerky and incoherent.

### I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia

IT'S a certainty you won't love "I'll Love You Always." Nancy Carroll doesn't look at all well and she goes dramatic all over the place. George Murphy, as her husband, does as good a job as possible with the material. Murphy is sent to jail for stealing. He's not a thief, but just desperate. To keep it from his wife, he has letters mailed to her from Russia. When he wants to bow out and save her name the stork flaps its wings and all is love and sunshine again. The story is dull, the direction poor and the dialogue and photography uninspired.

### WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal

ANOTHER good old Universal shocker with Henry Hull doing an effective "Jekyll and Hyde" as a werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. It's chock full of screams and howls and murders, which provide most of the blood-curdling excitement. If you like to be subjected to chills and the creeps, you'll enjoy it, but you'd better leave the



children at home. Henry Hull carries most of the story which is none too clever, and Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson and Spring Byington do as well as could be expected with unimportant rôles.

#### KENTUCKY BLUE STREAK—Talisman

SOME interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight of this independent picture. Eddie Nugent is the reporter who saves jockey Junior Coghlan from the machinations of the heavy, played by Cornelius Keefe. Patricia Scott, new ingénue, has much to learn.

## The Best Picture of 1934

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

And the July, 1934, issue will give you a similar list of all pictures released for the first half of the year.

One other point: while the picture must have been released in 1934, you need not have seen it during that year. If you saw the film during 1935, that is quite all right.

There are no rules, no restrictions. All you need to do is vote for the picture you like best. The film receiving the most votes will win the Gold Medal.

For your convenience a ballot is printed on page 66. But you can send your vote in on a post card or scrap of paper if you wish.

The Medal to be awarded is made of solid gold. It weighs 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, and designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

On page 66 are the names of films given the award in previous years.

What movie do you want added to this Honor Roll for 1934?



Edna May Oliver dons old lace and a white wig for her *Fanny Townsend* rôle in "No More Ladies"

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# And Now There Is Al Jolson, Jr.

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25 ]

Hospital, suffering from another attack of what was destined to be a fatal disease. For three weeks, Ruby never left her bedside—never gave up hope—that this sister whom she so adored would be spared. But “Heaven gives its favorites early death.” And so, one March afternoon, Anna Mae quietly slipped away from the family circle, who, for nineteen years, had given her their unselfish devotion. To them, she is not gone. For to live in the memory of those we love, is not to die.

After the funeral, Ruby tore herself away from her bereaved family to join Al in New York, where his radio contract detained him. “He needs me too,” she told them—and they understood.

On the train, she decided that now was the psychological time to adopt a baby. In between trains, in Chicago, she visited “The Cradle” and found little Al. She arranged that, on her way back to California, three weeks later, she would bring big Al with her, and if he was as crazy about this “sonny boy” as she was, they would arrange for his legal adoption, and take him back to Hollywood with them.

As one of her dearest friends, Ruby had confided her plans to me immediately upon her arrival in New York, but she swore me to the utmost secrecy. Neither she, nor Al, wanted this “blessed event” to be ballyhooed with the

usual fanfare announcing the Hollywood adoption of a child.

“We hope to have a baby of our own some day,” Ruby explained. “And we don’t want everyone to point out Al, Jr., as the ‘adopted one.’”

I hugged the Jolson secret to myself for days. Keeping faith with Ruby, I refrained from using it on my broadcast or in newspapers until she wired me the final okay from Chicago. But I had a hunch that the news would leak out before then. It did. There was no peace for poor Ruby, after that! Every time she moved, she was trailed by a flock of reporters, who were sure she was on her way to the baby’s hiding place.

One afternoon, she arrived at her brother’s home in Jackson Heights, Long Island, to find the entire front porch littered with camera men. They had seen her cousin enter the house with her fourteen-months-old baby, and were convinced that he was the new Jolson heir!

Ruby isn’t wading deep in parent psychology magazines or lying awake nights, planning her son’s future. All she wants is for him to be a happy healthy, normal youngster who will always reflect credit on the famous name he bears. If he wants to be an actor, she and Al will be delighted, but if he prefers to be a plumber, that’s all right too—just as long as he’s a good one!

Will Ruby give up her career for motherhood? She doesn’t know yet. She still has two more pictures to make under her Warner Bros. contract. After that, *quien sabe?* (the “Latin from Manhattan” influence!)

She loved “Go Into Your Dance” while she was appearing in it. She found co-starring with Al an ideal working arrangement.

“It was the first time we were on the lot together at the same time, and it was such joy having the same working schedule,” she told me. “We’d start together in the morning, and come home together at night. We’d be tired or peppy at the same time, depending on the day’s work. We’d look at our rushes, and plan little bits of “business” for the next day’s scene. The sequence in which Al plays the piano for me, while I try to convince him I’m a dancer, was my own suggestion, and I’m so proud of it!”

She should be—it’s one of the high spots of the picture.

But the success of “Go Into Your Dance” is an empty glory to Ruby now. She won’t even go to see it, because Anna Mae used to visit her on the set every day, and appears briefly in one of the earlier scenes.

It is said that sorrow often makes one bitter—it has only served to make Ruby gentler, sweeter and more lovable . . . if such are possible!

## Letters

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

### COMEDY FOR GRETA

WHY does M-G-M give Greta Garbo so many gloomy parts? Don’t they realize that she is an actress of many moods, and as such should not be confined to playing tragic and heavy dramatic rôles?

The opening scenes of “The Painted Veil” and glimpses from many of her previous films have shown us that Greta Garbo can play a gay, carefree young woman, full of the zest of living, with absolute ease and abandon. But we want more than mere glimpses. It would be a great pleasure to see her in a character representing the joy and not the sorrow of living.

She has a fund of delightful humor that ought to be properly exploited, and which would enable her to score a terrific hit in light comedy.

INDIRA, Princess of Kapurthala India

### JOKE ON THEM

POP and Mom and I decided we would see a movie a week. Somehow, Mom and I thought Pop would like sweet little Janet Gaynor’s pictures, so we took him to see them. But one week, Pop was feeling kind of blue, so we thought we would shock him out of it, so we just up and took him to see Mae West in “The Gay Nineties.” Well, the joke was on us. Pop came out raving and Mom and I were shocked out of our wits.

J. M., Yoakum, Texas

### SHOULD BE GRATEFUL

WHEN I think of all the pleasantness the movies bring into the lives of its patrons, it makes me bristle to hear people blackball the actors who play in them.

I believe most of us go to see a picture to enjoy a release from our own thoughts or everyday experiences. Because we don’t approve of the private lives of the players doesn’t make the picture any the less enjoyable. Not any more so than a view of the Bay of Naples would be ruined because a ship had been wrecked on the shores.

The stars of Hollywood are constantly before the public eye by popular demand, but I am sure one would find just as many undesirable qualities among the citizens of any city or town were their private lives printed as widely over the country.

I am of the opinion people should be grateful for the entertainment the players give us. After all, a fine performance by any other name would still be a fine performance.

MARIEL ANDERSON, Racine, Wisconsin

### TO MR. BLACKMER

WHY, oh why, can’t the producers, just sometimes, give us fans what we want? My kick is that a man like Sidney Blackmer appears so infrequently on the screen, and when he does, it’s only in supporting rôles. Mr. Blackmer is an actor of great charm and finesse and always handles his parts with

consummate ability. It is a treat to watch him.

I, as one of Mr. Blackmer’s Canadian admirers, take off my hat to him.

R. W. BERTON, Montreal, Canada

### ROSS ALEXANDER

A FEW months ago I saw “Flirtation Walk” and “Gentlemen are Born,” introducing to the movie-going public a new player, Ross Alexander. I liked this young man’s acting very much and hoped I would be seeing more of him on the screen in the future. I think he is the best bet of all the new players on the screen at the present time.

PAUL PRINCE, Birmingham, Alabama

### ALL FOR COLOR

WE have been viewing black and white films ever since the motion picture industry was in the cradle, and I think it’s time for a change to more colorful films. But recently I saw the color short, “La Cucharacha,” and it was beautiful. It didn’t disturb my eyes once.

C. J. CALDERON, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### FROM YUGOSLAVIA

I AM very sorry indeed that American films are not more plentiful in Yugoslavia. They are rich, shining and multiplex, beautiful, smart and brilliant.

YGOR POLENSKY, Osijek, Yugoslavia



## "I Want to Be a Clown"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

clown. He was still being forced in film after film to cry "Mother!" with a tremble in his voice when his desire was to kick up his heels and grin.

Bob Young had never intended being a serious dramatic actor.

His first job in motion pictures was back in 1927 when he was night watchman at Associated Studios, guarding the costumes being used in von Stroheim's lavish production, "The Wedding March." Bob used to watch for a few hours, then roll up in a satin shawl, put his head on a bustle, and go to sleep. And the dreams he dreamed were of Robert Young, actor, master of farce, ace comedian. There wasn't a tragic note in them.

THE first money he earned as an "actor" was playing an extra's rôle in a mob scene in a Ben Turpin comedy. The five bucks was nice, but the real thrill was seeing Ben Turpin in the flesh, watching the comedian do his stuff before the cameras.

When you meet Bob Young you have a feeling that his natural talents would be for comedy rather than dramatic rôles. He has flirty eyes, full of twinkles, and a kind of sparkle that he must continually repress before the cameras when playing a serious rôle. He's a gay, carefree, active person. He says himself that serious rôles are desperately difficult for him to play, and comedy is natural and easy.

"A single sentence that must be spoken gravely, dramatically, throws me into a cold sweat," Bob groaned. "Usually there have to be re-takes and re-takes. It wears me out. But comedy—ah! That comes easy. I never had so much fun in my life as I did making 'Vagabond Lady.' I actually looked forward each day to getting back on the set.

THERE was a kind of spontaneity and eagerness that I was never able to feel in playing a dramatic rôle. Things went like clockwork. The pay-off was the day we made the scene down in the janitor's office, when Frank Craven, as old *Spiggins*, was trying to argue me into marrying his daughter. I am swinging a mashine, nonchalantly, and giving Frank—who, incidentally, is a swell golfer—little attention.

"There's a golf ball on the floor and across the room a brass cuspidor. The idea was that when Frank reached the climax of his argument I was to hit the ball, landing it into the cuspidor. I'm a poor golfer, and was sure it would be impossible to do it, so we decided to make the shot, let the ball fly where it might, then cut to a shot of the ball in the cuspidor—what is known as a 'trick shot.' The scene went along beautifully—cameras grinding. I hit the ball. It sailed smoothly across the room and *plop*, dropped right into the cuspidor! The crew and cast almost ruined the 'take' with gasps of surprise.

"And it seemed as though everything went along with just that much ease. Everything but the gumdrops! You'll remember that Evelyn Venable and I are inveterate gumdrop chewers in the film.

"One scene in particular, that where we eat a bagful. It just happened that that was one of the few scenes in the film that required a number of re-takes. Evelyn and I chewed gumdrops all afternoon.

"We tried 'faking,' pretending we were chewing them, or starting to chew them then depositing them in a waste basket. But these 'fakes' were all obvious, and Director Sam Taylor wouldn't let us use them. Nope! We had to swallow! Evelyn and I were both ill that night. But fortunately we didn't have to start on another gumdrop sequence the next day.

"People who have seen the film tell me it is hilariously funny," Bob continued. "And I certainly hope it is. The idea, you know, was to play it as light comedy-drama. But after reading the script I said to myself, 'Mr. Young, here's your chance to do some real farce—clowning. Don't let 'em talk you out of it.' It took quite a lot of arguing to convince those concerned that it should be played as farce rather than straight high-comedy. And, of course, the film's success is of vital importance to me.

"Evelyn Venable was my staunch supporter—she too has always wanted to do comedy and has spent most of her two years in Hollywood playing serious rôles. The crazier we could play a scene the better we liked it—and the easier we found it, too."

LOTS of people have a mistaken idea that comedy is always easier to play than tragedy. As a matter of fact, most artists find it just the opposite. Claudette Colbert, for instance, once said to me, "Comedy is very difficult for me to do. Serious drama is much, much easier. In a dramatic scene I'm playing a certain part as I, Claudette Colbert, feel it would be enacted in real life. But in comedy I have to play it in a way thousands of people in different walks of life will consider funny and convincing.

"It puts a terrible strain on an actress, I think!"

It's easy for Bob Young because he has a natural talent for it. However, Bob may want to clown before the camera, but he takes his career very seriously. As a matter of fact, he has taken his acting seriously since a child of five or six, when the ambition to be a great comedian was first formed. His parents were poor, and the problem of a career, financial security, was no light matter to the youngster who ran errands after school to earn a little money.

When he was graduated from high school, in Los Angeles, he got a job clerking in a drug store. But he spent every minute of his spare time at the Pasadena Playhouse.

He had rôles in over forty plays there before any of the studios in Hollywood even gave him a tumble.

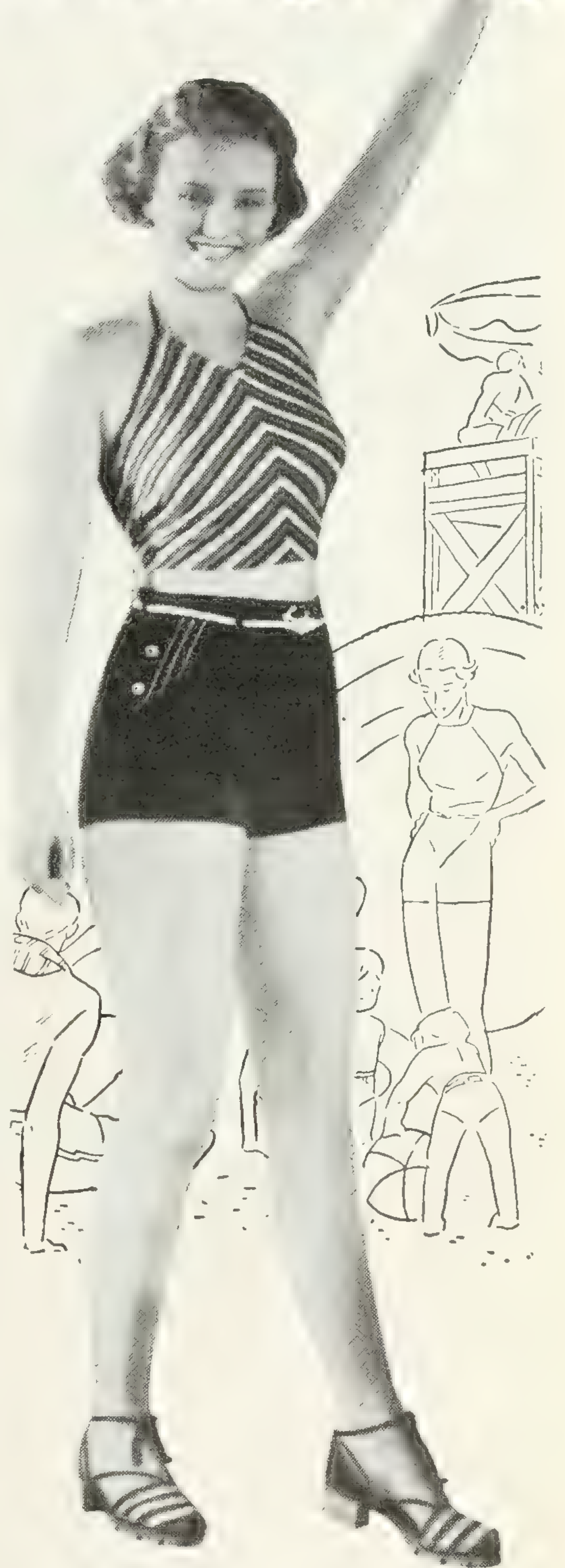
TODAY life looks pretty rosy to him. As soon as he was well-established in films, he married his high-school sweetheart, Betty Lou Henderson.

Baby Carol Ann is a year and a half now, and the Youngs' marriage is considered one of the happiest in Hollywood.

"All I ask for now," he says, "is bigger and better clowning rôles—more comedy. I'm sure it's my only chance for important movie success."

So, some day you'll be saying, "Isn't Bob Young a marvelous comedian? Remember back when he was a juvenile, turning on the tears in every reel?"

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# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 ]

STEPIN FETCHIT moved fast for the first time in his career—but unfortunately, the camera didn't get it. For a scene in "Charlie Chan in Egypt," Stepin was lighting the way—supposedly for Warner Oland—to the bottom of a tomb, down a long flight of stairs. Well Step missed a step—and saved himself all the trouble of walking down. Pretty soon a sad voice drifted up: "I've down here, boss, with all dese other mummies!"

STEPIN FETCHIT after falling down the long flight of stairs wailed that he was "all black and blue"—but he couldn't prove it! The painful area was painted with iodine by a doctor. But *he* couldn't prove it! Step has what is known in the biology books as "protective coloration."

And now Stepin, who wears shorts in the picture, is complaining of *sunburn!*

PERHAPS you haven't noticed it, because Shirley Temple occupies so much of the limelight—but little Jane Withers out at Fox has had an even more rapid rise than Shirley had! She first went on the lot last November, and now—about six months later—she is to be co-starred.

Of course, Shirley is the "Garbo" of the lot. But there's nothing like a Garbo to make a Dietrich, eh?

GREATER love hath no woman when she eats two lunches just to please her husband. Mrs. Stephen Ames (Raquel Torres) was nearly finished with a big meal at the Brown Derby one day when she decided to call her husband who was at home.

"Darling," he told her, as excited as a kid: "I've been having a great time. I just cooked a pot of spaghetti. You'll love it! It's swell!"

"How sweet," cooed the black-eyed Raquel: "I'll be right home, dear!"

And out she dashed while the wide-eyed waitress cleared away the crumbs that were left from her steak and potatoes!

RENEE TORRES is a very popular girl in town. The romance with Paul Ames, briefly interrupted by his marriage to June Knight, has been resumed. Eddie Sutherland is wasting no time, and Fred Perry, the tennis champion, is around too.

THERE are compliments and compliments. Two young players at a recent Hollywood party watched the arrival of Billie Burke. Impulsively, one of them broke out with, "I think she's a *really* attractive woman. She always looks so *well-scrubbed!*"

SINCE Marlene Dietrich returned to Hollywood from her trip East, the studio doesn't see much of her.

Marlene used to eat in the studio commissary every noon of her working days, regularly. Now she seldom enters the place.

The recent split-up with Josef Von Sternberg seems to have had its effect on her disposition also. People she used to be nice to, she seldom notices now. And she's begun finding fault with this and that much more than in the past.

In fact, the whole thing is a bit suggestive of a possible high-hat attitude in the future. It

may be that her digestion isn't up to par and then it may be that she has decided to start her new deal out right—by snooting Hollywood. Garbo did it—and it seemed to pay.

JOHN BARRYMORE denies. Dolores Costello evades, and various lawyers and relatives keep mum or second the two principals, but the opinion of all Hollywood's close observers is that John and Dolores are headed for divorce.

Funny how early those things start in



**Walter C. Kelly, prince of comedians, just signed a long-termed Paramount contract. You'll see him next in "The Virginia Judge"**

Hollywood. The rumor of their unhappiness broke almost a year ago. Only now does it reach a head.

John is said to have started all the rumpus because Dolores wished to resume her screen career, while he wanted her to remain Mrs. Barrymore. The odd part of it is, if they're divorced, she'll certainly re-enter pictures. Not so much a cause as a result.

GLENDA FARRELL'S father's name is Charlie—and he's thinking of doing something about it.

The autograph hunters and romantic young things are getting him peppery because—it's only natural—they think "Charlie Farrell" is a too, too divine young man who is a movie star. He's had to take his name off the mail box.

THEY were discussing the era of brunettes and the end of the platinum blonde which color films are said to augur.

Said Jack Oakie: "Brunettes are okay, but I'll take a platinum blonde anytime—especially right now—they look so much cooler for Summer."

THEY took Jean Muir to the ostrich farm the other day to shoot some pictures. But no pictures were shot. The ostriches, instead of hiding their heads in the ground, as Jean had always been led to believe they did, galloped around the place in terrifying fashion and Jean was so afraid that she couldn't make a scene.

Finally they had to give up when Jean threatened to hide *her* head in the ground.

IT would come off when a reporter was on the set.

Shirley Temple's false front tooth had been doing nicely for five or six months and not a soul knew that the tiny chopper was other than her own until the day, in the middle of the scene, when it popped to the floor—right before the eyes of a newspaper man.

Shirley, in that stage of life when a tooth is quite likely to waggle and jump out any minute, has been wearing a tiny tooth capped over the start of an honest-to-goodness one. Bet you can't even guess which tooth it is—that's how perfect Hollywood dentists have become.

Shirley wears the biter all the time, because when it isn't in she says "thithter" and "thoap."

ANN HARDING has been mystifying Hollywood recently by running out of town to unannounced destinations.

Usually she goes by plane and nobody knows about it, which makes it all very intriguing for everybody to guess her destination.

One of the mystery trips, I happen to know, was to El Paso, Texas, to the army post there. Ann always flies with Paul Mantz, Hollywood's famous "Honeymoon Pilot."

Recently there has been much talk about the romance and impending marriage of Ann and a dashing major with whom she dined and danced on her recent trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Ann denies it and the major just won't talk.

TWICE a week, regularly, ever since Binnie Barnes came back to Hollywood from London, she puts in a trans-oceanic telephone call to her husband, an antique-book dealer in the British capital.

She spends hours on the set, patiently writing out what she's going to talk to him about.

But when the call goes through, she's so excited and so worried about the high cost of every second that she invariably says, "Hello, dear. How are you? Is everything all right? Yes, I'm fine—everything's all right here—Good-bye!"

So it's not such a success. She thinks she'll have to give it up and write letters.

THOSE rancheros, chicken raisers and Van Nuys hide-aways—Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak—have indicated that their back-to-earth farm is at last going Hollywood.

They're going to raise Passion Fruit!

BESSIE LOVE, in the years that she has been out of pictures, and devoting her time to a lovely home, husband and child, has frequently been offered screen contracts. Miss Love constantly refused, until recently. Now

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]



## Don't Love Me

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 ]

in its heart, Hollywood is kind and bears well in mind the fearful admonition, "There, but for the grace of God, go I," Sylva's obvious tactics were tolerated. Most men I think, tried to avoid her but, once caught, they listened to her and, when they could, gave her small bits in their pictures

AS I have said, Scott was tight. Otherwise I scarcely believe that he would have brought Sylva over to me right after they came in. I didn't need any trouble—there were half a dozen men around me already, most of them slightly unmanageable. One of them was trying to get me to join a nudist colony with him, and the others were sore because they hadn't thought of it. I was used to situations like that, however, and could usually handle them.

"I've never met Miss Adair before," Sylva said when Scott introduced us, "but I did see one of her pictures." She turned to me: "You were wonderful, but who wouldn't be with the direction you had?"

I started to acknowledge my indebtedness to Scott when he rallied unexpectedly to my defense.

"A director can only bring out what is in the star herself."

"Oh," said Sylva, "then Miss Adair is really like that. I wouldn't have believed it possible."

That trick of speaking of me as if I were in some other room began to get under my skin. There is just enough of kinship with the men who came from Kilkenny in my character to make it difficult for me to keep my temper when anybody deliberately tries to make me lose it. I longed for a handful of Sylva Velasquez' hair. I guess I would have had it in a minute if the gang hadn't rallied so quickly—my gang, I mean. The half a dozen men who had been trying to take me away from each other suddenly joined forces when I was

threatened with annoyance from another woman. Like a well-rehearsed football play my friends surrounded Sylva in an admiring huddle and began to pester her with compliments. She was so hungry for the bait that, for a moment, she forgot all about me and, by the time she remembered, I was safely out of harm's way, steering Scott past the bar out into the open. My theory was that fresh air would do him more good than alcohol.

Scott, drunk, I discovered, was mentally alert but physically bogged down. His body made a botch of taking direction. I helped him down the steps and into his roadster which was standing, not in the driveway with the others, but on the lawn, with the front wheels in a shallow goldfish pond.

Scott explained it: "Wanted to give my faithful charger a drink."

He started to sit in the driver's seat but I pushed him over and took that place myself.

"We goin' some place, Moppet?" Scott inquired

I treasured that nickname, "Moppet." Strange, I had never felt so close to him before.

"Not unless you say so, Scott."

"I'll go places with Moppet—any places. I didn't want to run into you tonight but now I have seen you I don't want to do anything else."

He spoke slowly with obvious and meticulous effort to guide his tongue over his usual distinct, clipped syllables.

"MAYBE we'd better go home," I suggested. He laughed. There was bitterness in it. "I have no home, Moppet. My father told me that. Sour Britisher, my father—idol worshipper, though—the regiment! the king! and the Empire! Showed me the door, he did—advised me to look at the inside of it for the last time. A bit of old school melodrama but



No, Florence Rice isn't twins. They did it with mirrors. When a girl is as lovely as Florence, a chap is happy to be seeing double. Her latest picture is Columbia's "The Awakening of Jim Burke"

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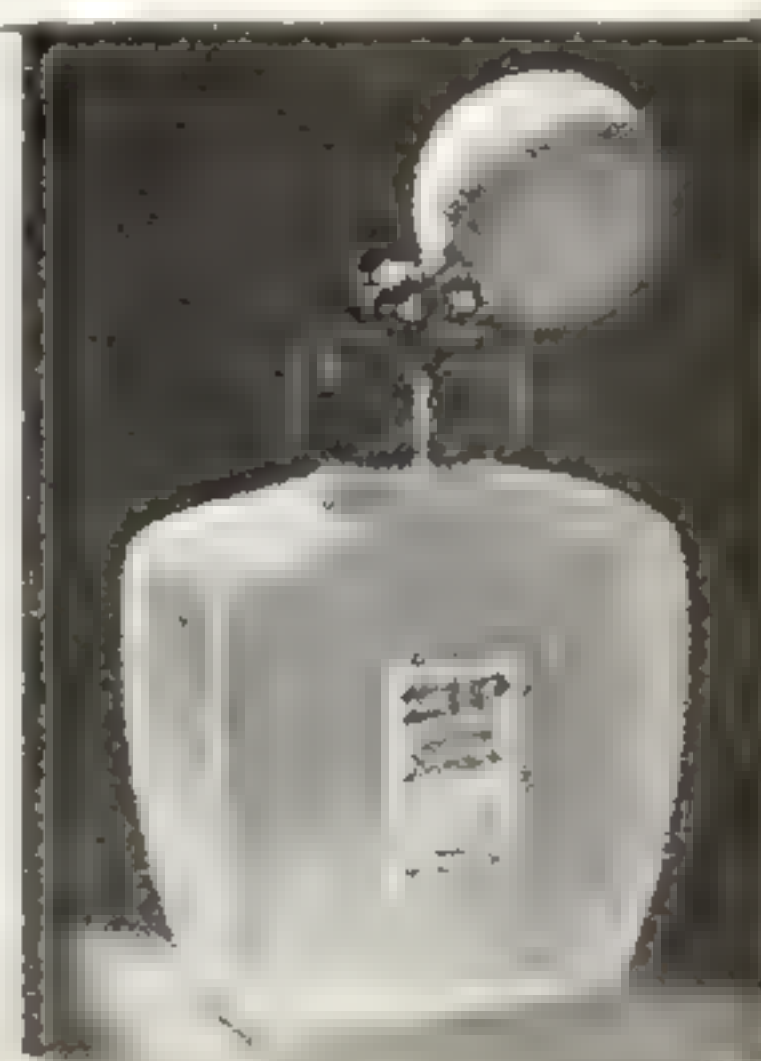
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he meant it. Couldn't have done it better if I'd directed him myself."

I don't know how much more Scott would have told me about himself. He got no further opportunity at that time.

Sylva burst out of the house and came running to the car. She arrived first at the side where Scott was sitting. She stepped onto the running board and leaned over toward me, her face livid, a picture of drunken fury.

"You're always trying to take my boy friends away from me, aren't you?" Her tongue was loose and she lashed me with it, using many abusive words. She concluded finally, "Always find you waitin' for 'em in their cars—waitin' and waitin' and waitin'."

"So that's where I've seen you before," I said coolly.

"Where? When? What you talkin' about?" She was suddenly sober, apprehensive.

"Nothing. Skip it."

Scott interrupted. "Too much talk. This sequence needs action—comedy action."

He put his hand over Sylva's face and pushed.

She splashed into the pond, making weird noises.

I didn't wait to listen to her curses, I started the motor and backed out carefully to the driveway.

In another moment we were in the street.

I WAS thinking about the sodden, disappointed, desperate woman we had left in the goldfish pool. By her incautious angry accusation she had practically identified herself as the murderess of William Sohlki. I wondered if there was anything I should do about it, if there was anything I could do.

Finally I must have shrugged my shoulders.

"That's what I say." I turned at his voice and found Scott looking at me quizzically. "Let it ride," he added.

"Okay for sound," I said, quoting Lanny Barnes' often reiterated check from the mixing room.

"Okay for acting," Scott added. After a pause he said, "I've missed you, Moppet."

"Where do you get this 'Moppet' stuff?"

"From back home. In England that's what we call immature sprats like yourself when they first begin to put on the airs of ladies. It takes them down a peg."

When we arrived at my new house I looked back and, just as I expected, I saw, lumbering after us, my own car with George and Louella in the front seat.

I laughed. "You don't have to trail me, Louella, when I'm with Mr. Deering."

"That's right, Louella," concurred Scott. "My intentions are strictly honorable—worse luck."

"I know that, Miss Rochelle, honey. We jus' come home to make you folks a cup of coffee."

Louella went in and George took my car around to the garage.

"LET'S sit outside a minute, Moppet," said Scott.

He knew I'd do anything he said.

"I wasn't fooling when I told you how much I've missed you." Scott had a little trouble lighting a cigarette—his hand shook. So I helped him. "Thanks."

He held my hand when he had finished—not tightly, just quietly as if it steadied him. "Have people told you anything about me?"

"Nothing but nice things. Lanny Barnes said—"

"I know. He thinks we ought to get married. Fussy, gossipy busybody, isn't he?"

"The nicest boy I know."

"And head-over-heels in love with you himself."

"Nonsense."

"Don't stop me. You're apt to hear things I wouldn't say if I was-er-on the set. Are you in love with Lanny?"

"No."

"With anybody?"

"No."

"I knew that. You look like a bonfire and act like a cold-storage warehouse." He reflected a moment. "I was in love once. No fun. It was back home. We were married. It didn't work out. She's trying it again next month, I hear."

"Is that why you—?"

"No. I drink because—let's see—I can't just remember why I'm drinking this week. It'll come to me in the middle of the night some time and I'll call you up and ask if I can come over and explain it to you. Will that be all right with you?"

"You know anything you do is all right with me."

He sighed. "I was afraid so." He put my hand over in my own lap. "Hasn't anyone warned you what directors do to little girls who trust them?"

"Yes."

I think I must have shivered a little. Anyway he sensed the chill that contracted my heart.

Scott always knew every emotion that rippled across my soul—if any.

He laughed. "Moppet, darling, I'm not about to propose any passionate immorality. It isn't in me—any more than it is in you. What I was going to ask was if it would be just as convenient for you to be my wife as it is to live down here by yourself? Lanny Barnes might be right. We do have a lot of fun working together. God knows nothing else amuses me. Maybe even you wouldn't if we were together all the time."

"Would you let me know?"

HE considered that. "No, Moppet."

"But you think I could tell?"

"I don't believe so. I'm a better actor than you are. What do you say?"

I thought it over carefully. "Scott, you're pie-eyed."

"Not up here." He touched his forehead.

I knew that was true. "Listen, Scott, dear, I'm not in your class."

He laughed. "Moppet, my sweet, there is nothing any lower in the social scale than an English officer who has been cashiered from his regiment. Do you want to know any more about that?"

"No."

"They didn't even give me back the broken pieces of my sword."

So that was it.

He was eating his heart out for the faded glory of a uniform.

I put my hand back in his.

"That wouldn't matter to you?" he asked.

"Everything that hurts you would matter to me."

"Then we'll forget it. I had to tell you. Is it a deal? Shall we make a try of it?"

"We'll think it over. Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow I'll be here with a ring that'll make Peggy Joyce wish she'd seen me first. I've been wondering what to do with my bonus from our last picture."

I called George and instructed him to drive Scott home.

Scott protested but I proved to be right. George had to put him to bed.



## CHAPTER XXI

Scott Deering did not show up in the morning, which was just as well because I hadn't slept until nearly daybreak. There was so much to think about. That woman at Freddie Gay's party. Scott's own story so sketchily revealed in his cryptic remarks about his home life—his regiment. I didn't care what he had done to deserve the harsh punishment which he had been meted out, but I did wonder who he was. The younger son of a titled family perhaps—certainly a cultured English gentleman. I wondered what his wife had been like—he was certainly a little regretful about her. Maybe he had been hoping all this time that she would relent. And now she was going to marry someone else. Perhaps that was why he had made that impulsive proposition to me—just to spite her.

I WAS in the midst of pondering those matters when Scott drove up—under his own power and apparently sober.

He had a ring in his pocket. "Just a trifling sparkler," he explained. "The jeweler is getting the Kohinoor for you to replace it later."

I pretended extreme surprise. "I was trying to remember what it was we were talking about last night."

"You'd better remember. It was the most important event of the week in Hollywood. I lay awake all night thinking about it."

"I'd believe that if my chauffeur hadn't told me that you were asleep before you got home. You may not know it but he undressed you and put you to bed."

"Moppet, I dreamed it was you."

He'd remembered the nickname! I must have smiled.

"Does that become one of my duties?" I asked.

"Then you're going to take on the job?"

"I didn't say that."

He was very gay and very amusing. We argued back and forth over my breakfast which he shared with me.

I accepted the ring but with the proviso that we keep the arrangement a secret for a while—just in case.

AS it happened, the secrecy part was a joke. Winchell broadcast it the next day. And Sid Skolsky went even farther; he reported in his syndicated column that we had been secretly married for months and were expecting an heir in July. How such things leak out I don't know. In this case I imagine that the jewelry salesman must have told somebody. Maybe he got a five dollar bill for the information.

I didn't mind really except for one thing. I received a telegram from Sam Werks.

It read: "Better luck this time."

I had a bad five minutes. So Sam had known all along where I was. It was inevitable, I suppose, that he should have recognized the pictures of me which had been reproduced all over the world by the newspapers. Finally I put the cold chill resolutely behind me and threw myself into the round of gayety which had for its excuse our approaching marriage.

There was one bad effect from the cocktail parties and dinners which were given in our honor. Scott was moderately tight most of the time. There was nothing I could say—and I'm not at all sure that he could have avoided it. There isn't much a man can do when a toast is proposed to his future bride—except drink the toast.

One of the affairs which we attended was not given in our honor. It was the Marion Davies Christmas party for poor children, which is held annually in one of the studio sound stages. The vast interior is beautifully decorated and there is a noon-day dinner and presents for a thousand youngsters, more or less.

We were invited because Scott was an amateur magician of considerable skill and could do tricks for the guests. I just went along. But I had the time of my life and when we finally left I was convinced that it isn't such a bad world after all.

"Did you notice that little five-year-old with the jet black hair?" I asked Scott.

## B R I G H T

## EYE IDEAS



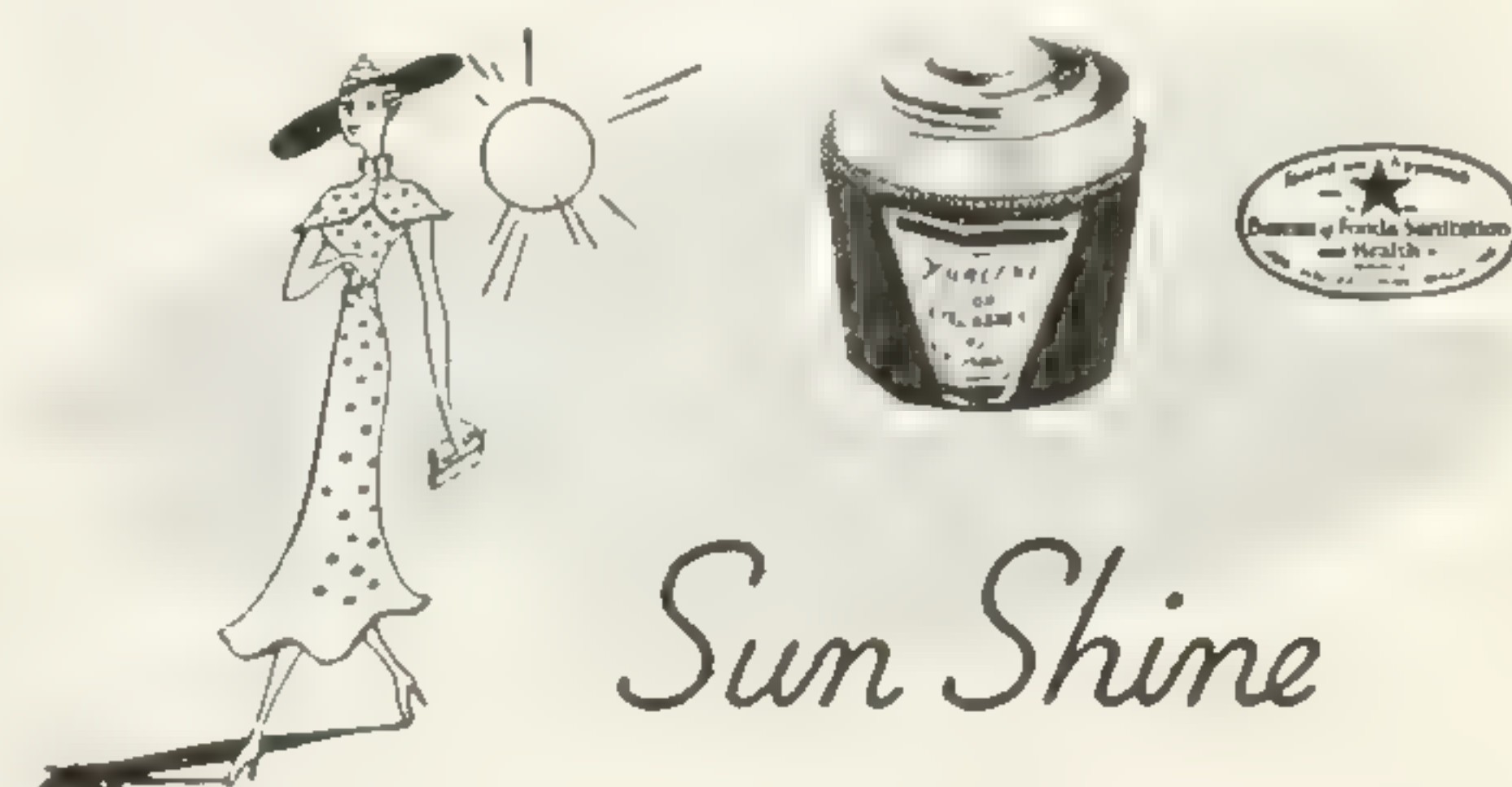
by  
Jane  
Heath

## EYE THE SUN!

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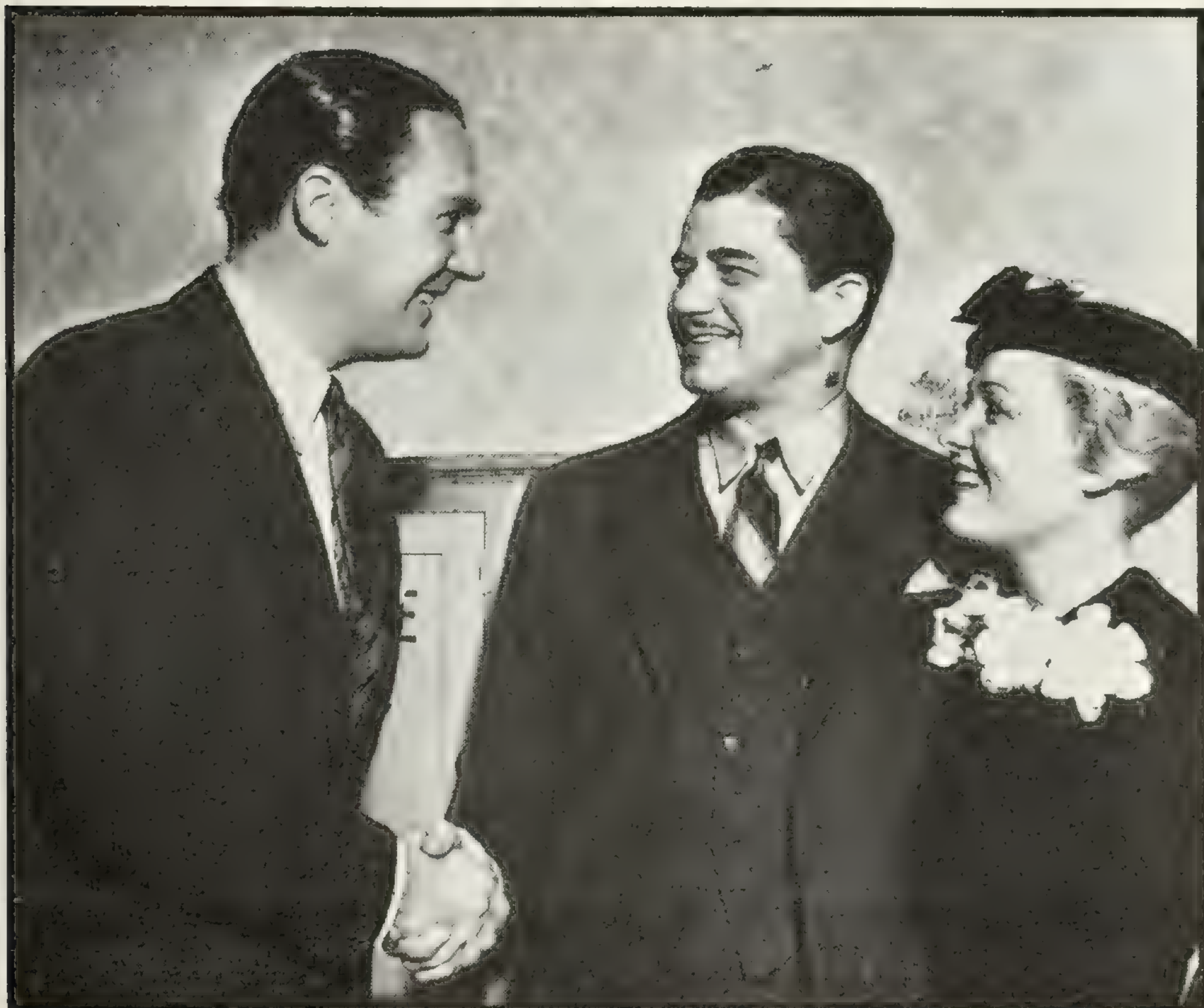
And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only \$1!



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## Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department A-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 3.



Ian Hunter, who was lured from the British stage to Hollywood on a Warners' contract, is being greeted by Irving Asher, manager of Warners' London studio, and Mrs. Asher, the former Laura LaPlante



## What the engaged girl should know



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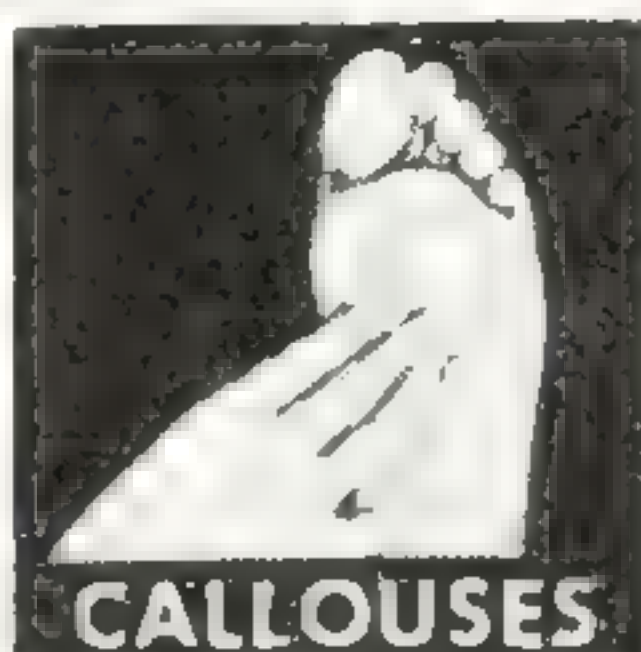
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STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢

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Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone!

"Yes. Homely little beggar, wasn't she?"

"Oh, but Scott, what a darling! She let me hold her in my arms for a minute when she fell down and skinned her knee. It did something funny to me. Let's have one."

For a minute Scott didn't say anything. I felt him draw away from me a little. We were driving in his car.

Finally he said, "It's getting colder, isn't it?"

"I hadn't noticed. Is it?"

"We'll stop somewhere for a drink."

The Beverly Hills Brown Derby was handy. Scott parked the car and we went in; Scott had a couple of cocktails, sherry for me.

"Don't you want a baby?" I asked finally. He didn't answer so I pursued the subject. "It's one of the reasons why people get married."

"It's a fad this year in Hollywood," he said, dismissing the subject. "Would you mind not having one?"

FEARFULLY, Scott. A little girl, like that one we saw today—so sweet and innocent—

"—who will probably grow up into a hard-boiled bundle of sex like—"

"—like me?"

"You're not like that, Moppet. Don't let's quarrel, darling—not about something that's so far away."

He was right, of course. And we didn't quarrel any more—at least not then. But Scott sank into a moody abstraction. I had hurt him some way and I tried vainly to kid him out of it.

Someone was giving a tea dansant at the Trocadero, over on Sunset Boulevard, and we stopped in. I didn't drink anything there except actual tea, although it seemed to upset the management considerably to serve it. Scott switched to brandy.

But nothing seemed to have any effect on him. I think he wanted to be gay but didn't have much success. Once when I was dancing with him I asked, "What have I done, darling?"

"Nothing, Moppet, it's myself. Forget it."

But of course I couldn't. Scott was certainly one of the finest men I had ever known and to see him that way nearly broke my heart.

Finally he proposed himself that we go home. "This party's a washout."

We were in Scott's open roadster and it actually was quite cold now in the early evening. In the clear night air the lights on the Hollywood hills sparkled like stars.

INSTEAD of taking me to my place as I expected, Scott drove to the Grassmere House which is an apartment hotel half way up the canyon. He lived there.

"We can talk quietly," he explained.

I had never been to the Grassmere before. The lobby is gloomy and the elevators are automatic. There is an attendant on duty at the switchboard who also handles mail, but no other signs of life on the main floor.

On the fifth floor Scott let himself into his apartment with a key. "My Jap's out," he said.

The door opened directly into a large living room. Scott kicked it shut after us. The place smelled slightly of fresh paint and it was cold, with reason—the windows were open.

"They've been doing the apartment over for me," Scott mentioned. "House-cleaning just finished today. Br-r-r—must have left a couple of icebergs somewhere."

He went around closing windows and then departed toward the kitchen. "I'll get us a couple of drinks."

While he was gone I stripped off my gloves and lit the gas radiator. The gas valve turned hard but there was a small, flat wrench hanging on it which I used. I left the wrench on the valve handle.

The room must have been furnished by Scott himself. The furniture was all heavy and masculine. There was a huge desk by the window. That must be where he worked. I strolled over and sat in the desk chair. It was very comfortable.

I relaxed for a minute. Then my eye caught the top envelope of a pile of unopened mail. It was addressed to Scott Deering and in the upper corner was the usual return address.

The name written there was Samuel Werks!

The letter was postmarked five days back—the date my engagement to Scott was announced in the newspapers.

[To Be Continued Next Month]



They'll have a chance at stardom, these young people selected by Fox. Left to right: upper row, Fred Wallace, Iris Shunn, Lynn Bari, Anita Thompson, Geneva Sawyer, Esther Brodelet, Elsie Larson, Philippa Hilber, Julie Cabanne, Betty Bryson, Paul McVey. Second row, Richard Brodus, Patricia Farr, Dorothy Dearing, Shirley Aaronson, Marion Weldon, Anne Nagel, Mary Blackwood, Fred Sylva



## SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

## 15 Years Ago

WHAT a lot of difference fifteen years make! In 1920 PHOTOPLAY was campaigning for more open air movie houses, contending that the movie house without a roof would "point an avenue of escape from heat and humidity; from discomfort and discontent." Nobody visualized that within less than a decade sound would prevent throwing a theater open to traffic noises, street sounds. And that all the big houses would be carefully and delightfully air-conditioned anyhow. "Why Bob Your Hair?" was the title of another article. Corinne Griffith advised girls against it. Her contention was that you had to keep it curled, using hot irons on it every day, which was a nuisance as well as injurious to the hair. Not even a movie star could get a permanent wave in those days! The



MARTHA MANSFIELD

film world was mourning the sudden death of one of the younger and most promising starlets, nineteen year old Clarine Seymour. Norma Talmadge, PHOTOPLAY's fashion editor, described some ducky summer wardrobes. One bathing suit, highly recommended, was, to quote Norma, "a lovely glowing red dress with shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows." Get the picture? Those were the days, too, when ladies bought hat frames and covered them, making their own bonnets. Best among the current films were: Eric Von Stroheim's "The Devil's Pass-Key," with Mae Busch; Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman and the Puppet;" Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry;" William S. Hart in "The Toll Gate." Girl on the cover, Martha Mansfield.

## 10 Years Ago

EVERY movie age has its mystery woman, its lady of glamour. Ten years ago she was Carol Dempster—shy, avoiding publicity, eager to be alone. She had never married, had few intimate friends. Just six months after this story on Carol was published, she made her last film, "Sorrows of Satan," retired, and in 1929 married. Last we heard, Carol was living quietly, happily, in New York City, as Mrs. Edwin S. Larsen. Betty Compson had Hollywood agog with a new shoe fashion: it had a tiny watch where the buckle ordinarily would be. The gag of the day was asking Betty for the time, obviously. Viola Dana was arguing with directors, trying to get dramatic rôles instead of comedy parts. "Over the Bumps with Raymond," was Mrs. Hatton's inside story of their happy marriage, his



CAROL DEMPSTER

struggle for success. Glad to report, they're still married. Newest Hollywood slang word was "catzy." It meant great, fine, pretty darn good, if you get what we mean. Sally O'Neil coined the word. The engagement of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez was announced. Their marriage ended six years later with Alma's tragic death. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor were among those just married. It lasted two years, winding up with a Mexican divorce. Best films of the month were: Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three;" The James Cruze production, "The Beggar on Horseback," with Edward Everett Horton; "Kiss Me Again," with Clara Bow, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and John Roche; "Zander the Great," with Marion Davies and Harrison Ford. On the cover, Greta Nissen.

## 5 Years Ago

AMONG the new actresses that Hollywood was welcoming and speculating about five years ago were Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck and Grace Moore. "Will they achieve Hollywood stardom?" was the question asked. And you know the answer! Eddie Lowé told in this issue how he would manage six famous Hollywood wives. The women he analyzed were Billie Dove, Lois Moran, Dolores Del Rio, Connie Bennett, Colleen Moore and the late Lilyan Tashman to whom he was married. Eddie admitted, however, that any one of the six would probably manage him—in spite of all his technique. Janet Gaynor was pouting at Fox because they had been casting her in films that didn't require her to be wistful. Since then, for the most part, Janet has had her way!



GRETA GARBO

Portraits in this issue included one of Garbo that many will agree has never been topped: Greta with curls and a perky hat for her rôle in "Romance." Another nice picture was that of Dolores Costello with husband John Barrymore and their month-old baby, Dolores. Adolphe Menjou had returned from Paris and was being welcomed back at Paramount. The divorce of James Cruze and Betty Compson was announced. And the marriage of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon prophesied. Best films of the month included: Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves and Lowell Sherman in "Ladies of Leisure;" Nancy Carroll with a cast of headliners in "The Devil's Holiday;" "The Lady of Scandal," with Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. On the cover was Jeanette MacDonald.



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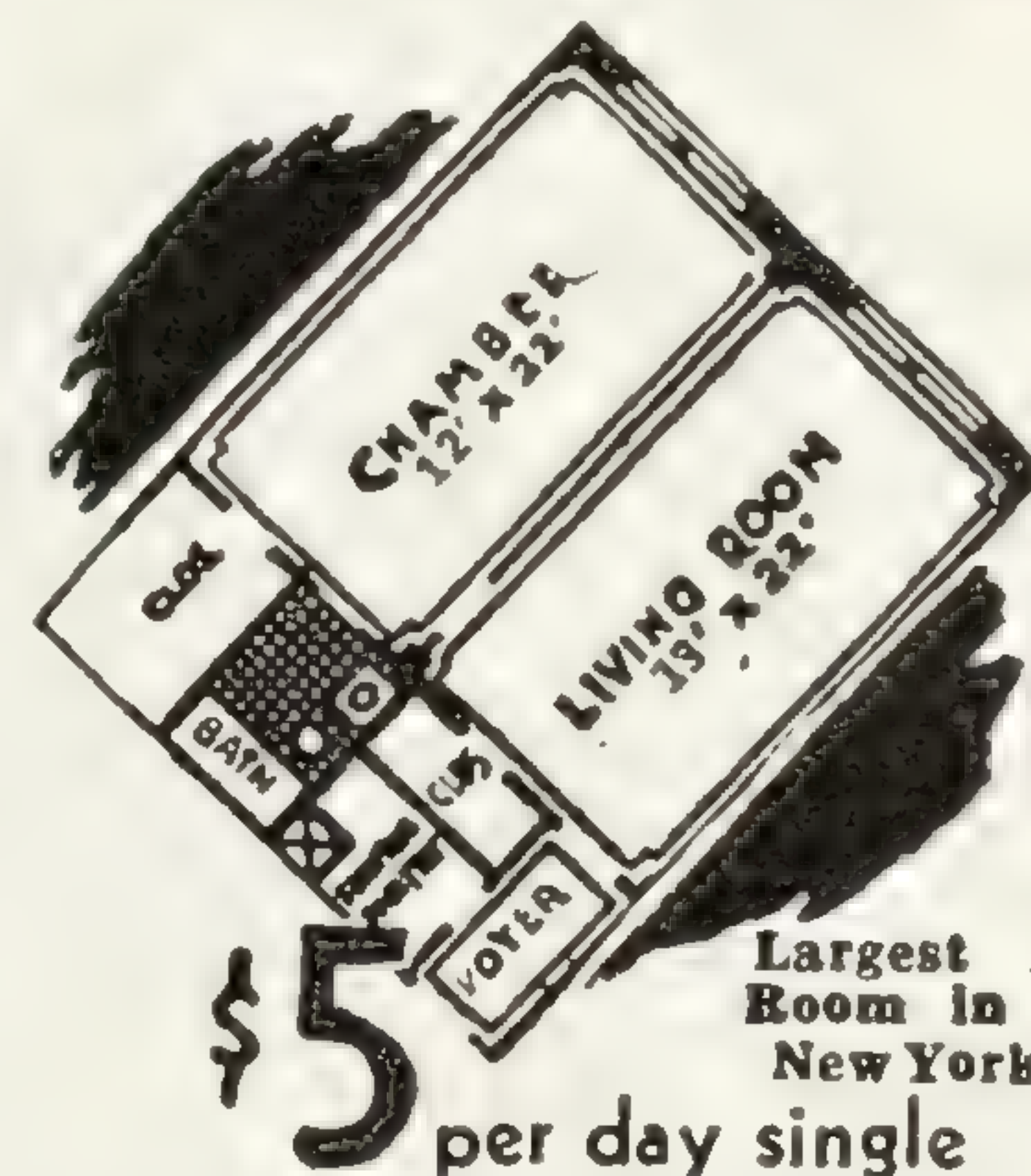
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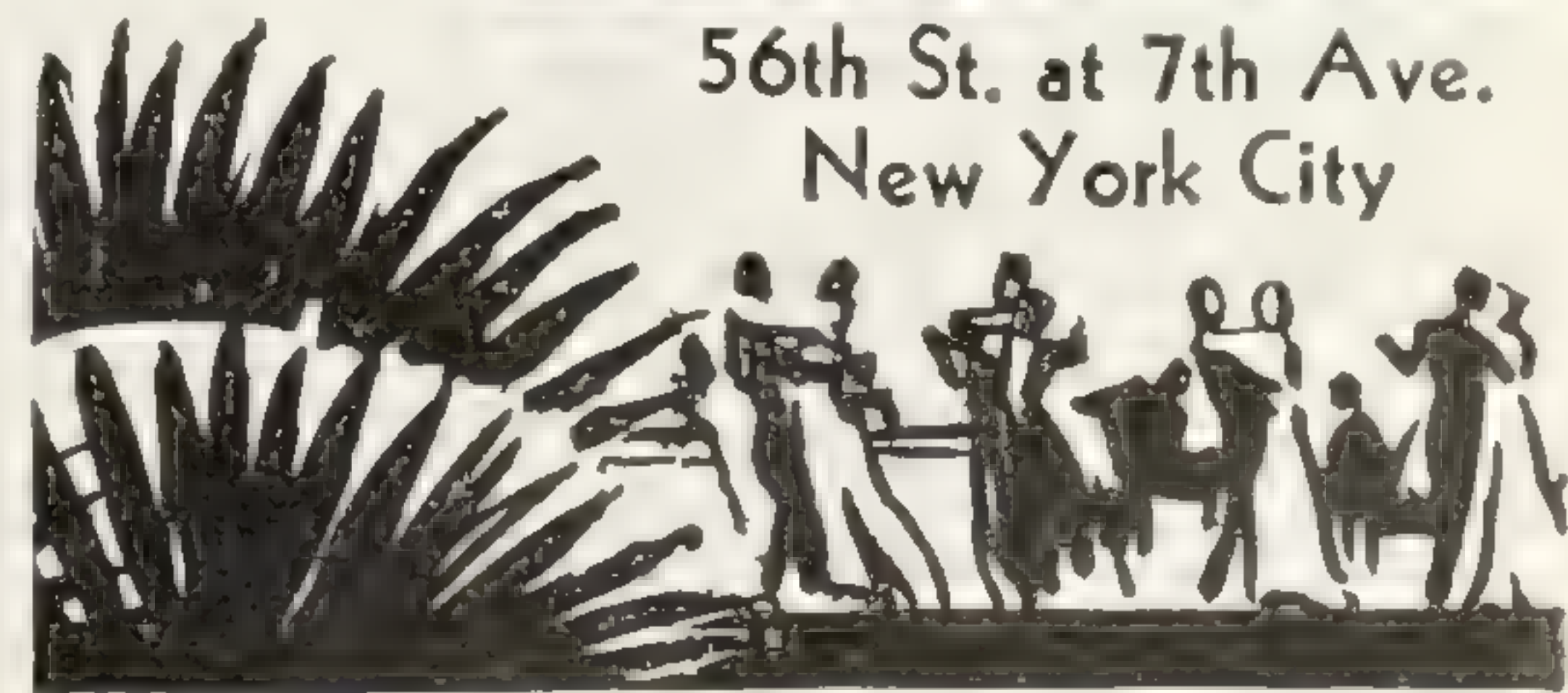
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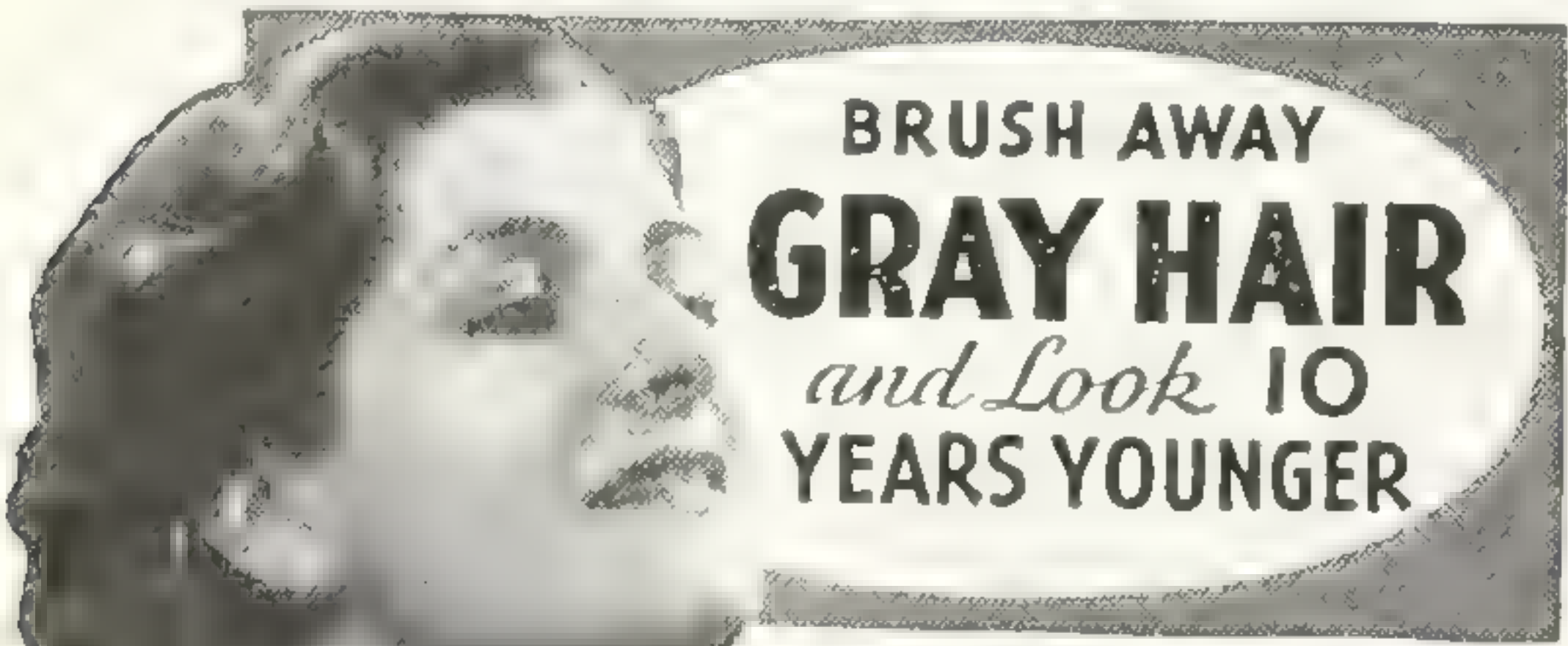
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast. flawless direction. (Feb.)

**RUGGLES OF RED GAP**—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

**RUMBA**—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

**ST. LOUIS KID, THE**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (Jan.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

**SECRET BRIDE, THE**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

**SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD**—Scott-Merrich Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

**SHADOW OF DOUBT**—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

**SILVER STREAK, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

**SING SING NIGHTS**—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

**STOLEN HARMONY**—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

**STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART**—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

**STRANGERS ALL**—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

**STRANGE WIVES**—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

**SWEET ADELINE**—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

**SWEET MUSIC**—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

**SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE**—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

**SYMPHONY OF LIVING**—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

**\$10 RAISE**—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

**TIMES SQUARE LADY**—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)



The gentleman with the camera is Ramon Navarro, lining up a shot for his own movie, "Against the Current," which he will take on the road soon. Navarro is head of his own producing organization



**TRANSIENT LADY**—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

**TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND**—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing power. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the romantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

**TRAVELING SALESLADY**—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

**UNDER PRESSURE**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

**UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE**—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (June)

**VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

**WEDDING NIGHT, THE**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

**WEST POINT OF THE AIR**—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

**WEST OF THE PECOS**—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

**WHEN A MAN SEES RED**—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

**WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT**—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

**WICKED WOMAN, A**—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

**WINGS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

**WINNING TICKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

**WITHOUT CHILDREN**—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

**WOMAN IN RED, THE**—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

**WOMEN MUST DRESS**—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



Edmund Goulding, who directs Ann Harding's latest picture, "The Flame Within," demonstrates between scenes on the set at M-G-M a new air cushion seat he recently invented for passenger planes



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## THE FAN CLUB CORNER

SO many readers of this department have requested information about forming a fan club for their favorite stars, the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs wishes it known that before such a club can be formed in honor of a star that written permission must first be secured from that star. Naturally, a good many clubs are already formed. Perhaps your favorite actor already has a club. In which case, it would be a simple matter for those wishing to join such a club to write direct to such organizations for all club details. The clubs listed in this department each month are anxious to cooperate with all true fans, and would like to hear from prospective members.

If, however, you wish to start a "General Fan Club," among your friends and neighbors, it is not necessary for you to secure permission from a Hollywood star. Your club, in such cases, must not bear the name of a motion picture star. Meetings, theater parties, corresponding members, etc., are some of the enjoyable features of such "general" clubs.

The Francis Lederer Club announces the change in headquarters of the Chicago Chapter to 3541 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill. All communications regarding this club should be sent to Miss Beatrice Kramer, acting president at that address. A San Francisco chapter of this club has been organized under the leadership of Miss Marie Luchaschewski, 1164 Noe St., San Francisco, Calif. Miss Joan Drummond, 67 Hodford Road, London, N.W. 11, London, is the English representative of Mr. Lederer's club.

Members of the Movie Club Guild of Chicago have been enjoying some splendid social times. Following a successful "Waffle Party" at the home of the Ruth Roland Club 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, the various clubs of the "Guild" staged a progressive dinner party which took them over a fifty mile route of Chicago's boulevards, through every section of the city, stopping at the homes of each of the club officers. Special busses were chartered for the purpose.

The current issue of "Bodil and her Fans," the club bulletin of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club is dedicated to that deserving fan worker, Jean Betty Huber of Morris Plains, N. J. Mrs

Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., is president. Write her for details about joining the club.

Members of the Lew Ayres Fan Club are happy to announce a new honorary member of their club. She is Ginger Rogers, popular wife of Lew Ayres. The club is celebrating its first anniversary, and Miss Rogers wrote the club paper, "The Telescope": "Congratulations on the Club's first birthday, and I hope you have many, many more." Helen Raether, 311 S Mingo St., Albion, Mich., is president. Lew Ayres fans are welcome to write for information.

The Dick Powell Club is launching a new drive for members. The prize will be a beautifully bound, autographed book given by the club's honorary president, Dick Powell. This club now has branches in India Australia and England. Chaw Mank, 226 Mill Street Staunton, Illinois, is president.

Miss Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Avenue, Minneapolis, will be glad to hear from fans interested in The John Boles Music Club.

The Fifi D'Orsay Fan Club recently celebrated its first anniversary. Willa Jeanne Wills, Harvey, North Dakota, is president.

Members of the Lanny Ross League may well be proud of their club news. It is filled with interesting bits of club information and entertainment. Catharine Macadam Box 164, Wilmington Delaware, is president.

Beatrice Gordon, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn N. Y. is president of the Vallee Boosters. All fans of Rudy Vallee are invited to join this club. "The Vallee Voice," is the club paper.

Minnette Shermak, 328 East 90th St., New York City, is president of the Jean Harlow Fan Club.

The club dues of the official Norma Shearer Club have been reduced to fifty cents a year, since photographs will no longer be sent with each copy of the club news. Now, every one of Norma Shearer's fans, we expect, will be joining. Many thanks for the nice FAN CLUB CORNER notice in your interesting "Rambles." Hans Faxdahl, 1946 Broadway, New York City, is president of this club. "Le club Norma Shearer" is the name of the Paris branch of the club.



It's tea for two on the "No More Ladies" set, and Gail Patrick and Robert Montgomery seem to be enjoying it. Bob is playing opposite Joan Crawford in the M-G-M screen version of the Broadway success



# Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

**"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley. Adapted by Douglas Furber. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Jack Brewster*, Jack Buchanan; *Rosalie*, Lili Damita; *Cynthia*, Nancy O'Neil; *Miss Plimsole*, Sydney Fairbrother; *McLeod*, Ian McLean; *Freddy*, Fred Emney; *Rawles*, Allan Aynesworth; *Granl*, Lawrence Hanray; *Mario*, Dennis Hoey; *Pedro*, Henry Wenman; *Mrs. Barry*, Amy Veness; *Frank*, Sebastian Shaw; *Ferago*, the Mayor, Antony Holles.

**"BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—Suggested by the story by Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley. Screen play by William Hurlbut and John L. Balderston. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *The Monster*, Karloff; *Henry Frankenstein*, Colin Clive; *Elizabeth*, Valerie Hobson; *The Mate*, Elsa Lanchester; *Mary Shelley*, Elsa Lanchester; *Dr. Pretorius*, Ernest Thesiger; *The Hermit*, O. P. Heggie; *Burgomaster*, E. E. Clive; *Minnie*, Una O'Connor; *Percy Shelley*, Douglas Walton; *Lord Byron*, Gavin Gordon; *Fritz*, Dwight Frye; *Rudy*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Hans*, Reginald Barlow; *His Wife*, Mary Gordon; *Uncle Glutz*, Gunnis Davis; *Auntie Glutz*, Tempe Pigott; *The Butler*, Lucien Prival; also Harry Northrup, Grace Cunard, Joseph North and Helen Gibson.

**"CALL OF THE WILD"**—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Gene Fowler and Leonard Praskins. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Jack Thornton*, Clark Gable; *Claire Blake*, Loretta Young; *Shorty Hoolihan*, Jack Oakie; *John Blake*, Frank Conroy; *Smith*, Reginald Owen; *Groggin*, Sidney Toler; *Marie*, Katherine DeMille; *Kali*, Lalo Encinas; *Francois*, Charles Stevens; *Ole*, James Burke; *Frank*, Duke Green.

**"CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Perry Mason*, Warren William; *Carl Montaine*, Donald Woods; *Dr. Claude Millsap*, Phillip Reed; *Wilbur Strong*, Olin Howland; *Tools Howard*, Thomas Jackson; *Spudsy*, Allen Jenkins; *Doris Pender*, Winifred Shaw; *Fritz*, James Donlan; *Rhoda Montaine*, Margaret Lindsay; *Della Street*, Claire Dodd; *Capt. of Detectives Lucan*, Barton MacLane; *Montaine, Sr.*, Charles Richman; *Gregory Moxley*, Errol Flynn; *Byrd*, Robert Gleckler; *Pender*, Warren Hymer.

**"COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE"**—FOX.—From the screen play by George Waggoner and Dan Jarrett. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Bob Walker*, George O'Brien; *Pamela Barclay*, Evelyn Bostock; *Henrietta Barclay*, Maude Allen; *Hadley Thornton*, Alden Chase; *Persimmon*, Edgar Kennedy; *Doyle*, Dan Jarrett.

**"DARING YOUNG MAN, THE"**—FOX.—From the story by Claude Binyon and Sidney Skolsky. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Don McLane*, James Dunn; *Martha Allen*, Mae Clarke; *Gerald Raeburn*, Neil Hamilton; *Warden Palmer*, Sidney Toler; *Pete Hogan*, Warren Hymer; *Rafferty*, Stanley Fields; *Sally*, Madge Bellamy; *Cub Reporter*, Frank Melton; *Flaherty*, Raymond Hatton; *Cubby*, Jack LaRue; *Col. Baggott*, Arthur Treacher; *Helen Kay*, Dorothy Christy; *Editor Hooley*, Robert Gleckler; *Muggs*, William Pawley; *Assistant Warden*, James Donlan; *Star Reporter*, Phil Tead.

**"DINKY"**—WARNERS.—From the story by John Fante, Frank Fenton and Samuel Gilson Brown. Screen play by Harry Sauber. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Dinky*, Jackie Cooper; *Tom Marsden*, Roger Pryor; *Jackie Shaw*, Richard Quine; *Cadet Lane*, Jimmy Butler; *Sally*, Edith Fellows; *Mr. Barnes*, Henry O'Neill; *The Junkman*, Henry Armetta; *Orphanage Supt.*, Joseph Crehan; *Mrs. Daniels*, Mary Astor; *Jojo*, George Ernest; *Mike*, Frank Bernardi; *Sammy*, Sidney Miller; *Mary*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Gerald Standish*, Clay Clement; *Mrs. Shaw*, Florence Fair.

**"DOUBTING THOMAS"**—FOX.—From the play "The Torch Bearers" by George Kelly. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Arthur Brown*, Will Rogers; *Paula Brown*, Billie Burke; *Mrs. Pampinelli*, Alison Skipworth; *Spindler*, Sterling Holloway; *Hossefrosse*, Andrew Tombes; *Florence McCrickell*, Gail Patrick; *Peggy Burns*, Frances Grant; *Ralph Twilley*, Johnny Arthur; *Nellie Fell*, Helen Flint; *Teddy*, Fred Wallace; *LaMaze*, T. Roy Barnes; *Jenny*, Ruth Warren; *Stage Hand*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Sheppard*, Helen Freeman.

**"EIGHT BELLS"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Percy Mandley. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Bruce Manning. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Marge Walker*, Ann Sothorn; *Steve Andrews*, Ralph Bellamy; *Roy Dale*, John Buckler; *Aunt Susan*,

*Catharine Doucet*; *Williams*, Arthur Hohl; *Grayson*, Charley Grapewin; *Finch*, Franklin Pangborn; *Carl*, John Darrow; *Sparks*, Emerson Treacy; *MacIntyre*, David Clyde; *Walker*, Spencer Charters; *Mike*, Pat Flaherty; *Second Engineer*, Herbert Haywood; *Seaman*, Frank Meservy; *Engineer*, John Irwin.

**"G MEN"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Brick Davis*, James Cagney; *Kay McCord*, Margaret Lindsay; *Collins*, Barton MacLane; *Gerard*, Russell Hopton; *McKay*, William Harrigan; *Bill*, Monte Blue; *The Man*, Raymond Hatton; *Venke*, Harold Huber; *Jean Morgan*, Ann Dvorak; *Jeff McCord*, Robert Armstrong; *Hugh Farrell*, Lloyd Nolan; *Leggitt*, Edward Pawley; *Durfee*, Noel Madison; *Bruce J. Gregory*, Addison Richards; *Buchanan*, Regis Toomey.

**"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Robert Lord and Peter Milne. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Dick Curtis*, Dick Powell; *Amy Prentiss*, Gloria Stuart; *Nicoleff*, Adolphe Menjou; *Betty Hawes*, Glenda Farrell; *Louis Lamson*, Grant Mitchell; *Arlene Davis*, Dorothy Dare; *Mrs. Matilda Prentiss*, Alice Brady; *Humboldt Prentiss*, Frank McHugh; *T. Mosley Thorpe*, Hugh Herbert; *Winny*, Winifred Shaw; *Head Waiter*, Andre Beranger; *Schultz*, Joe Cawthorn; *Haggarty*, Thomas Jackson; *Dancers*, Ramon & Rosita; *Tap Dancer*, Matty King.

**"I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Vera Caspary and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Leo Bulgakov. The cast: *Nora*, Nancy Carroll; *Carl*, George Murphy; *Charlie*, Raymond Walburn; *Jergens*, Arthur Hohl; *Mae*, Jean Dixon; *Joe*, Robert Allen; *Clegg*, Harry Beresford; *Sandstone*, Paul Harvey.

**"INFORMER, THE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Liam O'Flaherty. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Gybo Nolan*, Victor McLaglen; *Mary McPhillip*, Heather Angel; *Dan Gallagher*, Preston Foster; *Katie Madden*, Margot Grahame; *Frankie McPhillip*, Wallace Ford; *Mrs. McPhillip*, Una O'Connor; *Terry*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mulholland*, Joseph Sauer; *Tommy O'Connor*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Rat Mulligan*, Donald Meek; *The Blind Man*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Donahue*, Leo McCabe; *Daly*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Flynn*, Francis Ford; *Madame Nelly*, May Boley; *The Lady*, Grizelda Harvey.

**"KENTUCKY BLUE STREAK"**—TALISMAN.—From the story by C. B. Carrington. Screen play by Homer King Gordon. Directed by Ray K. Johnson. The cast: *Marty Marion*, Eddie Nugent; *Johnny Bradley*, Junior Coghlan; *Mary Bradley*, Patricia Scott; *District Attorney*, Cornelius Keefe; *Mother Bradley*, Margaret Mann.

**"LADIES LOVE DANGER"**—FOX.—From the story by Ilya Zorn. Adapted by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Rita*, Mona Barrie; *Ricardo Souchet*, Gilbert Roland; *Tom Lennox*, Donald Cook; *Adele Michel*, Adrienne Ames; *Phil Morton*, Hardie Albright; *Giffins*, Herbert Mundin; *Lieutenant Roberts*, John Wray; *Helen Lopez*, Marion Clayton; *Haskins*, Ray Walker; *Jose Lopez*, Henry Kolker; *Melvin*, Russell Hicks; *Sergeant Bender*, Nick Foran; *James*, Leonard Carey; *Lewis*, Snowflake; *Conchita*, Rita Rozele.

**"MARY JANE'S PA"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edith Ellis Furness. Screen play by Tom Reed and Peter Milne. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Ellen Preston*, Aline MacMahon; *Mary Jane*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Linc Overman*, Johnny Arledge; *Wagner*, Robert McWade; *Marvin*, Minor Watson; *Sheriff*, DeWitt Jennings; *Jones*, Louis Mason; *2nd Watchman*, Jack Kennedy; *1st Watchman*, Edward McWade; *Sam Preston*, Guy Kibbee; *Lucille*, Nan Gray; *King Wagner*, Tom Brown; *Fred*, Robert Light; *Gene*, Carl Stockdale; *Police Chief Bailey*, Oscar Apfel; *Bill*, Milt Kibbee; *Morgan*, John Hyams.

**"MEN OF TOMORROW"**—LONDON FILMS.—Based on the novel "The Young Apollo" by Anthony Gibbs. Directed by Leontine Sagan. The cast: *Julian Angell*, Robert Donat; *Isobel d'Aunay*, Merle Oberon; *Jane Anderson*, Joan Gardner; *Allen Shepherd*, Maurice Bradell; *"Horners"*, Emlyn Williams; *Mrs. Oliphant*, Annie Esmond; *Senior Proctor*, Charles Carson; *Tutor*, Gerald Cooper; *Mr. Waters*, John Traynor.

**"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Stephen Chase*, Pat O'Brien; *Don Wellman*, John Eldredge; *Jim Barnes*, Lyle Talbot; *Bunsy*, Ronnie



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**"ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT"**—MASCOT.—From the story by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Jasper, Charles Grapewin; Doris, Mary Carlisle; Arthur, Arthur Hohl; First Doris, Evalyn Knapp; Joe Luvalle, Wallace Ford; Laura, Hedda Hopper; Dr. Denham, Lucien Littlefield; Tom, Regis Toomey; Sheriff, Fred Kelsey; Felix, Clarence Wilson; Abner, Adrian Morris; Elvira, Rafaela Ottiano.

**"PARTY WIRE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Bruce Manning. Screen play by Ethel Hill and John Howard Lawson. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: Marge Oliver, Jean Arthur; Matthew Putnam, Victor Jory; Nettie Putnam, Helen Lowell; Will Oliver, Charley Grapewin; Roy Daniels, Robert Allen; Mathilda Sherman, Clara Blandick; Irene Sherman, Geneva Mitchell; Clara West, Maude Eburne; Mason, Ed LeSaint; Johnson, Charles Middleton; Croft, Harvey Clark; Paul, Walter Brennan; Eleanor, Grace Hale; Joe, Joe Marba; Rebecca, Dorothy Bay; Martin, Emerson Treacy; Judge Stephenson, Robert Middlemas; Members of the Quartette, Vester Pegg, Si Jenks, Bob Kerr and Bill Dill.

**"PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward Dean Sullivan. Screen play by Gordon Kahn and Edward Dean Sullivan. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: Vince Falcone, Preston Foster; Catherine Carr, Lila Lee; Traps Stuart, Melvyn Douglas; Ann Griffin, Shirley Grey; Slip Laflin, Rosco Ates; Tony Falcone, William Collier, Jr.; Mary, Sybil Elaine; Duke Ware, Herbert Rawlinson.

**"PHANTOM FIEND, THE"**—TWICKENHAM.—Based on the novel "The Lodger" by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Scenario by Miles Mander and Paul Roths. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: Angeloff, Ivor Novello; Daisy Bunting, Elizabeth Allan; Mr. Bunting, A. W. Bascomb; Mrs. Bunting, Barbara Everest; Joe Martin, Jack Hawkins; Detective Snell, Shayle Gardner; Lord Southcliff, Peter Cawthorne; Bob Mitchell, P. Kynaston Reeves; Mrs. Coles, Drusilla Wills; Gladys, Mollie Fisher; Silvio, Anthony Holles; Rabinovitch, Andre Malandrinos.

**"SCOUNDREL, THE"**—HECHT-MACARTHUR-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The cast: Anthony Mallare, Noel Coward; Cora Moore, Julie Haydon; Paul Decker

Stanley Ridges; Carlotta, Rosita Moreno; Vandevier Veyden, Alexander Woolcott; Maggie, Hope Williams; Julia Vivian, Martha Sleeper; Jimmy Clay Ernest Cossart; Rothenstein, Lionel Stander; Maurice Stern, Eduardo Ciannelli; Mildred, Everley Gregg; Mrs. Rollinson, Helen Strickland; Massey, Frank Conlan; Luigi, William Ricciardi; Slezack, Harry Davenport; Howard Gillette, Richard Bond; Fortune Teller, Shushina; Felix Abrams, Raymond Bramley; Calhoun, O. Z. Whitehead.

**"SPRING TONIC"**—FOX.—From the play "Man Eating Tiger" by Ben Hecht and Rose Caylor. Screen play by Patterson McNutt and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: Caleb Enix, Lew Ayres; Betty Ingals, Claire Trevor; Jose, Walter King; Maggie, ZaSu Pitts; Sykes, Jack Haley; Lola, Tala Birell; Matt, Siegfried Rumann; Griffen Nasher, Frank Mitchell; Cambridge Nasher, Jack Durant.

**"SWELL-HEAD"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: Terry McCall, Wallace Ford; Billy Malone, Dickie Moore (Courtesy Our Gang Comedies); Mary Malone, Barbara Kent; Umpire, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bessie, Marion Byron; Casey Cohen, Sammy Cohen; The Rube, Frank Moran; Brick Baldwin, Mike Donlin.

**"UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Jacobs. Screen play by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Howard Chamberlain, Jack Holt; Madeline Chamberlain, Mona Barrie; Gimpy, Jackie Searl; Mike, Ralph Morgan; Lucky Palmer, Bradley Page; Charlie Anderson, Frankie Darro; Poi Roast, Sam McDaniel; Jackson, Frank Orth.

**"VILLAGE TALE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Slaughter Somerville, Randolph Scott; Janet Stevenson, Kay Johnson; Elmer Stevenson, Arthur Hohl; Drury Stevenson, Robert Barrat; Amy Somerville, Janet Beecher; Old Ike, Edward Ellis; Lulu Stevenson, Dorothy Burgess; Charlie, Donald Meek; Store keeper, Andy Clyde; Gabby, Ray Mayer; Ben Roberts, Guinn Williams; Goggy Smith, T. Roy Barnes; Sheriff, DeWitt Jennings.

**"WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert Harris. Screen play by John Colton. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Dr. Glendon, Henry Hull; Dr. Yogami, Warner Oland; Lisa Glendon, Valerie Hobson; Hugh Renwick, Clark Williams; Paul Ames, Lester Matthews; Lady Forsythe, Charlotte Granville; Miss Ettie Coombs, Spring Byington; Hawkins, J. M. Kerrigan; Head Cooley, Louis Vincenot.



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Grace Bradley  
Carl Brisson  
Mary Ellen Brown  
Kathleen Burke  
Burns and Allen  
Kitty Carlisle  
Dolores Casey  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Jack Cox  
Larry "Buster" Crabbe  
Bing Crosby  
Katherine DeMille  
Marlene Dietrich  
Johnny Downs  
Frances Drake  
Mary Ellis  
W. C. Fields  
William Frawley  
Trixie Friganza  
Cary Grant  
Samuel Hinds  
David Holt  
Dean Jagger  
Helen Jepson  
Roscoe Karns  
Lois Kent  
Jan Kiepura  
Elissa Landi  
Charles Laughton  
Billy Lee

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn  
Rosemary Ames  
Lew Ayres  
Mona Barrie  
Warner Baxter  
Thomas Beck  
William Benedict  
Barbara Blone  
John Boles  
Rita Cansino  
Jane Darwell  
Rosita Diaz  
Alan Dinehart  
James Dunn  
Jack Durant  
Alice Faye  
Stepin Fetchit  
Ketti Gallian  
Janet Gaynor  
Frances Grant  
Harry Green  
Tito Guizar  
Sterling Holloway  
Rochelle Hudson  
Roger Imhof  
Walter Johnson  
Paul Kelly

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John Beal  
Willie Best  
Eric Blore  
Alice Brady  
Helen Broderick  
Bruce Cabot  
Chic Chandler  
Richard Dix  
Steffi Duna  
Irene Dunne  
Hazel Forbes  
Preston Foster  
Wynne Gibson  
Alan Hale  
Margaret Hamilton  
Ann Harding

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Douglas Fairbanks

### 20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss  
Ronald Colman

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen  
Jean Arthur  
Tala Birell  
James Blakeley  
Nana Bryant  
Jack Buckler  
Tullio Carminati  
Nancy Carroll  
Ruth Chatterton  
Walter Connolly  
Donald Cook  
Inez Courtney  
Richard Cromwell  
Douglas Dumbrille  
Lillian Harvey  
Arthur Hohl

Baby LeRoy  
Carole Lombard  
Pauline Lord  
Ida Lupino  
Fred MacMurray  
Marian Mansfield  
Margo  
Herbert Marshall  
Gertrude Michael  
Raymond Milland  
Joe Morrison  
Jack Oakie  
Lynne Overman  
Gail Patrick  
Joe Penner  
George Raft  
Maxine Reiner  
Lyda Roberti  
Charlie Ruggles  
Randolph Scott  
Ann Sheridan  
Sylvia Sidney  
Alison Skipworth  
Queenie Smith  
Fred Stone  
Jane Storm  
Sir Guy Standing  
Gladys Swarthout  
Colin Tapley  
Kent Taylor  
Lee Tracy  
Virginia Weidler  
Mae West  
Henry Wilcoxon  
Toby Wing

Walter King  
Rosina Lawrence  
Charles Locher  
Edmund Lowe  
Victor McLaglen  
Frank Melton  
Frank Mitchell  
Conchita Montenegro  
Rosita Moreno  
Herbert Mundin  
Warner Oland  
Pat Paterson  
Ruth Peterson  
John Qualen  
Regina Rambeau  
Bill Robinson  
Will Rogers  
Gilbert Roland  
Raul Roulien  
Siegfried Rumann  
Jackie Searl  
Slim Summerville  
Shirley Temple  
Claire Trevor  
Helen Twelvetrees  
Blanca Vischer  
Henry B. Walthall

Katharine Hepburn  
Pert Kelton  
Francis Lederer  
Gene Lockhart  
Raymond Middleton  
Polly Moran  
June Preston  
Gregory Ratoff  
Virginia Reid  
Erik Rhodes  
Barbara Robbins  
Buddy Rogers  
Ginger Rogers  
Ann Shirley  
Frank Thomas, Jr.  
Helen Westley  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

Miriam Hopkins  
Mary Pickford  
Anna Sten

Fredric March  
Loretta Young

Jack Holt  
Victor Jory  
Fred Keating  
Arthur Killian  
Peter Lorre  
Marian Marsh  
Ken Maynard  
Tim McCoy  
Robert Middlemass  
Geneva Mitchell  
Grace Moore  
George Murphy  
Florence Rice  
Ann Southern  
Raymond Walburn

## CULVER CITY, CALIF.

### Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay  
Billy Bletcher  
Charley Chase  
Billy Gilbert  
Oliver Hardy

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne  
Katharine Alexander  
Elizabeth Allan  
Lionel Barrymore  
Granville Bates  
Wallace Beery  
Constance Bennett  
Virginia Bruce  
Ralph Bushman  
Charles Butterworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Leo Carrillo  
Ruth Channing  
Maurice Chevalier  
Mady Christians  
Constance Collier  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Dudley Digges  
Jimmy Durante  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Muriel Evans  
Louise Fazenda  
Preston Foster  
Betty Furness  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
Gladys George  
C. Henry Gordon  
Ruth Gordon  
Russell Hardie  
Jean Harlow  
Frank Hayes  
Helen Hayes  
Louise Henry  
William Henry  
Jean Hersholt  
Irene Hervey

Patsy Kelly  
Stan Laurel  
Billy Nelson  
Our Gang  
Douglas Wakefield

Isabel Jewell  
Barbara Kent  
June Knight  
Otto Kruger  
Evelyn Laye  
Myrna Loy  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Una Merkel  
Robert Montgomery  
Frank Morgan  
Karen Morley  
Edna May Oliver  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Cecilia Parker  
Jean Parker  
Nat Pendleton  
Rosamond Pinchof  
William Powell  
Carl Randall  
May Robson  
Mickey Rooney  
Shirley Ross  
Rosalind Russell  
Norma Shearer  
Frank Shields  
Sid Silvers  
Harvey Stephens  
Lewis Stone  
Gloria Swanson  
William Tannen  
Robert Taylor  
Pinky Tomlin  
Franchot Tone  
Spencer Tracy  
Henry Wadsworth  
Lucille Watson  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Diana Wynyard  
Robert Young

## UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

### Universal Studios

Heather Angel  
Henry Armetta  
Baby Jane  
Binnie Barnes  
Noah Beery, Jr.  
Phyllis Brooks  
Andy Devine  
Jean Dixon  
Marta Eggerth  
Sally Eilers  
Douglas Fowley  
Valerie Hobson  
Henry Hull  
Buck Jones  
Boris Karloff  
John King  
Frank Lawton

Bela Lugosi  
Paul Lukas  
Joel McCrea  
Lester Matthews  
Henry Mollinson  
Douglass Montgomery  
Victor Moore  
Chester Morris  
Hugh O'Connell  
Cesar Romero  
Gloria Stuart  
Margaret Sullavan  
Mary Wallace  
Irene Ware  
Clark Williams  
Jane Wyatt

## BURBANK, CALIF.

### Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander  
Johnnie Allen  
Mary Astor  
Robert Barrat  
Joan Blondell  
Glen Boles  
George Brent  
Buddy Rogers  
Ginger Rogers  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Hobart Cavanaugh  
Colin Clive  
Ricardo Cortez  
Joseph Crehan  
Dorothy Dare  
Marion Davies  
Bette Davis  
Olivia de Havilland  
Dolores Del Rio  
Claire Dodd  
Robert Donat  
Ruth Donnelly  
Maxine Doyle  
Ann Dvorak  
John Eldredge  
Gordon Elliott  
Patricia Ellis  
Florence Fair  
Glenda Farrell  
Errol Flynn  
Kay Francis  
William Gargan  
Nan Gray  
Hugh Herbert  
Leslie Howard  
Ian Hunter

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.  
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.  
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.



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# Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM



# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108 ]

if they find the right story, we will probably have our charming little Bessie back. Perhaps she will write her own story, for quietly, and very conscientiously, the one-time star has been working on fiction for which she has a real talent.

**H**E'D stand up to a mad, plunging rhinoceros and plug him fearlessly, but director W. S. Van Dyke couldn't be coaxed or dragged to a height of more than fifteen floors! "It scares me to death!" the intrepid megaphonist of "Trader Horn" and "Eskimo" admits.

While in New York recently a party of friends were going to take him to the Rainbow Room. Van had never been there before, but it sounded good so out he started. Just as they stepped inside the elevator some innocent soul said to the elevator man, "Sixty-eighth floor, please." Out Van scooted like a scared rabbit, never to be seen again that night.

**W**HEN Rochelle Hudson lost her pup recently, she wished she hadn't named him Jitters.

When she made her rounds hunting the amnesia hound she'd say, "Have you got Jitters?" and people gave her a nasty look.

**A** DOMESTIC secret of the Al Jolson is at last out.

Ruby and Al are "midnight snackers." It all came to light recently when the plans for the new Jolson ranch house out in San Fernando Valley were revealed.

Between the upstairs bedrooms will be a kitchenette.

**H**AVING beamed and bewitched most of the beautiful ladies of the screen colony, Gene Raymond is being generous with his charm and spreading it around among the society debutantes and sub-debbies. Gene has been going places with young "Dicky" Dell Doheny, heiress to the Doheny oil millions.

**A**N absolute ringer for Katharine Hepburn is the wife of Bradley Page, your favorite movie bad man and mine, too. Mrs. Page told me she had been pursued for autographs until the subject is getting to be just a little bit touchy—one of these days she is going to give in and scrawl a large determined-looking "Hepburn" in somebody's book.

**T**HEY don't call her the "grand old lady" for nothing. May Robson has a courage which shakes off her seventy years.

The other day she hopped over to Boulder Dam for a squint at the big water works. Strong hearted tourists go for the bucket ride which swings out over the massive pile of cement and then drops to the river bed.

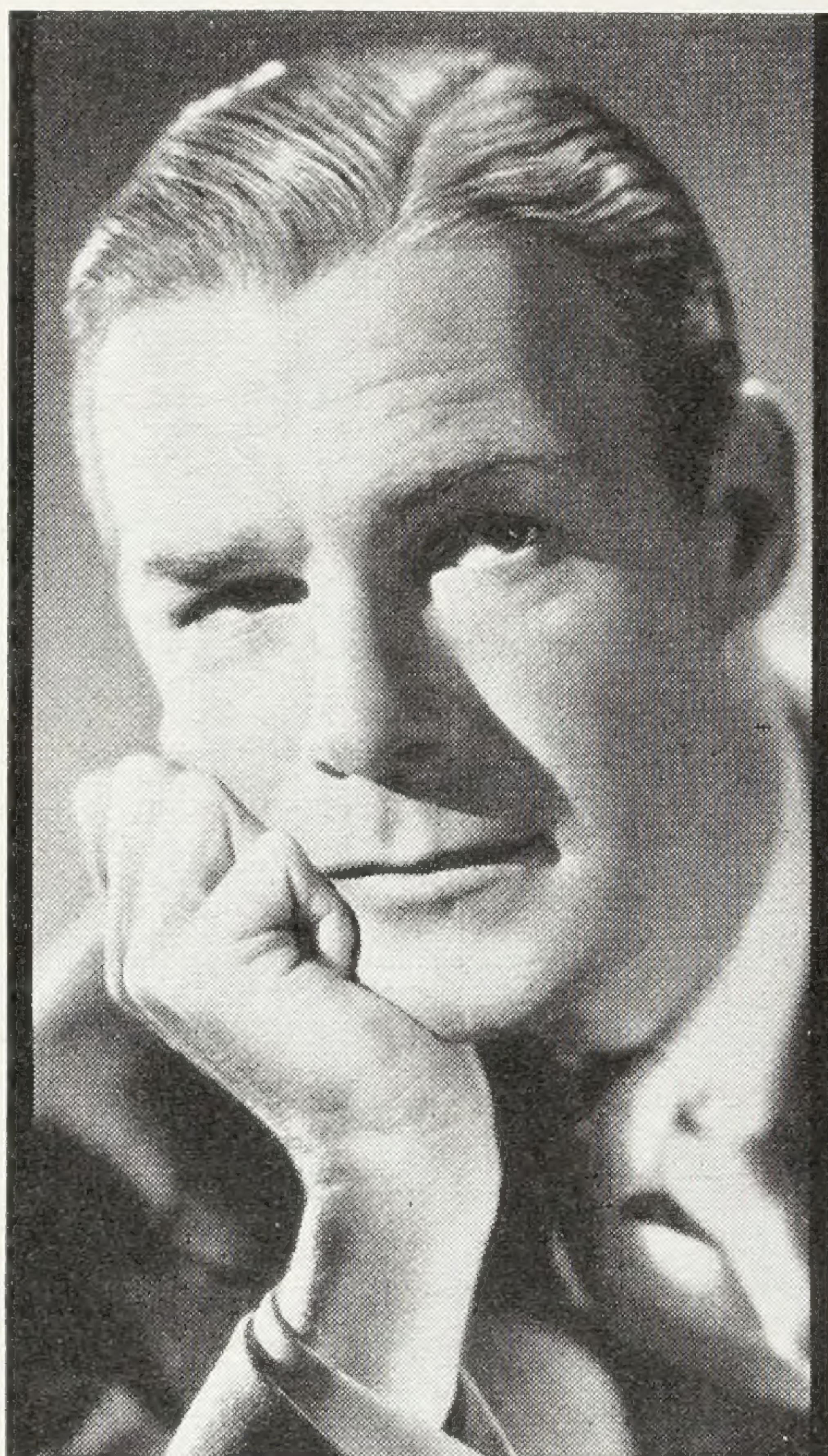
May climbed in shouting "Fiddlesticks!" at well meaning people who muttered about her "heart."

Up and down a thousand feet in a bucket was great stuff to keep a girl young, she said.

**T**HE difference in attitude toward Tom Brown, on a set, is very revealing. Some of the girls treat him as a kid, others can't make up their minds, some "mister" him. We noticed the other day Adrienne Ames gave him the offhand "Sonny boy" routine—while

Claire Trevor, almost as much of a kid as he is, employs the "mister"—and asks his advice! And Tommy beams.

**M**Y idea of a really noble woman is Jean Harlow. She actually went to the kitchen and whipped up a lemon chiffon pie which



**Randolph Scott, hero to the youngsters in Westerns for a long time, is now heart-throb for the ladies, since his latest rôle, in "Roberta"**

would make you break down and sob with joy—and never even touched a morsel of it herself! No foolin'—I had a handsome wedge myself.

Women who look like Jean and confect pies like that are more dangerous than all the Borgias!

**F**OR years you have heard the expression "vain as a peacock"—but Douglass Montgomery accepted the responsibility for *improving* it. First of all, you must have a peacock in order to get any place at all with your proof. Doug has a flock of them out at the family home in Pasadena. The other day, a friend drove in with a shiny new car. In an instant, the car was surrounded by birds in full plumage, strutting this way and that, admiring their reflection in the dazzling surface—and very pleased with the whole effect, too.

**M**ORE news about the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey farm in Connecticut. Joan and Gene own a half interest with Joan's mother, Adrienne Morrison, who has been living on the place. It is sort of an Italian villa effect, which must be startling among the rugged

rocks and pines. Some extensions had to be made which were a long time being finished, so Mrs. Morrison had canvas stretched over and went right on living there. The name of the place is most appropriate, I think. It is "Fun Tomorrow."

**T**HE younger social set of Toluca Lake is going in heavy for tea parties. It's quite the thing.

The gay whirl usually centers around the garden of Virginia Bruce's home and the hostess is Susan Ann Gilbert, who is usually at home to Gary Evan Crosby and Richard (Ricky) Arlen.

**T**HERE is a heartening and withal nationalistic note in the news that every one of the three stars of "China Seas," Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, observes the tea hour with plain old American "sinkers" and coffee.

Ever since the British invasion it has been very smart for tea and crumpets to make their appearance along about four or five o'clock. But the threat to a good Yankee institution has been given a body blow at last.

You can't say "cawn't" with a dunked doughnut in your mouth.

**I** THINK one of the funniest stories of the month concerns Gene Raymond's very flattering reception of a piece of paper upon which his name had been written one thousand times.

But it seems that the young lady who sent this apparent tribute to her film idol did it after school under the watchful eye of her teacher who had caught her writing imaginary notes to Gene instead of her algebra problems. Just to teach her to never do it again she made the errant lass write Gene's name until it totaled one grand.

**T**HE business activities of Glenda Farrell have managed to flourish briskly in spite of the move-away jitters which still seize Hollywood. With practically every star in town placing his house on the market, or secretly planning to, Glenda ups and invests in a real estate firm and becomes a bull when the rest of the town has donned bear clothes.

What's more, it's paying out. She's already sold three houses, and is buying some more.

**Y**EARS ago a studio at Sunset and Hillhurst was the biggest and most important production center in Hollywood.

It was there that the pioneer of pictures, D. W. Griffith, made the big successes which lifted motion pictures to a higher plane than ever before.

Today that same studio, almost abandoned in recent years, has been the scene of another pioneer in action.

Ramon Novarro, recently turned producer, has rented it and just finished his first picture there, "Against the Current," and made entirely in Spanish.

Ramon does about everything in the making of his pictures, including scoring the musical backgrounds. He may soon be a serious Latin rival of Chaplin, the only one-man screen show in Hollywood today.